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LETTERS OF JOHN RUSKIN.¹

1855–1857.

IN October, 1855, I was on the way to Europe. One of my fellow passengers was Mr. James Jackson Jarves of Boston, then well known as a writer upon art and as the owner of a highly interesting collection of pictures made by him during a residence of several years in Italy. He was acquainted with Mr. Ruskin, and kindly offered me a letter of introduction to him. I declined a letter that should make any personal claim, but gratefully accepted a note asking Mr. Ruskin to allow me at his convenience the privilege of seeing the pictures and drawings by Turner which might be open to inspection on his walls. On my arrival in London I inclosed this note to Mr. Ruskin, and received the following gracious reply:—

DENMARK HILL, 31 October, 1855.

MY DEAR SIR, — On Friday, Monday or Tuesday next, I should be most happy to see you at any hour after one, and before four. I do not know what work I may have to do, and I may not be able to have more than a little chat. But the pictures should be at your command.

Very truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, Esq.

When, in accordance with this note, I went to Denmark Hill, he received me with unaffected kindness, as if eager

to give pleasure, took me through dining-room and drawing-room, and upstairs into his workroom, to show me his pictures, talking about them with lively animation, and when I thanked him in taking my leave, he assured me that I should be welcome to repeat my visit. He had not given to me (I doubt if he gave it to any one) any indication of his sense of "the infinite waste of time," noted in his *Præterita*, "in saying the same things over and over to the people who came to see our Turners."

He was at this time thirty-six years old. The second volume of *Modern Painters* had been published ten years before; he had meanwhile published the *Seven Lamps of Architecture* and the *Stones of Venice*, and he was busy this year in writing the third and fourth volumes of *Modern Painters*. His abundant light-brown hair, his blue eyes, and his fresh complexion gave him a young look for his age; he was a little above middle height, his figure was slight, his movements were quick and alert, and his whole air and manner had a definite and attractive individuality. There was nothing in him of the common English reserve and stiffness, and no self-consciousness or sign of consideration of himself as a man of distinction, but rather, on the contrary, a seeming self-forgetfulness and an almost feminine sensitiveness and readiness of sympathy. His features were irregular, but the lack of beauty in his countenance was made up

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for by the kindness of his look, and the expressiveness of his full and mobile lips.

I did not expect to see Mr. Ruskin again, but it happened on a beautiful morning in the next July that we met in the cabin of the steamer going down the Lake of Geneva from Vevay to Geneva. Ruskin was there, reading aloud, but in a low tone, to his mother, one of Marmontel's tales. My mother and two sisters were with me. He glanced at us, but I saw that he did not recognize me. In a pause of his reading I ventured to recall myself to his memory. He begged my pardon pleasantly for having failed to recognize me, and then we fell into conversation which lasted till we reached Geneva. When we parted at the quay it was with a promise that I would come in the evening to see him and his parents. Ruskin has recorded this meeting in *Præterita*, with a friendly exaggeration which is thoroughly characteristic of his generous disposition to exalt the merits of his friends, and of his instinctive habit, manifest as well in personal relations as in his writings, of magnifying the interest, the importance, or the charm of whatever might for the moment engage his attention and regard.¹

In the evening I carried with me a volume of the poems of Lowell, concerning whom we had spoken, and I left the volume with him. He was going on the next day to Chamouni. In the morning I received the following note from him: —

[GENEVA, 18 July, 1856.]

I am truly obliged to you for showing me this book. Lowell must be a noble fellow. The Fable for Critics in animal spirit and fervor is almost beyond anything I know, and it is very interesting to see, in the rest, the stern seriousness

¹ *Præterita*, iii. ch. 2.

² This was the Hotel du Mont Blanc of which Ruskin has written: — "to me, cer-

of a man so little soured — so fresh and young at heart.

I hope you have enjoyed yourselves. Can you send me a line to Union Hotel, Chamouni, to say you have?

Pray come to see me if you can before leaving England.

Truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

Two or three days later we met again, at the little inn² at St. Martin. He has told of our early morning walk.³ The friendship had begun which was to last till the end of life.

In the autumn, my mother and sisters having returned to America, I was in London, staying at Fenton's Hotel in St. James's Street, much out of health. I had promised to let Ruskin know of my coming to London, and on hearing of it, he at once came to see me, and while I remained there, few days passed in which he did not send me a note like the following, or come to my parlor, laden with books and drawings for my amusement, or carry me off in his brougham for an hour or two at Denmark Hill.

Saturday Morning [October, 1856].

DEAR MR. NORTON, — In case I don't find you to-day (and I can't be at home this afternoon), could you dine with us to-morrow at $\frac{1}{2}$ past four — or if not able to do that, come in at any hour you like to tea in the evening?

Yours affectionately,

J. RUSKIN.

Of course you will only find my father and mother and me, and perhaps an old family friend.

DENMARK HILL [October, 1856].

DEAR NORTON, — Most unwillingly I am forced — I'll tell you how when we meet — to give up my walk this after-

tainly, of all my inn homes, the most eventful, pathetic, and sacred." *Præterita*, ii. ch. 11.

³ *Præterita*, iii. ch. 3.

noon, but I'll come and take tea with you at eight if I may.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. R.

Wednesday, 28th [October, 1856].

DEAR NORTON, — I do hope you have faith enough in me to understand how much I am vexed at not being able to come and see you. Of course I could run upstairs and down again at Fenton's sometimes, but what would be the use of that. Could you come out to see me to-morrow, Thursday, about $\frac{1}{2}$ past two; if not, I can come into town on Friday, about two.

Please, if you can't come to-morrow, send me a line to say if you can be at home on Friday.

Yours affectionately,

J. RUSKIN.

Denmark Hill is on the Surrey side of the Thames, in the Camberwell district of London, and in those days had a pleasant suburban character. The house in which Ruskin lived with his father and mother stood not far from the top of the hill, walled from the street, and set back in grounds of its own of some six or seven acres, with space enough for old trees and large gardens, and with a meadow, rather than lawn, behind it, over which, so open was the region then, lay a pleasant vista toward the east. There was a lodge at the gate, from which a short avenue led to the house. The house itself was of brick, ample, solid, of no architectural pretensions, but not without a modest suburban and somewhat heavy dignity of aspect which gave the assurance of a home of comfort and of tranquil ease. "The house itself," says Mr. Ruskin, "had no specialty, either of comfort or inconvenience, to endear it; the breakfast-room, opening on the lawn and the farther field, was extremely pretty when its walls were mostly covered with lakes by Turner and doves by William Hunt; the dining and drawing-

rooms were spacious enough for our grandest receptions . . . and had decoration enough in our Northcote portraits, Turner's *Slave-ship* and, in later years, his *Rialto*, with our John Lewis, two Copley Fieldings, and every now and then a new Turner drawing."¹

Ruskin's father and mother received me at Denmark Hill, as their son's new acquaintance, with unquestioning kindness. Of both of them Ruskin has written much in delightful pages of *Fors* and of *Præterita*.

His father was now a man of seventy years of age, looking perhaps younger than his years, somewhat reserved in manner, of rugged Scotch features, but of refined and pleasant expression. His mother, some years older, was plainly the ruling influence in their domestic life. She was a personage who seemed rather a contemporary of Miss Austen's characters than of the actual generation. Her air was that of one accustomed to deference from those about her. Her eyes were keen, and her speech decisive. She was one of those English matrons, now become rare, of an individuality independent of changes in fashion and convention, not bending to others, but expecting others to accept her ways and adapt themselves to them. Her image, as I recall it, was that of a vigorous old lady of somewhat commanding aspect, whose dress betokened her feminine taste for soft-colored silks, for abundance of old lace, and for the heavy ornaments of English jewelry. The manners toward her of her husband and son were always deferential, though her son ventured occasionally to be playful with her with a lively humor which occasionally ruffled her, but which, on the whole, she did not dislike. Her regard for him seemed to be still that of a watchful mother for a child who, though he has escaped her control in matters outside of an immediate personal relation, has not yet reached the years of discretion. There was less intimacy of

¹ *Præterita*, ii. ch. 8.

sympathy between them than between Ruskin and his father. But even with his father, sympathies were limited on both sides, not so much by incompatibilities of taste and judgment, for in many respects these were much alike in both, as by the peculiar manner in which Ruskin had been brought up and been taught to regard his parents, and by the separation wrought by the position in the world which his genius had created for him. The feeling of his parents for him was a compound of pride with affection, and his feeling for them was one in which the sense of duty, reverence, and obedience was perhaps a larger element than natural affection.

In describing his early years, he says: ¹ "I had nothing to love. My parents were — in a sort — visible powers of nature to me, no more loved than the sun and the moon. . . . I had no companions to quarrel with, neither; nobody to assist, and nobody to thank. . . . I had nothing to endure. . . . Lastly, and chief of evils, my judgment of right and wrong and powers of independent action were left entirely undeveloped; because the bridle and blinkers were never taken off me. . . . The ceaseless authority exercised over my youth left me, when cast out at last into the world, unable for some time to do more than drift with its vortices."

The results of these conditions were all the more disastrous because of the exceptional sensitiveness of his nature, his extreme susceptibility to immediate impressions, the affectionateness and generosity of his disposition, and the peculiar constitution of his genius. No child ever needed more a discipline which should develop his power of self-control, and no child ever was more trained to depend on external authority. This authority he was taught to obey without question, but the lesson of self-restraint was omitted.

In a letter to Rossetti written not long

¹ *Præterita*, i. ch. 2.

before this time, he said of himself, "I am exceedingly fond of making people happy," and of this I soon had full experience. He was unwearied in his kindnesses and generousities. But in the same letter he said: "It is a very great, in the long-run the greatest, misfortune of my life that, on the whole, my relations, cousins and so forth, are persons with whom I can have no sympathy, and that circumstances have always somehow or another kept me out of the way of people of whom I could have made friends. So that I have no friendships and no loves."² The barrenness of his life in this respect, and the greatness of the misfortune to him, soon became plain to me. Of all men he needed friends, and in their place he had admirers and dependents. The manner of his education, his genius, and his early acquired celebrity had all contributed to prevent him in his youth from associating on even terms with his fellows, while the circumstances and occupations of his life since leaving Oxford had tended to limit his intercourse with the world. He had little knowledge of men, little keenness of discernment of character, and little practical acquaintance with affairs. Experience had not taught him the lesson, which it compels the common run of men to learn, of reconciling into a general if imperfect harmony the conflicting traits of his own disposition; and he consequently often was, and still oftener seemed, inconsistent in conduct and in conviction. From his earliest childhood he had been unhappily trained to self-occupation and self-interest, and with a nature of extreme generosity and capable of self-forgetful sacrifice, the gratification of his generous impulses became often a form of self-indulgence.

It was, of course, only gradually and slowly that I came to a knowledge of the peculiar influences by which his life had been shaped and his character formed.

² *Ruskin: Rossetti: PreRaphaelitism*. By W. M. Rossetti. London, 1899. Pp. 71, 72.

When I first knew him, he had a most engaging personality. He was in the very heyday of distinction. But his reputation sat lightly on him; his manners were marked by absence of all pretension, and by a sweet gentleness and exceptional consideration for the feelings of others. The tone of dogmatism and of arbitrary assertion too often manifest in his writing was entirely absent from his talk. In spite of all that he had gone through of suffering, in spite of the burden of his thought, and the weight of his renown, he had often an almost boyish gayety of spirit and liveliness of humor, and always a quick interest in whatever might be the subject of the moment. He never quarreled with a difference of opinion, and was apt to attribute only too much value to a judgment that did not coincide with his own. I have not a memory of these days in which I recall him except as one of the pleasantest, gentlest, kindest, and most interesting of men. He seemed to me cheerful rather than happy. The deepest currents of his life ran out of sight, but it was plain that they did not run calmly, and their troubled course became manifest now and then in extravagances of action and paradoxes of opinion.

Ruskin's father, as one saw him at his own house, had not much of the air of a man of business, but rather that of a cultivated English gentleman, with an excellent acquaintance with the masters of English literature and a genuine fondness for them, and with unusual interest and taste in matters pertaining to the arts. He was an agreeable host, unaffected and considerate in manner, and well able to bear his part in good talk. The intimate friend of the house, and the one most often found at the modest dinners, to which three or four guests might be invited, was Mr. W. H. Harrison, of whom Ruskin has given a genial sketch in an autobiographical reminiscence called *My First Editor*.¹ He had, indeed, good reason for gratitude to this mild, good-

humored, secondary man of letters, editor of *Friendship's Offering* and the like, and for many years registrar of the Literary Fund. Mr. Harrison had practical sense and kindly discretion, he was skilled in the technical elements of literature, and he devoted unwearied pains to the revision of his friend's hasty literary work. "Not a book of mine for good thirty years," wrote Ruskin, "but went every word of it under his careful eyes twice over." "The friendship between Mr. Harrison, my father, and mother and me attained almost the character of a family relationship which remained faithful and loving, more and more conducive to every sort of happiness among us, to the day of my father's death."

One evening at dinner, when the cloth was drawn, Mr. Ruskin, senior, in special honor of the occasion, had set before him a decanter of sherry from the cask which had been on board the *Victory* for Nelson's use in the last months of his life. Mr. Ruskin was always proud of his sherry, but this wine, of supreme excellence in itself, not only pleased his fine palate, but touched his romantic fancy. It had been ripened on a fateful voyage, it had rocked to the thunder of the guns of Trafalgar, a glass of it might have moistened Nelson's dying lips. The old wine-merchant's appreciation of the associations which it evoked was a pleasant exhibition of his suppressed poetic sensibilities. The talk suggested by the wine ran back to the early years of the century, and the two elder men recalled some of the incidents of the time when they were youths beginning their way in London, and especially of its literary interests. Both of them had been members of the scanty audience which had gathered in the winter of 1811-12 in a big ugly room, in a court off Fleet Street, to listen to Coleridge's lectures on Shakespeare and Milton. Mr. J. P. Collier's reports of these lectures had just

¹ To be found in the first volume of *On the Old Road*.

been published, and Mr. Harrison was able to set right from memory Collier's account of Coleridge's classification of readers.¹

They both had been greatly interested in the lectures, and had found in them a general intellectual stimulus of a high order, as well as specific criticisms which they had learned to value as years went on. Ruskin thought Coleridge had been vastly overrated as a philosopher, and that his best poems were feverish. Another topic of the after-dinner talk was Emerson's *English Traits*, which was then a new book. All praised it. "How did he come to find out so much about us?" said the elder Mr. Ruskin, "especially as regards matters on which we keep quiet and reserved among ourselves." That was the voice of the generation to which Mr. Ruskin belonged. His son, speaking for himself and for his generation, would hardly have used the like terms. One of the great changes in England during the nineteenth century was the breaking down of many of the old style walls within which the shy Englishman was wont to entrench himself, and no English writer ever opened himself and his life to the public with more complete and indiscreet unreserve than Ruskin. His father would have been horrified could he in the days of which I am writing have foreseen the revelations of *Fors* and *Præterita*. They do, indeed, form a contrast which is both humorous and pathetic to the close reserves of Denmark Hill, and to the strict Anglican conventions, at their best so pleasant and so worthy of respect, in ac-

cordance to which life there was conducted.

The difference in age between Ruskin and myself (I was nine years the younger), no less than other greater differences between us, which might well have prevented our intercourse from becoming anything more than a passing acquaintance, seemed not to present themselves to Ruskin's mind. His kindness had its roots in the essential sweetness of his nature. Everything in life had conspired to spoil him. He was often willful and wayward and extravagant, but the better elements of his being prevailed over those which, to his harm, were to gain power when he was released from the controlling influence of his father's good sense and his mother's authority. The extraordinary keenness of his perceptions of external things, the vivacity of his intelligence, the ardor of his temperament, the immense variety of his interests and occupations, and the restless energy and industry with which he pursued them, made him one of the most interesting of men. And combined as they were with deep poetic and deeper moral sentiment, as well as with a native desire to give pleasure, they gave to intercourse with him a charm which increased as acquaintance grew into affectionate friendship. His mind was, indeed, at this time in a state of ferment. He was still mainly busy with those topics of art and nature to which his writings had hitherto been devoted. But his work in that field had led him into other regions of inquiry, which stretched wide and dark before him, through which no clear

¹ Mr. Harrison was good enough to write down for me the next day what he had told at dinner, and since Collier's is the only known report of this course of lectures, Mr. Harrison's correction of it has perhaps interest enough to justify its preservation. "Coleridge gave four types of readers, one of which I have forgotten:—1st, Those whose minds are like an hour-glass; what they read runs in and runs out like the sand and not a grain is retained. 2nd, Those who are like sponges, which suck up everything

and give it out again in much the same state, but a little dirtied. 3rd," [Forgotten. According to Collier, "Strain bags who retain merely the dregs."] "4th, The readers who are like the slaves in the mines of Golconda, they cast aside the dirt and dross, and preserve only the jewels." Collier's plainly incorrect report of this fourth class is as follows: "Mogul diamonds, equally rare and valuable, who profit by what they read, and enable others to profit by it also."

paths were visible, and into which he was entering not without hope of opening a way. Henceforth his chief mission was that, not of the guide in matters of art, but of the social reformer. And it was at the moment — a moment of perplexity and trouble — when he was becoming conscious of the new direction to be given to his life that our acquaintance began.

When, after a month in which our relations grew constantly more familiar, and in our long talks he had instructed me in many things, I left England to spend the winter of 1856-57 in Rome, I felt myself already under a lifelong debt of gratitude to him. His first letter to me after my departure was the following: —

[LONDON] 28th December, 1856.

DEAR NORTON, — Railways are good for letters, assuredly; it seems very wonderful, and is very pleasant, to hear from you in Rome only a week ago; for I got your letter yesterday, and should have had it the day before, but that I was staying in town for a few days. And I hope the enjoyment of that damp and discordant city; and that desolate and diseaseful Campagna, of which your letter assures me, may be received as a proof of your own improved health, and brightness of heart and imagination.

I think, perhaps, I abuse Rome more because it is as sour grapes to me. When I was there¹ I was a sickly and very ignorant youth; and I should be very glad, now, if I could revisit what I passed in weariness or contempt; and I do envy you (sitting as I am just now in the Great Western hotel at Paddington, looking out upon a large number of panes of gray glass, some iron spikes, and a brick wall) that walk in sight of Sabine hills. Still, reasoning with myself in the severest way, and checking whatever malice against the things I have injured,

¹ He was there in bad health in the winter of 1840-41. See *Præterita*, ii. ch. 2. for the account of his stay there.

or envy of you, there may be in the feelings with which I now think of Rome, these appear to me incontrovertible and accurate conclusions, — that the streets are damp and mouldy where they are not burning; that the modern architecture is fit only to put on a Twelfth cake in sugar (e. g. the churches at the Quattro Fontane); that the old architecture consists chiefly of heaps of tufo and bricks; that the Tiber is muddy; that the Fountains are Fantastic; that the Castle of St. Angelo is too round; that the Capitol is too square; that St. Peter's is too big; that all the other churches are too little; that the Jews' quarter is uncomfortable; that the English quarter is unpicturesque; that Michael Angelo's Moses is a monster; that his Last Judgment is a mistake; that Raphael's Transfiguration is a failure; that the Apollo Belvidere is a public nuisance; that the bills are high; the malaria strong; the dissipation shameful; the bad company numerous; the Sirocco depressing; the Tramontana chilling; the Levante parching; the Ponente pelting; the ground unsafe; the politics perilous, and the religion pernicious. I do think, that in all candour and reflective charity, I may assert this much.

Still, I can quite understand how, coming from a fresh, pure and very ugly country like America, there may be a kind of thirst upon you for ruins and shadows which nothing can easily assuage; that after the scraped cleanliness and business and fussiness of it (America), mildew and mould may be meat and drink to you, and languor the best sort of life, and weeds a bewitchment (I mean the unnatural sort of weed that only grows on old bricks and mortar and out of cracks in mosaic; all the Campagna used to look to me as if its grass were grown over a floor); and the very sense of despair which there is about Rome must be helpful and balmy, after the over-hopefulness and getting-on-ness of America; and the very sense that no-

body about you is taking account of anything, but that all is going on into an unspelt, unsummed, undistinguished heap of helplessness, must be a relief to you, coming out of that atmosphere of Calculation. I can't otherwise account for your staying at Rome.

You may wonder at my impertinence in calling America an ugly country. But I have just been seeing a number of landscapes by an American painter of some repute; and the ugliness of them is Wonderful. I see that they are true studies, and that the ugliness of the country must be Unfathomable. And a young American lady has been drawing under my directions in Wales this summer, and when she came back I was entirely silenced and paralyzed by the sense of a sort of helplessness in her that I could n't get at; an entire want of perception of what an English painter would mean by beauty or interest in a subject; her eyes had been so accustomed to ugliness that she caught at it wherever she could find it, and in the midst of beautiful stony cottages and rugged rocks and wild foliage, would take this kind of thing¹ for her main subject; or, if she had to draw a mountain pass, she would select this turn in the road,² just where the liberally-minded proprietor had recently mended it and put a new plantation on the hill opposite.

In her, the contrary instinct of deliverance is not yet awake, and I don't know how to awake it. In you, it is in its fullest energy, and so you like weeds, and the old, tumbled-to-pieces things at Rome. . . .

I shall be writing again soon, as I shall have to tell you either the positive or negative result of some correspondence which the Trustees of the National Gallery have done me the honour to open with me (of their own accord)

¹ Ruskin here inserts a playful sketch of a wooden tenement house.

² This sentence is also illustrated by a whimsical drawing of the pass and the road.

which, for the present, has arrived at a turn in the Circumlocution road, much resembling in its promising aspect that delineated above, — but which may nevertheless lead to something, and whether it does or not, I accept with too much pleasure the friendship you give me, not to tell you what is uppermost in my own mind and plans at the moment, even though it should come to nothing (and lest it should, as is too probable, don't speak of it to any one). Meantime I am writing some notes on the Turner pictures already exhibited, of which I shall carefully keep a copy for you; I think they will amuse you, and I have got a copy of the first notes on the Academy, which you asked me for, and which I duly looked for, but could n't find to my much surprise; the copy I have got is second-hand. You have n't, of course, read Mrs. Browning's *Aurora Leigh*, or you would have spoken in your letter of nothing else. I only speak of it at the end of my letter, not to allow myself time to tell you anything about it except to get it; and to get it while you are still in Italy.

This will not reach you in time for the New Year, but it will, I hope, before Twelfth day; not too late to wish you all happiness and good leading by kindest stars, in the year that is opening. My Father and Mother send their sincerest regards to you, and do not cease to congratulate me on having gained such a friend. Believe me,

Affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

You never saw your vignette³ framed; it looks lovely.

After the winter in Rome I went to Venice, and there received the following letter: —

³ Turner's water-color drawing of Scott's house, Castle Street, Edinburgh.

[Undated, but *May*, 1857.]

DEAR NORTON,¹—Very good it is of you to write to me again; and to think of me before the snowy mountains, in spite of my unsympathizing answer to your first letter, and my no answer to your second; which, nevertheless, I was grateful for. And so you are going to Venice, and this letter will, I hope, be read by you by the little square sliding pane of the gondola window. For I hope you hold to the true Gondola, with Black Felze, eschewing all French and English substitutions of pleasure-boat and awning. I have no doubt, one day, that the gondolas will be white instead of black, at the rate they carry on their reforms at Venice.

I went through so much hard-dry, mechanical toil there, that I quite lost, before I left it, the charm of the place. Analysis is an abominable business; I am quite sure that people who work out subjects thoroughly are disagreeable wretches. One only feels as one should when one does n't know much about the matter. If I could give you, for a few minutes, just as you are floating up the canal just now, the kind of feeling I had when I had just done my work, when Venice presented itself to me merely as so many "mouldings," and I had few associations with any building but those of more or less pain and puzzle and provocation. Pain of frost-bitten fingers and chilled throat as I examined or drew the window-sills in the wintry air; puzzlement from said window-sills which did n't agree with the doorsteps—or back of house, which would n't agree with front; and provocation, from every sort of soul or thing in Venice at once; from my gondoliers, who were always wanting to go home, and thought it stupid to be tied to a post in the Grand Canal all day long, and disagreeable to have to row to Lido afterwards; from

my cook, who was always trying to catch lobsters on the doorsteps, and never caught any; from my valet de place, who was always taking me to see nothing; and waiting by appointment—at the wrong place; from my English servant, whom I caught smoking genteelly on St. Mark's Place, and expected to bring home to his mother quite an abandoned character; from my tame fish, who splashed the water all over my room, and spoiled my drawings; from my little sea-horses, who would n't coil their tails about sticks when I asked them; from a fisherman outside my window, who used to pound his crabs alive for bait every morning just when I wanted to study morning light on the Madonna della Salute; from the sacristans of all the churches, who used never to be at home when I wanted them; from the bells of all the churches, which used always to ring most when I was at work in the steeples; from the tides, which never were up, or down, at the hour they ought to have been; from the wind, which used to blow my sketches into the canal, and one day blew my gondolier after them; from the rain, which came through the roof of the Scuola di San Rocco; from the sun, which blistered Tintoret's Bacchus and Ariadne every afternoon, at the Ducal palace,—and from the Ducal palace itself, worst of all, which would n't be found out, nor tell me how it was built (I believe this sentence had a beginning somewhere, which wants an end some other where, but I have n't any end for it, so it must go as it is;) but apropos of fish, mind you get a fisherman to bring you two or three *cavalli di mare*, and put them in a basin in your room, and see them swim. But don't keep them more than a day, or they'll die; put them into the canal again.

There was only one place in Venice which I never lost the feeling of joy in; at least the pleasure which is better than joy; and that was just halfway between the end of the Giudecca and St. George

¹ The greater part of this letter was printed in my introduction to the Brantwood edition of the *Stones of Venice*, 1886.

of the Seaweed at sunset. If you tie your boat to one of the posts there, you can see at once the Euganeans, where the sun goes down, and all the Alps, and Venice behind you by this rosy sunlight; there is no other spot so beautiful. Near the Armenian convent is however very good also; the city is handsomer, but the place is not so simple and lonely.

I have got all the right feeling back, now, however; and hope to write a word or two about Venice yet, when I have got the mouldings well out of my head — and the mud; for the fact is, with reverence be it spoken, that whereas Rogers says, “there is a glorious city in the Sea,” a truthful person must say, “There is a glorious city in the Mud.” It is startling at first to say so, but it goes well enough with marble — “Oh Queen, of marble and of Mud.”

Well, I suppose that you will look at my Venetian index in the Stones of Venice, which is in St. Mark's library, so that I need not tell you what pictures I should like you to see, — so now I will tell you a little about myself here. First, I am not quite sure I shall be at home at the middle of June — but I shall not be on the Continent. You will, of course, see the exhibition of Manchester, and if not at home, I shall be somewhere in the North, and my father and mother will certainly be at home and know where I am, in case we could plan a meeting. And I shall leave your vignette in my father's care. Secondly, you will be glad to hear that the National Gallery people have entrusted me to frame a hundred Turners at their expense in my own way; leaving it wholly in my hands. This has given me much thought, for had I done the thing at my own cost, I could have mended it afterward if it had gone wrong in any way; but now I must, if possible, get it all perfect at first, or the Trustees won't be pleased. It will all be done by the time you come. Thirdly, I have been very well all the winter, and have not overworked in any way,

and I am angry with you for not saying how you are. Fourthly, my drawing-school goes on nicely, and the Marlborough House people are fraternizing with me. Fifthly, I have written a nice little book for beginners in drawing, which I intend to be mightily useful; and so that is all my news about myself, but I hope to tell you more, and hear a great deal more when you come.

My father and mother beg their sincere regards to you. Mine, if you please, to your mother and sisters when you write.

Please write me a line from Venice, if you are not, as I used to be, out so late in St. Mark's Place or on the lagoons, that you can't do anything when you come in. I used to be very fond of night rowings between Venice and Murano — and then the crossing back through the town at midnight — we used to come out always at the Bridge of Sighs, because I lived either at Danieli's or at a house nearly opposite the Church of the Salute.

Well, good-bye, I can't write more to-night, though I want to. Ever, my dear Norton, affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

Monday morning. I was half asleep when I wrote that last page, or I would n't have said anything about night excursions, which are n't good for you. Go to bed. Moonlight's quite a mistake; it is nothing when you are used to it. The moon is really very like a silver salver, no, — more like a plated one half worn out and coppery at the edges. It is of no use to sit up to see that.

If you know Mr. Brown, please give him my kind love; and say I shall have written to him by the time you get this.

Mind you leave yourself time enough for Verona. People always give too little time to Verona; it is my dearest place in Italy. If you are vindictive, and want to take vengeance on me for despising Rome, write me a letter of

abuse of Verona. But be sure to do it before you have seen it; you can't afterwards. You have seen it. I believe, but give it time and quiet walks, now.

The evening school referred to in the preceding letter was that which Ruskin had now for three years conducted at the Workingmen's College in Great Ormond Street. This college was founded by Frederick Denison Maurice, with the aid of such men as Dr. Furnivall, Tom Hughes, and Charles Kingsley, with the intention of offering "to workingmen and others, who could not take advantage of the higher education open to the wealthy, as much of the best academic training as could be given in evening classes, and to combine this teaching with a real *esprit de corps*, based on the fellowship of citizens and the union of social orders." Ruskin enlisted readily in this effort, for already his thoughts were turned to those social questions which were gradually to become the chief objects of his interest during his later years. The classes at the drawing-school, to which he gave instruction on Thursday evenings through a great part of the year, were mainly composed of young men who were earning their living, but were not in the ranks of the very poor. He gained from acquaintance with them a knowledge of actual social conditions which tested his theories and stood him in good stead in later years. His sympathy, his patience, his concern for their interests quickened into affection the admiration which his varied powers, exerted for the benefit of his pupils, naturally excited in them, and the indirect lessons which they received from him were perhaps of even more importance to them than his direct instruction. His interest and enthusiasm in the work were contagious, and in the course of the four or five years in which he gave regular instruction at the school,

he enlisted, as his associates in teaching, Rossetti, and for a time William Morris and Burne-Jones. The work was one to engage the sympathies of young idealists desirous to elevate and beautify the life of England. Marlborough House, to which Ruskin refers in his letter, was then the headquarters of the government Department of Science and Art, removed not long afterwards to South Kensington.

It was not for students under his direction or that of his assistants at the Workingmen's College that he wrote the "nice little book" referred to in the letter, — *The Elements of Drawing*, — but for the many who might wish to learn to draw and had no master to instruct them. The chief aim and bent of its system was discipline of the hand and the eye by a patient and delicate method of work, such as to insure a true sight and a correct representation of the object seen. The little book did good service, and though Ruskin became dissatisfied with some portions of it, and intended to supersede it by the *Laws of Fésolé*, it still remains in many respects an excellent manual for the solitary student of drawing dependent on his own efforts.

The "Mr. Brown" mentioned near the end of this letter was Ruskin's "old and tried friend," Mr. Rawdon Brown. I did not then know this admirable and unique man. More than ten years later I had the good fortune of coming into friendly relations with him. He had lived in Venice since, as a youth, just out of Oxford, in 1833, he went there on a romantic quest.¹ To the fine qualities of a high-bred Englishman and old-fashioned Tory he added a passionate love of Venice, and an acquaintance with her historic life in all its aspects, such as few of her own sons ever possessed. His days were given to the study of her records and to the rescue of precious scraps from Time's wallet. He died in 1884

don Brown and the Gravestone of "Banished Norfolk."

¹ The story may be found in an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for June, 1889, entitled *Raw-*

where he had lived for more than fifty years, and where he desired to die.

I spent the month of July in England, and was again at Denmark Hill, where I was more than ever impressed with Ruskin's submissiveness to his mother, who took manifest pride in “John,” but combated his opinions and lectured him publicly, in spite of which he preserved unruffled sweetness of manner toward her. She had lived in a narrow circle of strong interests, and knew little of the world outside of it. Accustomed as I have said to deference from her husband and her son, she had acquired conviction of her own infallibility, and her opinions were expressed with decision and as if admitting of no question. Ruskin himself was delightful. His heart had not yet become overburdened, nor his mind overstrained. I wrote at the time: “He is quite unspoiled by praise and by abuse, of both of which he has received enough to ruin a common man. His heart is still fresh. It is pleasant to hear his friends speak of him, — the Brownings, Rossetti, Mrs. Gaskell: they all are warm in speaking of his kindness, generosity and faithfulness. Few men are so lovable.”

The summer of 1857 was that of the great Fine Arts Exhibition at Manchester. Ruskin had undertaken to give

two lectures there in the course of the month of July. In order to secure uninterrupted quiet for writing them he proposed to spend a week or two at a farmhouse near the picturesque little village of Cowley, not far from Oxford, and as I was to visit friends at Oxford it was arranged that we should be there at the same time. We were much together. He read to me from his lectures as he wrote them, and the reading led to long discussion. The lectures were the first clear manifesto of the change in the main interests of his life. They were soon published under the title of *The Political Economy of Art*, and when reprinted, more than twenty years afterward, Ruskin gave them the name of “*A Joy Forever*”¹ (and its price in the market). In the preface to this edition of 1880, he wrote, “The exposition of the truths to which I have given the chief elegy of my life will be found in the following pages, first undertaken systematically and then in logical sequence.” It will easily be understood how interesting and how fruitful to me were the talks we had while he was writing this introduction to the thought and life of his later years.

Before the end of the summer I returned to America.

Charles Eliot Norton.

PART OF A MAN'S LIFE.

“The uttered part of a man's life, let us always repeat, bears to the unuttered, unconscious part a small unknown proportion. He himself never knows it, much less do others.” — *Carlyle's Essay on Scott.*

“INTENSELY HUMAN.”

WHEN Major-General Rufus Saxton, then military governor of South Carolina, was solving triumphantly the original problem of the emancipated slaves, he was frequently interrupted by long lists of questions from Northern philan-

thropists as to the progress of his enterprise. They inquired especially as to the peculiar tastes, temptations, and perils of the newly emancipated race.

¹ These words had been written in gold on the cornice of the great exhibition.

After receiving one unusually elaborate catechism of this kind, he said rather impatiently to his secretary, "Draw a line across that whole list of questions about the freedmen, and write at the bottom, 'They are intensely human,' " which was done. In those four words is given, in my opinion, the whole key to that problem perennially reviving, — the so-called "negro question."

There prevailed, nearly sixty years ago, at the outset of the anti-slavery movement, a curious impression that the only people who understood the negro were those who had seen him in a state of subjection, and that those who advocated his cause at the North knew nothing about him. A similar delusion prevails at the present day, and not alone among those born and bred in the Southern states. I find in a book, otherwise admirable, — the *Life of Whittier*, by Professor G. R. Carpenter of Columbia College, — that the biographer not only speaks of the original anti-slavery movement as "extravagant and ill-informed" (page 173), but says of Whittier and his associates, "Of the real negro, his capacities and limitations, he had, like his fellows, only a dim idea, based largely on theoretic speculation" (page 179). But, as a matter of fact, the whole movement originated with men who had learned by personal observation that the negro was intensely human, and found all necessary knowledge to be included in that fact. They were men and women who had been born in the slave country, or had personally resided there, perhaps for years. Benjamin Lundy in Virginia, Rankin in Tennessee, Garrison in Maryland, Birney in Alabama, Channing in Virginia again, and the Grimké sisters in South Carolina, had gained on the spot that knowledge of slavery and slaves which made them Abolitionists. They had made observations, and some of them — acting on the poet Gray's maxim that memory is ten times worse than a lead pencil — had written them down.

Added to this, they were constantly in communication with those who had escaped from slavery, and the very closeness of contact into which the two classes were thrown gave them added knowledge of each other. Indeed, the very first anti-slavery book which attained wide attention, known as *Walker's Appeal*, published in 1829, was not written by a Northern man, but by one born in Wilmington, South Carolina, of a free mother and a slave father, a man who had traveled widely through the South, expressly to study the degradation of his race, and had read what books of history he could procure bearing upon the subject. His book went through three editions; it advocated insurrection more and more directly. But it was based absolutely on the Declaration of Independence and on the theory that the negro was a man.

It must be borne in mind that there never yet was an oppressed race which was not assumed by its oppressors to be incapable of freedom. In a late volume of diplomatic correspondence compiled from letters of an Englishman (Anthony B. North Peat), written in 1864-69 during the sway of Louis Napoleon, the letter-writer lays it down as a rule (page 38) that "A Frenchman is not fit to be trusted with liberty. . . . A Frenchman is, more or less, born to be rode roughshod over, and he himself is positively happier when ruled with a rod of iron." Forty years have now passed since this was written, and who now predicts the extinction of the French Republic? It turned out just the same with those who predicted that the colored race in America was fitted only for slavery and would never attain freedom.

If I may refer to my own experience as one of the younger Abolitionists, I can truly say that my discovery of the negro's essential manhood first came, long before I had heard of the anti-slavery agitation, from a single remark of a slave made to my mother when she

was traveling in Virginia in my childhood. After some efforts on her part to convince him that he was well off, he only replied, "Ah! Missis, free breath is good!" There spoke, even to my childish ear, the instinctive demand of the human being. To this were afterwards added my own observations when visiting in the same state during a college vacation, at the age of seventeen, and observing the actual slaves on a plantation; which experience was afterwards followed by years of intimate acquaintance with fugitive slaves in Massachusetts. It was the natural result of all this that, when called upon in maturer life to take military command of freed slaves, it never occurred to me to doubt that they would fight like any other men for their liberty, and so it proved. Yet I scarcely ever met a man or woman of Southern birth, during all that interval, who would not have laughed at the very thought of making them soldiers. They were feared as midnight plotters, as insurrectionists, disciples of Nat Turner, whose outbreak in 1831 filled the South with terror; but it was never believed, for a moment, that they would stand fire in the open field like men. Yet they proved themselves intensely human and did it.

Nor was their humanity recognized by the general public sentiment, even at the North, in earlier days. Even in Massachusetts, law or custom not only forbade any merchant or respectable mechanic to take a colored apprentice, but any common carrier by land or sea was expected to eject from his conveyance any negro on complaint of any white passenger; and I can myself remember when a case of this occurred in Cambridge in my childhood, within sight of the Washington Elm. Churches still had negro pews, these being sometimes boarded up in front, so that the occupants could only look out through peepholes, as was once done in the old Baptist meeting-house at Hartford, Connecticut, where a negro had bought

a pew and refused to leave it. Or the owner might be ejected by a constable, as happened in Park Street Church, Boston; or the floor cut from under the negro's pew by the church authorities, as happened in Stoughton, Massachusetts. Even in places like the Quaker town of New Bedford, where pupils of both colors were admitted to the public schools, the black boys were seated by themselves, and white offenders were punished by being obliged to sit with them. So far was this carried, that it excited the indignation of the European world, in so much that Heine in his letters from Heligoland (July 1, 1830) gives it as an argument against emigrating to the United States, as Lieber and Follen had done: "*Die eigentliche Sklaverei, die in den meisten nord-amerikanischen Provinzen abgeschafft, empört mich nicht so sehr wie die Brutalität womit die freien Schwarzen und die Mulatten behandelt werden.*" The negro was still regarded, both in the Northern and in the Southern states, as being something imperfectly human. It was only the Abolitionists who saw him as he was. They never doubted that he would have human temptations — to idleness, folly, wastefulness, even sensuality. They knew that he would need, like any abused and neglected race, education, moral instruction, and, above all, high example. They knew, in short, all that we know about him now. They could have predicted the outcome of such half-freedom as has been given him, — a freedom tempered by chain-gangs, lynching, and the lash.

It may be assumed, therefore, that there is no charge more unfounded than that frequently made to the effect that the negro was best understood by his former masters. This principle may be justly borne in mind in forming an opinion upon the very severest charges still brought against him. Thus a Southern negro has only to be suspected of any attempt at assault on a white

woman, and the chances are that he will be put to death without trial, and perhaps with fiendish torture. Yet during my two years' service with colored troops, only one charge of such assault was brought against any soldier, and that was withdrawn in the end and admitted to be false by the very man who made the assertion; and this in a captured town. But even supposing him to have a tendency to such an offense, does any one suppose for a moment that the mob which burns him on suspicion of such crime is doing it in defense of chastity? Not at all; it is in defense of caste. To decide its real character we need only ask what would happen if the facts proved to be the reverse of those at first assumed, — if the woman proved to have, after all, the slightest tinge of negro blood, and the offending man turned out to be a white man. Does anybody doubt that the case would be dismissed by acclamation in an instant, that the criminal would go free, and the victim be forgotten? If I err, then the books of evidence are all wrong, the tales of fugitives in the old days are all false. Was any white man ever lynched, either before or since emancipation, for insulting the modesty of a colored girl? Look in the autobiographies of slaves, dozens of which are in our public libraries! Look in the ante-bellum newspapers, or search the memories of those who, like the present writer, were employed on vigilance committees and underground railways before most of the present lynch-ers were born!

There were, again and again, women known to us who had fled to save their honor, — women so white that, like Ellen Craft, they passed in traveling for Caucasian. One such woman was under my observation for a whole winter in Worcester, who brought away with her the two children of her young master, whose mistress she had been, in spite of herself, and who was believed by many to have been her half-brother. So nearly

white were she and her children that they were escorted up from Boston by a Worcester merchant, himself pro-slavery in sympathy, under whose escort they had been skillfully put at the Boston station by the agent of the underground railway. They finally passed into the charge of an honorable man, a white mechanic, who married her with the full approval of the ladies who had her in charge. I never knew or wished to know his name, thinking it better that she and her children should disappear, as they easily could, in the white ranks. Another slave child, habitually passing for white, was known to the public as "Ida May," and was exhibited to audiences as a curiosity by Governor Andrew and others, until that injudicious practice was stopped. She, too, was under my care for a time, went to school, became clerk in a public office, and I willingly lost sight of her also for a similar reason. It must never be forgotten that every instance of slaves almost white, in those days, was not the outcome of legal marriage, but of the ungoverned passions of some white man. The evil was also self-multiplying, since the fairer the complexion of every half-breed girl the greater was her attraction and her perils. Those who have read that remarkable volume of Southern stories, written in New Orleans by Grace King, under the inexpressive title of *Tales of a Time and Place*, will remember the striking scene where a mob, which had utterly disregarded the danger run by a young girl who had passed for a mere octoroon, is lashed instantly into overpowering tumult when evidence is suddenly advanced at the last moment that she is not octoroon, but white.

Supposing, for the sake of argument, that there is to be found in the colored race, especially in the former slave states, a lower standard of chastity than among whites, it is hard to imagine any reasoning more grotesque than that which often comes from those who claim to represent the white race there. One

recent writer from New Orleans in the Boston Herald describes the black race as being "in great part immoral in its sexual relations, whether from centuries of savagery or from nature, as some of the travelers insisted." This needs only to be compared with the testimony of another Southern witness to show its folly. In a little book entitled *Two Addresses on Negro Education in the South*, Mr. A. A. Gunby, of the Louisiana bar, makes this simple statement: "Miscegenation in the South has always been and will always be confined to converse between white men and colored women, and the number of mulattoes in the future will depend absolutely on the extent to which white men restrain their immoral dealings with negro females." This same writer goes on to say, what would seem to be the obvious common sense of the matter, that "education is the best possible means to fortify negro women against the approaches of libertines."

For my own part, I have been for many years in the position to know the truth, even on its worst side, upon this subject. Apart from the knowledge derived in college days from Southern students, then very numerous at Harvard, with whom I happened to be much thrown through a Southern relative, my classmate, I have evidence much beyond this. I have in my hands written evidence, unfit for publication, but discovered in a captured town during the civil war,—evidence to show that Rome in its decline was not more utterly degraded, as to the relation between the sexes, than was the intercourse often existing between white men and colored women on American slave plantations. How could it be otherwise where one sex had all the power and the other had no means of escape? Rufus Choate, one of the most conservative Northern men of the time as to the slavery question, is said to have expressed the opinion, as the result of careful study, that he had no reason to think that the indus-

trial condition of the slave, all things considered, was worse than that of the laboring population in most European countries, but that for the colored woman the condition of slavery was "simply hell." The race of mixed blood in America is the outcome of that condition; and that the colored race has emerged from such subjugation into the comparatively decent moral condition which it now holds proves conclusively that it is human in its virtues as well as in its sins. This I say as one who has been for nearly ten years trustee of a school for freedmen in the heart of the black district. The simple fact, admitted by all candid men and women, that no charges of immorality are ever brought against the graduates of these schools, and that, wherever they go, they are the centre of a healthy influence, is sufficient proof that what the whole nation needs is to deal with the negro race no longer as outcasts, but simply as men and women.

If thus dealt with, why should the very existence of such a race be regarded as an insuperable evil? The answer is that the tradition lies solely in the associations of slavery. Outside of this country, such insuperable aversion plainly does not exist; not even is it to be found in the land nearest to us in kindred, England. A relative of mine, a Boston lady distinguished in the last generation for beauty and bearing, was staying in London with her husband, fifty years ago, when they received a call at breakfast time from a mulatto of fine appearance, named Prince Sanders, whom they had known well as a steward, or head waiter, in Boston. She felt that she ought to ask him, as a fellow countryman, to sit down at table with them, but she shrank from doing it until he rose to go; and then, in a cowardly manner, as she frankly admitted, stammered out the invitation. To which his reply was, "Thank you, madam, but I am engaged to breakfast with a duke, this morning," which turned out to be true.

No one can watch the carriages in Hyde Park, still less in Continental capitals, without recognizing the merely local quality of all extreme social antagonism between races. In a letter to the Boston Herald, dated September 17, 1903, the writer, Bishop Douet of Jamaica, testifies that there is a large class of colored people who there fill important positions as ministers of religion, doctors, and lawyers. He says: "This element in our society that I have alluded to is the result of miscegenation, which the writers from the South seem to look upon with so much horror. We have not found that the mixing of the races has produced such dire results. I number among my friends many of this mixed race who are as accomplished and intelligent ladies and gentlemen as you can find in any society in Boston or the other great cities of America."

In connection with this, Bishop Douet claims that the masses of the colored population in all parts of the island are absolutely orderly, and that a white woman may travel from one end of the land to the other with perfect safety. All traces of the terrible period of the Maroon wars seem to have vanished, wars which lasted for nine years, during which martial law prevailed throughout the whole island, and high military authorities said of the Maroons that "their subjugation was more difficult than to obtain a victory over any army in Europe." These rebels, or their descendants, are the people who now live in a condition of entire peace and order, in spite of all the predicted perils of freedom. One of these perils, as we know, was supposed to be that of a mixture of blood between the races, but even that is found no longer a source of evil, this witness thinks, when concubinage has been replaced by legal marriage.

Among the ways in which the colored race shows itself intensely human are some faults which it certainly shares

with the white race, besides the merely animal temptations. There is the love of fine clothes, for instance; the partiality for multiplying sects in religion, and secret societies in secular life; the tendency toward weakening forces by too much subdivision; the intolerance shown toward free individual action. It is only the last which takes just now a somewhat serious form. It is a positive calamity that a few indiscretions and exaggerations on each side have developed into a bitter hostility to Booker Washington on the part of some of the most intelligent and even cultivated of his race. Internal feuds among philanthropists are, alas, no new story, and few bodies of reformers have escaped this peril. When we consider the bitter contest fought by Charles Sumner and his opponents in the Prison Discipline Society; the conflicts in the early temperance meetings between Total Abstinents and Teetotalers; those in the Woman Suffrage Movement between Mrs. Woodhull and her opponents, and in the anti-slavery movement itself between the voting and non-voting Abolitionists, we must not censure the warring negro reformer too severely. Nay, consider the subdivisions of the Garrison Abolitionists themselves, after slavery itself was abolished, at a period when I remember to have seen Edmund Quincy walk halfway up a stairway, and turn suddenly round to descend, merely to avoid Wendell Phillips, who was coming downstairs. Having worked side by side together through storm and through calm, denounced, threatened, and even mobbed side by side, the two men had yet separated in bitterness on the mere interpretation of a will made by a fellow laborer, Francis Jackson. When we look, moreover, beyond the circle of moral reformers, and consider simply the feuds of science, we see the same thing: Dr. Gould, the eminent astronomer, locking his own observatory against his own trustees to avoid interference; and Agassiz, in the height of the Dar-

winian controversy, denying that there was any division on the subject among scientific men, on the ground that any man who accepted the doctrine of evolution ceased thereby to be a man of science. If questions merely intellectual thus divide the leaders of thought, how can we expect points dividing men on the basis of conscience and moral service to be less potent in their influence? In the present case, as in most cases, the trouble seems chiefly due to the difficulty found by every energetic and enthusiastic person, absorbed in his own pursuits, in fully appreciating the equally important pursuits of others. Mr. Washington, in urging the development of the industrial pursuits he represents, has surely gone no farther than Frederick Douglass, the acknowledged leader of his people, who said, "Every colored mechanic is by virtue of circumstances an elevator of his race." On the other hand, the critics of Mr. Washington are wholly right in holding that it is as important for this race to produce its own physicians, lawyers, preachers, and, above all, teachers, as to rear mechanics. It is infinitely to be regretted that everybody cannot look at every matter all round, but this, unhappily, is a form of human weakness in which there is no distinction of color.

It must always be remembered that all forward movements have their experimental stage. In looking over, at this distance of time, the letters and printed editorials brought out by the original enterprise of arming the blacks in our civil war, I find that it was regarded by most people as a mere experiment. It now seems scarcely credible that I should have received, as I did, one letter from a well-meaning sympathizer in Boston, recalling to my memory that Roman tradition of a body of rebellious slaves who were brought back to subjection, even after taking up arms, by the advance of a body of men armed with whips only. This correspondent anxiously warned me that

the same method might be repeated. Yet it seems scarcely more credible that the young hero, Colonel Shaw himself, when I rode out to meet him, on his arrival with his regiment, seriously asked me whether I felt perfectly sure that the negroes would stand fire in line of battle, and suggested that, at the worst, it would at least be possible to drive them forward by having a line of white soldiers advance in their rear, so that they would be between two fires. He admitted the mere matter of individual courage to have been already settled in their case, and only doubted whether they would do as well in line of battle as in skirmishing and on guard duty. Nor do I intend to imply that he had any serious doubt beyond this, but simply that the question had passed through his mind. He did not sufficiently consider that in this, as at all other points, they were simply men.

We must also remember that a common humanity does not by any means exclude individual variety, but rather protects it. At first glance, in a black regiment, the men usually looked to a newly arrived officer just alike, but it proved after a little experience that they varied as much in face as any soldiers. It was the same as to character. Yet at the same time they were on the whole more gregarious and cohesive than the whites; they preferred organization, whereas nothing pleased white American troops so much as to be out skirmishing, each on his own responsibility, without being bothered with officers. There was also a certain tropical element in black troops, a sort of fiery utterance when roused, which seemed more Celtic than Anglo-Saxon. The only point where I was doubtful, though I never had occasion to test it, was that they might show less endurance under prolonged and hopeless resistance, like Napoleon's men when during the retreat from Russia they simply drooped and died.

As to the general facts of courage and

reliability, I think that no officer in our camp ever thought of there being any essential difference between black and white; and surely the judgment of these officers, who were risking their lives at every moment, month after month, on the fidelity of their men, was worth more than the opinion of the world besides. As the negroes were intensely human at these points, they were equally so in pointing out that they had more to fight for than the white soldier. They loved the United States flag, and I remember one zealous corporal, a man of natural eloquence, pointing to it during a meeting on the Fourth of July, and saying with more zeal than statistical accuracy, "Dar's dat flag, we hab lib under it for eighteen hundred and sixty-two years, and we 'll lib and die for it now." But they could never forget that, besides the flag and the Union, they had home and wife and child to fight for. War was a very serious matter to them. They took a grim satisfaction when orders were issued that the officers of colored troops should be put to death on capture. It helped their *esprit de corps* immensely. Their officers, like themselves, were henceforward to fight with ropes around their necks. Even when the new black regiments began to come down from the North, the Southern blacks pointed out this difference, that in case of ultimate defeat, the Northern troops, black or white, must sooner or later be exchanged and returned to their homes, whereas, they themselves must fight it out or be reënsaved. All this was absolutely correct reasoning, and showed them human.

As all individuals differ, even in the same family, so there must doubtless be variations between different races. It is only that these differences balance one another so that all are human at last. Each race, like each individual, may have its strong point. Compare, for instance, the negroes and the Irish-Americans. So universal among negroes is the possession of a musical ear

that I frequently had reason to be grateful for it as a blessing, were it only for the fact that those who saw colored soldiers for the first time always noticed it and exaggerated its importance. Because the negroes kept a better step, after forty-eight hours' training, than did most white regiments after three or four months, these observers expressed the conviction that the blacks would fight well; which seemed to me, perhaps, a hasty inference. As to the Irish-Americans, I could say truly that a single recruit of that race in my original white company had cost me more trouble in training him to keep step than all my black soldiers put together. On the other hand, it was generally agreed that it was impossible to conceive of an Irish coward; the Irish being, perhaps, as universally brave as any race existing. Now, I am not prepared to say that in the colored race cowardice would be totally impossible, nor could that be claimed, absolutely, for the Anglo-Saxon race. On the other hand, to extend the comparison, it would not have been conceivable to me that a black soldier should be a traitor to his own side, and it is unquestionable that there were sometimes Irish deserters. All this variety is according to the order of nature. The world would be very monotonous if all human beings had precisely the same combination of strong and weak points. It is enough that they should all be human.

In the element of affectionateness and even demonstrativeness, the negroes and the Irish have much in common, and it is an attribute which makes them both attractive. The same may be held true of the religious element. No matter how reckless in bearing they might be, those negroes were almost fatalists in their confidence that God would watch over them; and if they died, it would be because their time had come. "If each one of us was a praying man," said one of my corporals in a speech,

"it appears to me that we could fight as well with prayers as with bullets, for the Lord has said that if you have faith even as a grain of mustard seed cut into four parts, you can say to the sycamore tree 'Arise,' and it will come up." And though Corporal Long's botany may have got a little confused, his faith proved itself by works, for he volunteered to go many miles on a solitary scouting expedition into the enemy's country in Florida, and got back safe after he had been given up for lost. On the whole, it may be said that the colored and the Irish soldiers were a little nearer to one another than to the white American-born type; and that both were nearer to the Western recruits, among Americans, than to the more reticent and self-controlled New England men. Each type had its characteristics, and all were intensely human.

All these judgments, formed in war, have thus far sustained themselves in peace. The enfranchisement of the negroes, once established, will of course never be undone. They have learned the art, if not of political self-defense, at least of migration from place to place, and those states which are most unjust to them will in time learn to prize their presence and regret their absence. The chances are that the mingling of races will diminish, but whether this is or is not the outcome, it is, of course, better for all that this result should be legal and not voluntary, rather than illegal and perhaps forced. As the memories of the slave period fade away, the mere fetich of color-phobia will cease to control our society; and marriage may come to be founded, not on the color of the skin, but upon the common courtesies of life, and upon genuine sympathies of heart and mind. To show how high these sympathies might reach even in slavery, I turn back to a letter received by one of my soldiers from his wife, — a letter which I have just unearthed from a chaos of army papers where it

has lain untouched for forty years. It is still inclosed in a quaint envelope of a pattern devised in Philadelphia at that day, and greatly in demand among the negroes. It shows a colored print of the tree of liberty bearing in the place of leaves little United States flags, each labeled with the name of some state, while the tree bears the date "1776" at its roots. The letter is addressed to "Solomon Steward Company H., 1st S. C. Vols., Beaufort, S. C.," this being the name of a soldier in my regiment who showed the letter to me and allowed me to keep it. He was one of the Florida men, who were, as a rule, better taught and more intelligent than the South Carolina negroes. They were therefore coveted as recruits by all my captains; and they had commonly been obliged on enlistment to leave their families behind them in Florida, not nearly so well cared for as those under General Saxton's immediate charge. The pay of my regiment being, moreover, for a long time delayed, these families often suffered in spite of all our efforts. I give the letter verbatim, and it requires no further explanation: —

FERNANDINA, FLORIDA, Feb. the 8 [1864].

MY DEAR HUSBAND, — This Hour I Sit Me Down To write you In a Little world of sweet sounds The Choir In The Chapel near Here are Chanting at The organ and Their Morning Hymn across The street are sounding and The Dear Little birds are joining Their voices In Tones sweet and pure as angels whispers. but My Dear all The songs of The birds sounds sweet In My Ear but a sweeter song Than That I now Hear and That Is The song of a administering angel Has Come and borne My Dear Little babe To Join In Tones with Them sweet and pure as angels whispers. My babe only Live one day It was a Little Girl. Her name Is alice Gurtrude steward I am now sick In bed and have Got nothing To Live on The

Rashion That They Give for six days I
Can Make It Last but 2 days They
dout send Me any wood They send The
others wood and I Cant Get any I dont
Get any Light at all You Must see To
That as soon as possible for I am In
In want of some Thing To Eat

I have nothing more to say to you

but Give my Regards to all the friends
all the family send thair love to you
no more at pressant

EMMA STEWARD

Does it need any further commen-
tary to prove that the writer of a letter
like this was intensely human?

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

THE BACHELORS OF BRAGGY.

WHILST their old mother lived, of course, the idea of bringing any other woman into the house was as far from them as the far-lands of Brenter. For they had all the *nearness* and lack of sentiment that their Scotch ancestors brought over (their only belongings) to Ireland.

When the neighbors, on a rare occasion, caught the Bachelors of Braggy at a wake or festivity, they, in a wag-gish mood, must match-make for them.

"Arrah, Pether Lowry, isn't it the shame for yerself, and for Paul, and for Richard, there beside ye, that wan of yours has n't yet put the word to a woman!"

Peter and Paul and Richard would all *hissle* in their chairs from the uncomfortableness of the topic. But all eyes in the wakehouse were now on them quizzically, so Peter would make answer snarlingly:—

"What the divil do we want with a woman?"

"Ay!" from Paul. And "Ay!" from Richard.

"Well, ye know, it's a wee waikness some men has, — to be fond of the girls."

"Well, we are n't fond o' them; an' would n't give a barleycorn if there was n't a girl atween here an' Halyfax."

"Yis!" "Yis!" from Richard and Paul.

"But ye know, yerself, Pether, an' can't deny, a woman's an uncommon handy thing about a house."

"Handy? Ay! as a conthrairy pig (not mainin' any comparishon), that 'ill go every way but the way ye want it. Besides, have n't we our oul' mother?"

"Right, Pether!" "Right, Pether!" quoth the other brothers.

"Stillandall, a mother, ye know, is n't everything till a man!"

"If a man depends on any one else nor himself to be the remaindher, he 'll depend on a rotten rush. An' a wife an' a mother in the wan house 'ud be as pleasant company as spittin' cats."

"But the wife 'ill be with a man, Pether, when the mother's gone."

"Then God help the man!"

"God help him!" from Paul, and "God help him!" from Richard.

"Now there's Marg'et McClane above in Altidoo, and she'd jump at the offer of any wan of the three of yours."

"It's thankful we are to both yerself and Marg'et; but, as ye seem to have an inth'rest in her, better not let her jump, for feerd she might miss."

"For feerd she might miss, — yis!" choired Richard and Paul.

"A fine, stout, sthrappin' girl, on the aisy side of fifty-five; an' a fine hand at beetlin' praties, an' carin' calves."

But poor Peter's temper would, despite desperate efforts, give out: —

"Och, to the devil with Marg'et McClane an' her calves! *We* don't want her! We don't want no woman! An' if we did want wan, we would n't ax *you* to make her for us!"

"Right ye are, Pether!" "Right ye are, Pether!" quoth the brothers.

Then a deal of half-smothered chuckling would sweep around the four walls; and Peter's tormentor would, with a look of injured innocence, turn on his chair, and make general complaint that he never yet could try to do a neighbor — because he was a neighbor — a good turn, but he contrived to have the nose cut off him. In response to which Richard and Paul — Peter was too full for speech — would mutter something about "imperent people" poking their noses into places where they were not wanted. And then the doubly injured one sought consolation in the reeking pipe which a compassionate neighbor passed him.

And as insistent friends had often assured them, the old woman did die one day: and she was waked and laid away with all the economy known to the three brothers, — an economy that, they flattered themselves, would be more gratifying to the woman who was gone, if she only could realize it, than to any one else. And then it was voted that Richard, who was the youngest and least useful, should henceforth fill their mother's place in the house, — milk, and wash, and cook, and make the butter.

Though Richard undertook the duties with ardor, he grumbled ere a month, and said that, after all, the neighbors remarked rightly that a woman was a "mortal handy, convenient thing about a house." Both Peter and Paul gasped for breath when first he sprang this sedition upon them; and then they frowned upon him with awful severity, and hoped (in their bitterest tones) that he would never let the like of *that* split

his lips again. And Richard did not let it split his lips again for two days. Peter and Paul were sorely distressed, however, when, as they sat round the fire and passed the pipe, in their usual after-supper deliberation, on the third night following, Richard again brought up the subject of a woman's want, and held forth thereupon at much length. They were so sorely distressed that they spake not; only let Richard ramble on.

And so often again did Richard press home the subject, that Peter and Paul, after many secret consultations, consented that, even at the cost of their peace of mind, Richard must be humored. So they said to Richard, "It's a poor thing that we must fetch in any man's daughter to support her."

"No man's daughter comes in here," Richard said, "unless she fetches her support with her."

"Hum! Then fire away, Richard, since ye must have yer way. Where are ye goin' to rise yer woman?"

"*My* woman? Faith, it's not me's goin' to take her, but wan of yerselves. I don't want her."

"Faith, and I'm very sure it's not me that 'ill take her," said Peter.

"An' I'll give ye me 'davy it is n't me," quoth Paul.

So Richard made the whistling sound of a man who has found a *cul-de-sac* where he was certain of a free passage.

"An' what then?" said Richard.

"Richard, *a stoir*, it's often ye heerd our poor mother (God rest her!) say, 'Let him calls for the tune pay the piper.'"

"I'm young an' green, boys" (Richard would be forty-seven by Halloween night), "an' I'm noways suited to manage a woman," he said pleadingly.

"Well, there ye are!" For neither Peter nor Paul was anxious to help him out of a dilemma into which stubbornness had led him.

"But, boys" —

"As ye make yer bed ye must lie

on it," said they, quoting again from their mother's store of saws.

There was nothing left to Richard but to accept the inevitable; and he reluctantly resolved to bear it, for the benefit of the house, with what grace he could.

As the next step was to find a suitable woman for Richard, the brothers agreed to take counsel with the *Bacach Gasta* (the swift-footed beggar-man). So, on the next night when the *Bacach Gasta*, coming that way, dropped his wallets in Lowrys' for his usual night's sojourn, he was taken into confidence after supper, and asked to procure a good wife for Richard. And the requirements were catalogued for him.

"The notion o' marryin' is on Richard," Paul informed the *Bacach*.

He looked Richard up and down, and then said, —

"Well, that's neither shame nor blame. He's come to the time o' day."

"In throth, it's wan of ourselves he wanted to take the woman."

"Which was n't wan bit fair," said the beggar-man. "The young heart always for the big burden."

"In your thravels do ye think ye could pick up a suitable wife for us?"

"I have no doubt of it."

"Ye know just the kind of a wife we want for him?"

"I have a brave guess."

"A fine, sthrong, sthrappin', agricultural woman," said Peter.

"Ay."

"No frills or foldherols," said Paul.

"No figgery-foys whatsomiver," said Peter.

"She must be 'holsome" (whole-some), said Richard.

"An' as hardy as a harrow-pin," said Peter.

"No objection if the countenance is well-favored," said Richard.

"*Bacach*," said Peter, with indignant warmth, "she may be as ill-lookin' as the divil's gran'mother."

"Don't send any chiny doll here," said Paul.

Said Richard, "I mean, for ins'ance, *Bacach*, if ye are in swithers about two weemen, both equally good in every other way, but wan of them havin' the advantage of the other in looks" —

"Then," said Peter, "sen' us the ugliest o' the two, by all manner o' mains."

"The uglier the woman, the better housekeeper," Paul added.

"An' the more savin'; an' the less she'll throw out upon fine clothes," quoth Peter.

Richard was silent.

"The woman ye pick must have money, — a good penny of it," said Peter.

"Or lan'," said Paul.

"Or lan', of course," Peter added.

"She must be come to years of discretion," said Paul.

"An' have the most of a couple of score years of work in her still," said Peter.

"She must be able an' willin' to work," said Paul.

"To work like a nigger," said Peter.

"If she's a bit youngish, she'll be the companionabler," said Richard.

"A bit ouldish, *Bacach*, an' she'll be the sensibler," said Peter tartly.

The *Bacach Gasta* was nodding assent to all.

"She must be as wise as a fox."

"An' as close as a meal-chist."

"She must understand all about bringin' up young calves an' pigs," said Peter.

"An' about doctorin' sick cattle," said Paul.

"She can't be too sthrong," Peter added.

"Sthrong enough to toss a bull," said Paul.

"An' kindly," interpolated poor Richard.

"Kindly! Phew!" said Paul.

"Sevair enough to sour crame, if ye like," said Peter.

"Now, do ye know what we want?" said Paul.

"Yis, to the nail on her little finger," said the Bacach Gasta, passing the pipe to Peter.

"Well, keep yer eyes open, then," said Peter, "when ye're up in the Dhrimholme parish. Out of there comes the best scantlin' of weemen I know."

"They're better down the shore side of the parish," said Richard.

"They're hardier back the mountain way," said Paul.

"The worst woman in Dhrimholme is worth her mait," said the Bacach. "This is Chewsda. I'll be up there again' Sathurda. I have a likely couple or three in me eye, an' I'll see if I can't fix yous up in wan."

Eight days later the Bacach Gasta was back with word that he had a likely woman, — a girl who had got the better of her fortieth year, and still remained unmarried, though she had a valuable farm on hand, and lived by herself on it. He guaranteed, moreover, that, in his opinion, she was everything they desired.

Peter proposed then that she should be invited down till they would satisfy themselves that she answered the invoice. But Richard said that would be too much to expect. And the Bacach, as her diplomat, — which he now was, — would not agree to the proposition: they must go to see her. Moreover, failing the brothers' approval of her, he informed them he had two other wise and well-circumstanced women whom he wished to show them.

On the first day after, which was too wet for any more profitable work, Peter and Paul took the road with Richard, and tramped to Dhrimholme, and to Hannah Jack's house, — Hannah Jack was her name, — in pursuance of the beggar-man's detailed directions. They went in and introduced themselves.

"The Bacach Gasta, as ye know,"

Peter said to her, "has advised us that he b'lieves ye'd make a suitable woman for us" —

"For yous?" said Hannah, emphasizing the plural.

"Well, for young Richard here. But it's all the same."

"Oh!"

"An' so," Peter continued, "we've come to see for ourselves."

Whilst, then, Hannah Jack busied herself preparing tea for them, Peter and Paul and Richard scanned her, and followed every move of her, and did not leave the arrangements of the house unnoticed, either. Over the tea they, in an incidental sort of way, put various questions to her regarding her farm and farm-stock, — and, in a quiet way, satisfied their thirst for knowledge in that direction. And when tea was finished, they pulled around the fire, Hannah in the middle, and came to business bluntly, putting Hannah through a catechism that discovered to them her virtues and her failings and her worldly worth.

"Now, you'll excuse us for just a few minutes till we have a word together," Peter said to her, as he rose, and beckoned his brothers to follow him toward the door.

They went without, and, after inspecting the calves and pigs, they proceeded around to the gable of the house, and held serious deliberation upon Hannah's suitability. On the whole, Richard thought, he might go farther and fare worse. So he gave his vote for Hannah. But, unfortunately, Peter was prejudiced because, when she had taken down the teapot, she extravagantly cast the old tea leaves into the pit. "An' that tay she uses is too good for such extravagance; it would take a lovely grip of the second wather."

And during tea, Paul taking advantage of Hannah's temporary absence, had peeped into a handbox, and observed that she owned a hat with feathers. "An' both of yous know as well

as I do," Paul said, "what that mains, — that she 'd let consait fly away with her cash." "So," said Peter, "all things bein' consithered, I think it 's wiser laive Hannah Jack to be fortun'd on foolisher fellas."

"That 's my opinion exactly," said Paul.

Richard whistled to himself a minute, and then said, "Well, yous have better tell her the vardict, an' lose no more valuable time."

"Richard," said they, "just tell her yerself. If ye are n't too good to do yer own business."

Richard could not confess he was. So he had to command his soul grimly, and go within, alone.

"No, thank you, Hannah Jack," he said, "I 'll not be taking a seat again. It 's wearin' late, an' we 're frettin' to be on the move. Me brothers desires me to say, Hannah Jack, that we have consithered ye, an' ye 're an uncommon fine woman that any man may think himself lucky to get; but we consither ye 'll not do us. Good-evenin' to ye, and thank you for yer oncommon kindness."

Two other suitable women in the same tract had been approved of by the Bacach Gasta, 'Liza Jane Bohunnan, and Sarah Bell Baskin. So to them, also, they went in turn. 'Liza Jane met their rigid requirements in every way, — only, at the last moment, before they retired to exchange opinions, she said that, as she had been used to, she would require a drop of good tay to be brought to her in bed in the mornin' to rise her heart, and give her courage to get up. That decided the matter. Any woman that needed a lever in the shape of strong tea in the mornings was better left alone. So they decided. And Richard had, once again, to translate their decision into palatable phrase, and deliver it.

Sarah Bell Baskin ingratiated herself with them; for she carried pots, and fed pigs and cows, and carded

wool, and brought in a creel of turf whilst they interviewed her in snatches. And she kneaded bread at one end of the table, chatting them, whilst they drank tea at the other. So, upon a short consultation, Sarah Bell, with her hundred-pound fortune, was accepted.

Of course, Richard had objected that she did not look as "quate" (quiet) as should the ideal he sought. But Peter and Paul frowned him down. "She 'll be quate enough in throth, after we 've taken twelve months' work out of her," Paul assured him.

"We 've consented to have a wife to humor ye, an' taken the divil's own throuble to pick her for ye. If ye don't take Sarah Bell Baskin," Peter said, "the sorra a wife ever ye 'll see, by our consent, if there was a hurry-cane of them blown like hailstones again' the doore."

"Oh, if she plaises you, she 'll please me," said Richard.

And so she should, after all. For when the marriage license was procured by the three, and brought home by the three, Jemmy Managhan discovered that 't was Peter's name was therein recorded: for Peter, having acted as spokesman, his name was asked, and given without thought, and entered. "This is a nice how-d'-ye-do," said Peter.

"Well, we can't be goin' back another seven mile journey, an' then, as likely as not, pay for a new license," said Paul resignedly.

"Sure, it 's all the same," said the magnanimous Richard.

And Peter heaved a sigh, resolved to abide by his own blunder. And Sarah Bell, for her part, did not mind. She was marrying into "a good sittin' down."

Though, on the wedding-day, people said the Lowrys had never been known to go to church before, they said what was untrue. For they had been to church on the day they were christened. And Paul, moreover, had gone in one

day when Sam Coulter, the sexton, had it opened, in hope of raising sport with his rat-terrier.

As, whilst they were in the vestry consulting, and getting instructed for the ordeal, it was found a crowd of the unregenerate ones of Knockagar had assembled outside the church, with the certain intention of giving the Bachelors of Braggy a warm reception when they should emerge, one bachelor less, the minister advised that the wedding be postponed for an hour for peace' sake and theirs. Sarah Bell Baskin agreed to the wisdom of this.

But Peter was in no amiable mood. "I tell ye what it is, Sarah Bell Baskin," said he; "either this marriage is to be now or niver. If it's to be *now*, it'll be *now*; an' if it's to be *niver*, it'll be *NIVER*!" Then he paused for her decision.

"Then let it be now," said Sarah Bell Baskin.

And by taking across the fields with his bride, the strategical Peter disappointed the rascals who, for a full hour after, were keeping a reception warm outside the church gate.

Richard had read Sarah Bell aright when he said he did not consider her "quate" enough for him. Richard proved this experimentally. Paul discovered it. Peter, alas, discovered it. It took three days to bring it home to them with force. Sarah Bell herself,

with the material aid of a three-legged stool, supplied the necessary force. In a week the peace of the Lowry household was irretrievably wrecked, and most of the crockery ware, and the more portable articles of furniture also, and Richard's right arm, and Paul's dental assortment, and poor Peter's head.

In three weeks Sarah Bell Baskin, leaving them her left-handed blessing, took her hundred pounds and her departure, and returned to the house of her father.

On the night after she left, the three brothers sat around the fire, smoking in turn. And after a long silence Peter spoke. He was severely looking at Richard, who cowered. Peter said, —

"Now, that chapture's over an' done with (from the depth o' me sowl God be thankit!); an' let us hope — let us hope we'll niver again hear another such schame."

"Niver!" said Paul emphatically. "Niver, we hope!" and he gazed at Richard with a sidelong look of scathing rebuke.

Poor Richard looked into the fire and heaved a sigh.

Uncomplainingly he again took up his household duties next morning. And though, henceforth, one of them was a grass widower, they still carried their old title of the Bachelors of Braggy.

Seumas MacMunnus.

THE HUMORS OF ADVERTISING.

My friend, Antonio Ciccone, the eminent *confettatore* of Little Italy, used often to invite me to put his picture in the paper. "You put peech in pape," he would cry. "Beega peech! Senda man, beega machine. You say, 'Antonio Ciccone, molto religioso, molto caritatevole, besta man.'" And by this I know

Antonio for a very perfect advertiser — of that grandest type, the Homeric. He had the splendid Greek conception of the route to reputation; instead of suffering the world to pronounce upon his merits, he would pronounce upon them himself. He no more craved to see himself as others saw him than did

Achilles; like Achilles, he desired only that others might see him somewhat as he saw himself.

Now I confess that I have loved Antonio for the boasts he has made. Many a man, finding himself no whit less great than that charming modern ancient of Little Italy, is nevertheless so grievously hemmed in by the caution of his convictions, that he garbs his pride in the staid habiliments of modesty. Such may be dear good souls, and fit for a thousand things, but they will play an ill hand at advertising. Let them learn from Ciccone; also from my gifted fellow townsman, Mr. Joe Chapple, who, frank and unafraid, thus buoyantly declares himself in the public prints:—

“Do you know Joe Chapple,—the boy who came out of the West almost penniless, and has built up a National magazine? Do you know Joe Chapple,—the man who gained his knowledge of human nature on the bumpers of freight trains; trading an old gray horse for his first printing-press; a printer’s devil at twelve, an editor at sixteen,—through all phases of social life, up to an invited guest on presidential trains, and as special representative at the Coronation in Westminster Abbey? Presidents, Members of the Cabinet, Supreme Court Judges, Diplomats, United States Senators, Congressmen, and Governors know Joe Chapple. They speak of his work,—and they write for his magazine when no other publication on earth can entice them. It is n’t because Chapple is brilliant that he has won this national reputation for himself and his magazine,—it’s his quaint originality, his homelike, wholesome good-nature that permeates all he writes. There’s nothing published to-day like *The National Magazine*—because there is no one just like Joe Chapple.”

Over and over I have conned that radiant advertisement, and my merriment, I own, has been not unmingled with envy. I have, perhaps, rather more discretion than Mr. Joe Chapple, but less

than a tithe of his valor. Himself he sings, myself I dare not sing. And again I am put to shame by the illustrious English confectioner, who, having trodden the summits of conscious success, exclaims, “I am the Toffee King! I have given to England a great national candy, and I am now offering to America the same Toffee that has made me so famous abroad. Does America propose to welcome me,—to welcome a candy that is so pure that any mother can recommend it to her child? The answer is, ‘Yes, by all means!’” As further, though scarce clearer, evidence of the Homeric temper, both Mr. Chapple and the Toffee King have achieved the glowing ideal of Antonio Ciccone: they have “peeched in pape.”

Yet I would not be misunderstood; I bring no slenderest charge of vanity against those valiant modern Hellenes. Pasteur accepted learned degrees and decorations, not as honors to himself, but as tributes to his beloved France; and thus devotedly, beyond doubt, do Mr. Chapple and the Toffee King lay their laurels upon the respective altars of their very worthy enterprises. For what work comes to its fullest and best in this faithless world of ours, if it be not haloed round with the splendor of a commanding personality? The worker is—or so men fancy—the measure and the limit of the work. Magnify the worker, and in so doing you magnify the work. Look where you will, you shall find the producer acquiring what luminosity he can, that the product may thence take profit. Does he paint? He capriciously dyes his white hair black, save one lock only, which he ties with a jaunty ribbon; he hales unappreciative critics to court; seeing a picture called *Carnation*, *Lily*—*Lily*, *Rose*, he exclaims, “Darnation silly, silly pose,”—a quotable saying, if you stop to think of it; and the fame of that painter, going out through all the earth, adds to high art the fine resonance of personal

notoriety. Men laugh, but they buy. Has he a realm to rule, — a realm made up of many petty kingdoms, each vain in its own conceit? He declaims the mediæval doctrine of “divine right,” claps scoffers in jail, and — thanks to a long-drawn process of audacious and fantastic meddling with literature, art, music, the drama, surgery, yachting, and theology — quite dims the effulgence of local princelings by becoming incomparably the most talked-of individual in all his empire. Men laugh, but they yield. Has he books to sell? Assuming the cast mantle of a famous craftsman, the name of a jovial monk, the unshorn locks of a poet, and the tripod of an oracle, he preaches a new and strange gospel, and with unquestionable good taste permits the portrait of his son, “food, principally grape-nuts,” to be printed as an advertisement, which, of course, is just what Frà Pandolf, or the elder Kean, or the Cumæan Sibyl, or the lamented William Morris himself would have done. Men laugh, but they buy. There’s money in personality, be it never so whimsical, and to that blazing star the commercial go-cart may very prudently be hitched. Madame Yale, the brilliant lecturer; Max Régis, the bold, bad duelist; John Alexander Dowie, the reincarnated prophet, — these and a thousand others have grasped the blessed truth that personal publicity can be minted, with only the slightest difficulty, into pecuniary success. “Peech in pape” is pelf in purse.

And yet, for obvious reasons, the most delicious type of personal advertising, the matrimonial, unfortunately denies the “pape” the “peech.” Oh, for a single photographic glimpse of the little lady of Yokohama who thus lyrically declares herself: —

“I am a beautiful woman. My abundant, undulating hair envelopes me as a cloud. Supple as a willow is my waist. Soft and brilliant is my visage as the satin of the flowers. I am endowed with wealth sufficient to saunter through life

hand in hand with my beloved. Were I to meet a gracious lord, kindly, intelligent, well educated, and of good taste, I would unite myself with him for life, and later share with him the pleasure of being laid to rest eternal in a tomb of pink marble.”

But methinks — and this I say because I have seen the hill-town folk of New England elaborately gulled through nibbling at matrimonial advertisements — the almond-eyed enchantress was perhaps a wee trifle less charming in person than in pretense. Great Homer nods, at times; also the Homeric advertiser.

But to brandish testimonials, with portraits of important witnesses, and thus to “let another praise thee and not thine own mouth,” is ingeniously to remove the discussion from the Homeric, or poetic, to the Aristotelian, or logical, realm. One’s “loving friends” — for, and in consideration of, value received — stand forth as witnesses. When Mr. W. T. Stead, fresh from his advocacy of Mr. Wilde the astrologer, proclaims Mr. Pelman, the mender of memories, a noble “benefactor of the human race,” or when a “cousin of Wm. J. Bryan” proves, by the healthful lustre of his photograph, that Tierney’s Tiny Tablets have made him whole, the great purpose is quite satisfactorily attained, and meanwhile Citizens Pelman, Wilde, and Tierney have lost nothing of their reputation for modest stillness and humility. This ingenious cat’s-paw device plucks many a precious chestnut out of the fire; to quote a single commodity, the sale of proprietary medicines is directly proportionate to the quantity and blatancy of the advertising they get, which proves the effectiveness of testimonials to a nicety. Moreover — and this, I grieve to say, is a point most advertisers overlook — the testimonial admits of almost infinite adaptation. For instance, when President Harper, in an admirably sane and tempered address, observes that students successfully prepared for college by correspondence in-

stitutes are invariably possessed of courage and application, that deliverance of his is jubilantly pounced upon by a dozen correspondence schools of the baser sort (imagine an institution, which, in crying up its course in the art of conversation, says, "You admire the party who you hear spoken of as 'Don't he use elegant language?'"), and, by a skillful derangement of context, the original dictum becomes President Harper's avowal that nothing short of pedagogical absent treatment can possibly inculcate courage and application! And when an insatiable moral reformer once so far divested himself of prudence as to call a certain vaudeville theatre "absolutely above reproach, — clean, wholesome, uplifting," the theatrical proprietor, with a delicate appreciation of commercial values, had the reformer's benediction quite exquisitely engrossed and framed and hung up in the foyer of his theatre; and from that very day diverged from the paths of rectitude. Truly a blithe situation: within, a jubilee of vanities, — without, a certificate of ethical impeccability! And again, I have seen a reverend apostle of temperance mischievously trapped into indorsing a patent medicine chiefly compounded of spirits of wine. Indeed, this whole business of sponsoring other men's goods should be carefully marked with bell-buoys, which night and day should cry, "Shoal — 'ware shoal!"

But I find that a printed testimonial, even when got by fair means and employed with good conscience, nevertheless lacks the convincing fervor of *viva voce* pleadings. And the spoken word, to persuade, need not fully convince. I think it was Sainte-Beuve who said of Lacordaire's preaching, "Though it fails to convince, it does a better thing; it charms." And the Lacordaire of advertising is the sweetly persuasive "barker." When such an one cries, "Right inside, gepmen — see the royal Bengal tiger — fifteen feet from the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail — fifteen feet from the tip

of his tail to the tip of his nose — making in all the e-normious length of forty feet — only ten cents, gepmen, the tenth part of a dollar," I tarry not long at the gate. But when, on the other hand, a uniformed Ethiopian — barking not gently, as befits so tender a matter, but brazenly, bluntly, and without joy in his barking — hales me into Black's Dental Parlors, I cannot overmaster a certain vague shrinking of spirit. The appeal lacks charm, whereas even forceps and rubber dam may, by a subtler and more delicate order of barking, be made absolutely alluring. In England, where this delicate art has come to its finest flower, a dentist secretly hires a viscount to commend him to his friends, thus adorning the abhorred service with the dignity of illustrious patronage and the seductiveness of sympathetic suggestion; for a viscount will bark you as gently as any sucking dove.

Sometimes, however, you may drive squarely at the point, and, without recourse to self-laudation or purchased praises, offer the susceptible public a tempting taste of your wares. This, the empirical method, jumps with the modern scientific tendency. Ethically, also, it un-failingly commends itself, for "Sample bottle free" bespeaks plain dealing. Nor is this all. The open cages of the circus parade will most exquisitely tantalize the zoölogical passions; and appetizing extracts, gratuitously published, whet interest in a forthcoming work of humor. Thus I read, "'We're an honest people,' said Mr. Hennessy. 'We are,' said Mr. Dooley, 'but we don't know it;'" or again, "Once upon a time there was a Brilliant but Unappreciated Chap who was such a Thorough Bohemian that Strangers usually mistook him for a Tramp. Every Evening he ate an imitation Dinner, at a forty-cent Table d'Hôte, with a Bottle of Writing Fluid thrown in," — and two new volumes (without which no gentleman's library is complete) appear forthwith upon my

bookshelf. When Artemus Ward, then wholly unknown, papered Boston with handbills, which, without mention of time or place, said simply, "A. Ward Will Speak a Piece," and when, later in his career, his poster proclaimed "A. WARD HAS LECTURED BEFORE THE CROWNED HEADS OF EUROPE ever thought of lecturing," he gave, so to speak, an earnest of levity. Out in Cleveland, the curator of an historical museum, calling my attention to an antiquated desk and chair, said, "Those pieces of furniture, sir, once belonged to Charles Browne, known to the world as Artemus Ward. *Lacked balance!*" So he did — thank God! — but not as an advertiser.

Now from the ridiculous to the sublime 't is many a step, and it is not without a momentary shock to my finer sensibilities that I find the solemn and awful melodrama of "Red-Handed Bill, the Hair Lifter of the Far South-West" adapting to its blood-curdling purposes the frivolous advertising methods invented by an "exhibitor of fine wax-works and 3 moral bears." The promoter of melodrama publishes a synopsis of the impending "sensational representation," thus scattering, as it were, a largess of shudders, which, for generosity at least, fully equals Ward's largess of laughter. Read here the synopsis, and tremble! "Act I. A Mountain Pass in the Rockies. In pursuit. Kate saved by the Cattle King. The assault of Red-Handed Bill and his Brazen Bandits. 'Avaunt! This lady is under my protection.' Act II. Golden Gulch and exterior of the Bucket of Blood Saloon. The rustic lover. Bob accused of horse stealing. The struggle and capture of the Cattle King. 'Coward, I'll do for you yet!' Act III. A Mountain Gorge. The captives. Preparing for death. The equine friend to the rescue of his master. 'Saved!' Act IV. Scene 1. Don Pedro's Ranch. Red-Handed Bill's Visit. The attack. Scene 2. Bob and the Irishman. 'An

eye for an eye.' Scene 3. Interior of the Bucket of Blood Saloon. Playing for high stakes. 'Come and take them if you dare!' Act V. Scene 1. Interior of Don Pedro's Ranch, Red-Handed Bill and Barney. Scene 2. Heart of the Rockies. The marriage ceremony. Terrific knife fight on horseback between Red-Handed Bill and Nebraska Jim. 'At last!' Act VI. Parlor in Don Pedro's Ranch. The threat. Timely arrival of the Cattle King. Carlotta's confession. Bob and Kate happy." And, as if this were not enough, the promoter of melodramas declares that "the breakage of costly bricabrac during the fight in the Bucket of Blood Saloon makes a weekly expense equal to the entire salary list of some companies."

In advertising wild animal shows, where one's animals are too few to permit the open-cage extravagance, and the admission fee outweighs a barker's persuasiveness, still creepier pronouncements are desirable. You remember Mr. Janvier's story, A Consolate Giantess, and how the lady — widowed, again widowed, and then widowed twice more, and for the fourth time remarried — cried, "Ah, if our Neron would again eat a man!" When at last the good Giantess could announce "the terrible man-eating lion, Neron, who has devoured five men," all was indeed well. In fact, in enterprises of this character, no other sort of advertising will long serve. When Bostock's animal show first came to the Pan-American Exposition, its passionate press agent inserted a "want" in the Buffalo papers, shrieking for "fifty mules, quick, to feed the lions." This drew its thousands. Whereupon the press agent, quite losing his head, advertised for "fifty tons of rags to feed the elephants," and was thereupon discharged. Which teaches us how perilous is any departure from the classic, which is the sanguinary, or pseudo-sanguinary, method of crying up menageries.

But, however effectual the sample bottle, the sample joke, and the sample shudder, I can show you a yet more excellent device. Depreciate your wares. Learn from the Tennessee innkeeper who described his establishment as "not the largest hotel in the burg; not newly furnished throughout; no free 'bus to trains; not the best grub the market affords; but simply clean beds and good food. 25 cents a sleep, 25 cents an eat. Toothpicks and ice water thrown in. Try us! Pay up! And if not satisfied keep mum." Or emulate the New Jersey husbandman who declared, "Owing to ill health, I will sell one blush raspberry cow, aged eight years. She is of undaunted courage and gives milk freely. To a man who does not fear death in any form, she would be a great boon. I would rather sell her to a non-resident of the county." Or again, wisely imitate the New York tapster who set above his door the superscription, "Road to Hell." By thus quietly assuming that success can in no wise be scared off the premises, you shall certainly outvie your loud-boasting competitors. Besides, you will deal exclusively with men of valor, which, in these soft times, is a rare enough privilege.

Do you lack the fortitude to denounce your wares? There are those who will cheerfully relieve you of that responsibility. Forbid them not. Detraction has proved a Golconda to Mr. Richard Harding Davis. "Near-food" sells faster, and the "Dope-Lovers' Library" gains new subscribers, as a result of Mr. Dooley's merry jibes. Life, condemning the automobile in a hundred cartoons, becomes an incomparable advertising medium for the most homicidal of motor-vehicles. Many a public man would give his weight in radium for a "roast" in the New York Sun. To be talked about, — that is the requisite, — and it matters little whether the talk be kind or cruel. P. T. Barnum appreciated this when, without the faintest intention of carrying

out the fearful threat, he let it be whispered that he was about to buy Shakespeare's house and bundle it off to America. "Shameless desecration!" howled the press, — which was precisely what Barnum wanted. Without spending a dollar, he secured hundreds of "reading notices," in "first-class position," and focused the lively attention of every English or American reader upon himself and his business.

And if it takes grit to invite abuse, why, bless you, so does all good advertising. Only an unconquerable soul will write upon his finished product, "I consider this magazine absolutely perfect; had I spent a million dollars, I could not have achieved anything more splendid." For we have here, you see, the didactic "ad," in which the advertiser, fearlessly exalting himself above his public, tells it what's what. Thus the vender of "near-food" declares, "What you eat, you are. Be wise in time." And many a self-appointed arbiter of taste announces a full line of "art" chairs, "art" glass, "art" bicycles, and I know not what other *objets d'art*, — "art" catalogue free on application. Nor could Ruskin, even in his most autocratic mood, have rivaled the proprietor of the frying-pan clock, who pronounces, with an air of sublime finality, "The keynote of modern interior decoration is simplicity — be sure you strike it when you furnish your 'den.' One of the most pleasing and interesting adornments for your 'den' is our Frying-Pan Clock. Made from a real frying-pan. Bow of ribbon, any color." Here, I observe, is a very brave man, and the brave, you will find, have ever at their heels a train of timid folk, who relish commands. It is sweet to obey, sweet to obey without question. Dogma, tradition, authority, — upon these foundations men have built religions, philosophies, and governments; what wonder, then, that when the valiant didactic advertiser essays to lead the world by the

nose, space bristles with willing noses! And yet I can show you another law, the law called protest, which, though rarer, plays a part not less significant than that taken by obedience. Rome has its Luther, philosophy its Hume, government its Emma Goldman, the didactic "ad" its brood of unconvinced recalcitrants. Problem: to wheedle such.

Now a well-pleased man yields soonest to coaxing. And it happens that pleasure awakened by an utterly irrelevant matter sheds its radiance over the business in hand. Many a wight gets monstrously cheated by sealing a bargain at dinner. Indeed, I remember a charming Bohemian café where I myself was once thus undone. The soft glow of the lights, the scores of merry faces, the tinkle of a tiny orchestra, and the courses of dainties on dainties,—these argued nothing, yet argued all. To conquer the unconvinced recalcitrant, mellow his mood. And in the rural districts a show does as well as a dinner. Hence the "medicine company," with its ingenious employment of music and the drama to create an atmosphere in which proprietary remedies, heartily eulogized by a lecturer, will sell to advantage. They say the medicine company has seen its day. Believe them not. The New York Clipper still chronicles its triumphs: witness this cheerful report by Dr. Wood Leigh. "I opened my Winter Medicine Show in Illinois, Oct. 3, carrying five people, and the show is taking big. Dick Doble, in song and dance, is a success; Mme. Leigh, in serpentine dances, was a strong feature. Had to stop taking money at the door at 7.40 on her night. Walter Whitley in contortion, rings and traps, hit them right; Will May, descriptive singer and monologue, was excellent." Also the following: "Roster and Notes from the German Medicine Co.—Joe Sower, manager; William Herbert, black face comedian, marionettes and magic; Lew Rosare, contortionist; Prof. F. E. Miller,

spirit cabinet, handcuff act and silly kid piano player; Joe Sower, Irish and Dutch act; Mrs. Sower, treasurer, and Baby Pauline, ballads. We play to S. R. O. nightly." Here, then, you behold the Muses Nine conspiring with Æsculapius in a device known to ethical philosophers as the Little Game.

Failing dinners and shows—which, alas, come high!—the Little Game takes the less costly form of humor. And, from the economic viewpoint, it waives the implied paradox and takes its humor seriously. A joke may find him who a sermon flies; for the mirthful advertisement outflanks logic by creating a milieu hypnotically conducive to commercial exchange. Truly, were Sunny Jim to convert the nine gowned justices, stern reasoners though they be, into regular purchasers of Force, I should not so much as blink; for Force is a jovial name. Uneeda Biscuit become only the more negotiable under so whimsical a sobriquet; and "Prof. Lawrence, tonsorial artist, cranial manipulator, and capillature abridger," gets trade in plenty. So does the London publican, who calls his inn "The Swallow." There's a mischievous winsomeness, too, in the Preacher Cigar, the Three Nuns Cigarettes, and—save the mark!—St. Mary's Distillery. So it comes about that whoso hits on a clever name sits exalted among the gods of his personal Pantheon. But a most obliging divinity I find him, and ever ready to disclose the intellectual processes whereby he achieved his triumph. Poe has told how he wrote *The Raven*, Kipling, how he composed his *Recessional*; and with equal appropriateness the rat-poison man consents to lay bare his heart. Having traced the conception and realization of a great hope, he comes at last to the question of nomenclature. "That was the rub. I wrestled with that problem for several days and nights. One night, after working over it till well-nigh morning, I got tired and gave it up. But I said aloud to myself, 'Well, what-

ever I call it in the end, it certainly is "Rough on Rats." It struck me like a flash — that this expression was the winning name, and in ten minutes I was out on the floor, executing a war dance to the refrain, 'Rats, Rats, Rough on Rats, Hang Your Dogs, and Drown Your Cats.' Dear, good Mother Eddy, it seems, had a somewhat similar experience. "Six weeks," she declares, "I waited on God to suggest a name for the book I had been writing. Its title, Science and Health, came to me in the silence of the night, when the steadfast stars watched over the world — when slumber had fled — and I rose and recorded the hallowed suggestion. The following day I showed it to my literary friends, who advised me to drop both the book and the title. To this, however, I gave no heed."

Thus it befalls that a rather dismal joke becomes little short of the magnificent when viewed from the standpoint of its author. And, after all, the jester should of right be merrier than his merriest jests, — or, at least, when one comes to think of it, such is generally the case, — and a defenseless world must learn to make the best of it. To subject a humorous advertisement to cold criticism is to spoil the fun. The real jocularity is not in the advertisement, but in the advertiser. The photographer who exclaims, "Bring on your dear little babies; if they don't sit still I won't get mad, for I was a baby once myself," is funnier than his advertisement. When I read,

Save your time and save your pelf,
Save your temper, shave yourself,

I chuckle. Is the rhyme, then, so clever? No, I can quote you a whole anthology of infinitely wittier jingles. But a razor, which none but the bearded contemplate without a shudder, or handle without grave solicitude, suggests a train of thought moving, let us say, from north to south. And a razor-monger of so poetical a temper as that here manifest suggests a train of thought moving, let

us say, from south to north. Presto, collision! And I laugh, not because the two trains meet, to the well-deserved damage of their dignity, but rather because the smash is transparently premeditated; which bespeaks jocularity where least expected. Likewise I treasure the spirited lines: —

Mary had a little lamb;
Its fleece was white as snow,
For every morning with Truth Soap
She washed him, don't you know?

Now Mary never boiled the lamb.
She merely let him soak
In soap and water over night,
And rinsed him when he woke.

This, I have sometimes dared think, almost equals the German professor's prescription of an infallible test for the temperature of the baby's bath: "Put the baby in the water; if he turns red, it's too warm; if he turns blue, it's too cold." For the notion of a polly little lamb put sorrowfully to bed in a wash-tub appeals quite powerfully to one's sense of the pathetic, and pathos adds ever a certain wicked zest to the humorous. And yet the fine flavor of this quaint advertisement lies chiefly, I think, in the unexpected oddity where-with a most respectable nursery rhyme is perverted and elaborated to suit the exigencies of the soap trade. Twist and distort the familiar, till art-for-art's-sake becomes art-for-advertising's-sake, and you perpetrate a highly jovial crime. Thus a facsimile of the cover design of *Confessions of a Wife* attracts my vagrant eye to what looks for all the world like an extract from that most delirious of novels: "To-morrow is our wedding day, and I have a surprise for Dana. . . . I can see him sometimes looking wistfully at his soiled left hand. . . . Dana has grown so patient and gentle that it frightens me. . . . When he swears and throws the soap around the room my spirits are quite good — it is not natural for Dana to be patient. . . . Cleanliness has its price as well as love,

and it seems as if in this struggle with common soaps he paid the cost of his cleanliness from the treasury of his life. . . . I have got a cake of Hand Sapolio for Dana."

These charming parodies seem to me so ingratiating, and their gratuitous publication indicates so fine a geniality, that I find myself quite amiably disposed toward the advertisers who have put them forth. This is what the advertisers wanted, and I perceive, not without a modicum of personal satisfaction, that verily they have their reward. They deserve it. For art is long, and successful humor the longest and toughest of arts. I have known many jokers, but few jokes. And so I am hardly surprised to find a distinguished authority counseling advertisers to walk wide of the jocose advertisement. Says he, "The man who has no sense of humor can never see the point of a humorous ad, while there is every reason for believing that the man who has a sense of humor is connoisseur enough to select choicer food for it than that afforded in the humorous ad." But jocosity will out, and the comic advertisement has come to stay. And as humor is rare, especially in America (for what other nation in Christendom would relish Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch?), the advertiser accordingly addresses himself, with notorious success and unquestioned profit, to the humor of the humorless. Watch the passengers in the trolley car. They are delightedly absorbing its frieze of obvious comicalities, and with my hand on my heart I declare there never were more fatuous jingles, never more vapid absurdities, never more limping attempts at wit. This is just as it should be. For a single disgruntled beholder — like yourself, gentle reader — there are thousands on thousands who proudly imagine themselves amused.

"Humor," says Mr. Crothers, "is the frank enjoyment of the imperfect." Yes, but not of imperfect fun. And I find

the advertiser most deliciously amusing when he least aspires to be; I frankly enjoy his laughterless and unconscious imperfections. "Miss Ellen Terry will positively appear in three pieces," writes he; or "Try our patent lamp-chimney and save half your light;" or even, "Our fish cannot be approached." A correspondence school of advertising declares in its enthusiastic prospectus, "You will never see the ad writer play the wall-flower in society;" and, good lack, why should he? I will pledge my all to find admirers for any author of unwittingly humorous advertisements. Indeed, I dare say Mr. Crothers himself would be proud to fellowship with such an one, and "frankly enjoy his imperfections," though methinks he would perhaps reserve the right to order his own affairs without assistance from so devious and humorless an intellect. I recall a noted clergyman who, when promoting the American lectures of a touring British dean, sought counsel of a professional advertiser. "Get a strong list of patronesses," said his confident Mentor, "and I'll do the rest." So the churchman spent some seven laborious days ringing just the right doorbells, and thus secured the sponsorship of the good and great. The advertiser spent seven days, also, contriving a suitable sensation. Without waiting on clerical approval — for what do the clergy know of these mundane matters? — he posted ten thousand circulars, each bearing the impressive roster of fashionable patronesses, and each superscribed in monstrous letters (as befitted the intellectual dimensions of the reverend lecturer) —

COME and HEAR a
RARE OLD ENGLISH DEAN!

The touring dean, like the king in the ancient chronicle, waxed "wonderly wroth;" so, in consequence, did the trustful clergyman, who for many a day had to hide his light under a bushel. But the

advertising specialist stood by his guns. He had brought the dean's lecture to a happy issue, packed the auditorium, minted a snug and glittering little fortune. For his well-aimed *gaucherie* had set the whole town babbling, and the social cataclysm and its resultant uproar had converted the hideous proclamation into that best of advertisements, the self-repeater.

When I turn advertiser, I shall venture on nothing but self-repeaters. I shall uniformly advertise my deans after that perilous but remunerative fashion; indeed, I shall even emulate the Girl with the Auburn Hair, from whom I one day received a very pretty missive, which, written in a delicate feminine hand, on irreproachable note-paper, thus tactfully invited consideration:—

DEAR MR. HARTT,—As I never asked a favor of you before in all my life, I feel free to ask one now. Please have the goodness to meet me at the stage entrance of Shea's Garden Theatre at eight o'clock any evening next week. Wear a pink carnation in your button-hole, so I shall know you. Don't tell any one except your wife and family.

Sincerely yours,

THE GIRL WITH THE AUBURN HAIR.

As every man in town, or at least every man in the address book, had been honored with a similar brochure, just imagine the hubbub! I am not aware that innumerable multitudes assembled, carnation-bedecked, at the stage entrance of Shea's Garden Theatre, but I have it for truth that the Girl with the Auburn Hair sang to vast and highly expectant audiences. She had made every man of us her herald.

And so it chanches that many a commercial proclamation leaps from the advertising column to the realm of popular humor, and is there repeated free of cost. A proletarian vaudeville audience will laugh at the merest mention of

Heinz's pickles or Dr. Munyon's inhaler. In A Chinese Honeymoon, Miss Toby Claude, with a marvelous horizontal pig-tail, becomes, in the lines assigned to the leading comedian, "Sunny Jim's sister,"—and the joke, so profitable to the manufacturers of Force, brings a burst of uncontrollable merriment. A newspaper jokesmith contrives that Mrs. McBride shall say, "I can't coax my husband to eat any breakfast;" to which Mrs. Oldwife rejoins, "Have you tried Force?" Whereupon Mrs. McBride exclaims, "Madam, you don't know my husband!" All my advertisements, I have determined, must thus reverberate.

Better yet, I am fixed upon it that whenever possible, they shall go capped and gowned in academic dignity. I remember a little affair that occurred some years ago at a venerable New England College. It was Commencement Day. A brilliant audience had assembled. On the platform sat the distinguished Faculty and trustees of that ancient institution of learning. Several youthful orators had successively striven for appreciation, till at last appeared the putative candidate for the prize "for the best appearance on the Commencement stage." A handsome lad he was, and a really impressive figure as he strode across the platform in his flowing Oxford gown. He bowed smilingly, and then said with radiant amiability, "Good-morning! Have you used Pears' Soap?" With that he paused—seconds, but hours it seemed—while a shudder of scandalized horror ran through us all. I could have sunk into the very depths of the earth. The learned Faculty were beside themselves with mingled rage and mortification. The audience gasped. But after the dreadful pause came the ringing exclamation, "This is the advertisement that stares us in the face, turn where we will! Do you read the advertisements in the daily papers? You ought to." And then followed an elo-

quent address on the Economics of Advertising, — an address so vigorous and sane and convincing, and delivered with such ardor and measure, that the terrible youth covered himself with honor, and triumphantly bore away the prize. There you had a self-repeater worth talking about.

Such, then, as I view these pleasant interests, are the humors of advertising. I am advised, however, that some, Charles Dickens among them, prescribe an attitude less frivolous than mine toward so solemn a thing as the printed advertisement. Says Dickens, "The advertisements which appear in a public journal take rank among the most significant indications of the state of society of that time and place." Which is literally true of this singular brochure in the Dyersburg, Tennessee, Gazette: "LOST — A HOUSE.

"On Tuesday, March 16, my dwelling-house, thirteen miles above Caruthersville, was washed from its foundation and floated down the Mississippi River. It is a new two-story frame, painted white and built in T shape, with a hall in the centre, and a two-story front porch all the way across the building. It contained all my household and kitchen furniture, including an organ with J. C. engraved on the plate. The cook stove is an old-fashion No. 8 range. A Marlin rifle, sixteen-shot, 38-calibre, was also in the house. Any one knowing the whereabouts of this house will be rewarded by informing me at this place."

Here, beyond doubt, you have an accurate picture of life in Dyersburg, Tennessee. The advertisement thus becomes material for the sociologist, and if this be sociology let us make the most of it! "The most truthful part of a newspaper," says Thomas Jefferson, "is the

advertisements." When, therefore, I read, "Come and see the Human Suicide: he kills himself every fifteen minutes," or "A bottle of Italian air (price one dollar) will make you sing like Patti in her early days," I have doubtless enlarged my personal sapieney by peacefully annexing an indisputable fact. Nevertheless, so ill-poised is my solemnity that, even when thus handsomely enriched, I laugh in the face of my new acquisition. Yet a kindly laugh it is, — with charity for all, and with malice toward none.

Indeed, he were a sad sort of Christian, who, stalking abroad through the sunny realm of public advertising, could fail to be warmed by its humors. For, despite their conscious or unconscious *grotesquerie*, they bespeak the Pauline virtues of faith, hope, and love: faith in the omnipotence of the advertisement; hope writ large in a splendid commercial optimism; love, singing ever of noble disinterestedness. And the greatest of these is love. Fortunes in mining stocks, health and long life in unfailing pills and potions, wisdom by mail or in packages of breakfast food, the trappings of splendor for only a tithe of their value, — these, and a hundred other precious things, are fairly pelted at a beloved public, to the apparent ruin of its benefactors. Even the advertising of this vast and profoundly altruistic sacrifice costs millions of dollars. And the pretty point of it is, the advertisers, such is the joy with which an approving Providence beholds their self-forgetfulness, get rich in the process. Moreover, it is sweet to know that, in the last analysis, it is my money and yours that they fatten on, and, by virtue of increased prices, my money and yours that pays for their extravagant advertising — which, methinks, is the best joke of all.

Rollin Lynde Hartt.

WHIPPOORWILL TIME.

LET down the bars ; drive in the cows ;
The west is dyed with burning rose :
Unhitch the horses from the ploughs,
And from the cart the ox that lows,
And light the lamp within the house.
The whippoorwill is calling,
“ Whip-poor-will ; whip-poor-will,”
Where the locust blooms are falling
On the hill :
The sunset’s rose is dying,
And the whippoorwill is crying,
“ Whip-poor-will ; whip-poor-will ;”
Soft, now shrill,
The whippoorwill is crying
“ Whip-poor-will.”

Unloose the watch-dog from his chain :
The first stars wink their drowsy eyes :
A sheep-bell tinkles in the lane,
And where the shadow deepest lies
A lamp makes bright the kitchen pane.
The whippoorwill is calling,
“ Whip-poor-will ; whip-poor-will,”
Where the berry-blooms are falling
On the rill :
The first faint stars are springing,
And the whippoorwill is singing,
“ Whip-poor-will ; whip-poor-will ;”
Softly still
The whippoorwill is singing,
“ Whip-poor-will.”

The cows are milked ; the cattle fed ;
The last far streaks of evening fade :
The farm-hand whistles in the shed,
And in the house the table’s laid ;
The lamp streams on the garden-bed.
The whippoorwill is calling,
“ Whip-poor-will ; whip-poor-will,”
Where the dog-wood blooms are falling
On the hill :
The afterglow is waning,
And the whippoorwill’s complaining,
“ Whip-poor-will ; whip-poor-will ;”
Wild and shrill,
The whippoorwill’s complaining,
“ Whip-poor-will.”

The Work of the Woman's Club.

The moon blooms out, a great white rose :
 The stars wheel onward towards the west :
 The barnyard cock wakes once and crows :
 The farm is wrapped in peaceful rest :
 The cricket chirs : the firefly glows.
 The whippoorwill is calling,
 " Whip-poor-will ; whip-poor-will,"
 Where the bramble-blooms are falling
 On the rill :
 The moon her watch is keeping,
 And the whippoorwill is weeping,
 " Whip-poor-will ; whip-poor-will ;"
 Lonely still,
 The whippoorwill is weeping,
 " Whip-poor-will."

Madison Cawein.

 THE WORK OF THE WOMAN'S CLUB.

It would be interesting to know if the impulse to organize that first resulted in a Woman's Club in 1868 had its basis in any fundamental and common need of the women of that period. That two clubs, the New England Women's Club of Boston, and Sorosis of New York, were formed almost simultaneously, would point toward such a conclusion. That some of the leaders in the movement were suffragists, that the individual members were women who had been intellectually quickened and trained in practical experience by the events of the civil war, and that the time to enjoy the results of such organization had been gained by the improved domestic economy, will suggest some basis for speculation as to the underlying causes. The superficial and stated reason for being, in the constitutions of those early clubs, was unanimously "for mutual, or general, improvement, and to promote social enjoyment."

With this simple and egoistic platform, the club idea gained adherents very rapidly in New England and the Middle States. Study clubs were formed

in large cities and remote villages, each with its encumbering constitution, and rules of order that seemed specially designed to retard the business of the day.

Outwardly, for twenty years, the woman's club remained an institution for the culture and pleasure of its members ; but within, the desire for a larger opportunity was gradually strengthening. Parliamentary practice gave women confidence in their ability to lead larger issues to a successful conclusion. The inherent longing for power, coupled with confidence in the wisdom and beneficence of whatever woman should do, brought the leaders of the club movement to a conception of social service. To effect this, further organization was necessary. It was then, in 1890, that a union of individual clubs was formed into a chartered body, known as the General Federation of Women's Clubs. Closely following this culmination, the women of Maine formed the first union of the clubs of that state into a state federation. Other states joined in the movement, each state federation as it organized becoming a unit of the General Federation. There

are now represented in this body thirty-nine states and territories and five foreign countries, with 3288 clubs having a membership of about 275,000 women.

The organization of the General Federation is complete, making it possible, given the responsible person in office, to get immediately into touch with every individual member. Its character is unique; racially heterogeneous, sectionally widespread, theoretically of no politics, it is pledged to work for the improvement of its members in every line of human culture and for all wise measures relating to human progress.

To be a member of such an organization must stimulate the imagination, deepen the sympathies, and go a long way toward overcoming that provincialism of mind with which our country has constantly to reckon. This subjective work was the early endeavor of the federations; but for eight years, since the Biennial held in Milwaukee, and also since the state federations found their social consciences, the effort has been toward the concrete issue. "Something must be done to justify our existence," has been the constant cry of officers, federation bulletins, and committee reports. To see the general preparedness to do passing on to an active doing may well cause a certain dismay in the mind of the onlooker.

The amused toleration that has for long characterized the thought of those unfortunates who were outside the club movement is changing to a somewhat anxious curiosity, and not without cause. It makes little difference to the community that the club has set aside the colored lithograph in favor of a Preraphaelite photograph in carbon, or that it studiously regards the possibilities of Hamlet's madness. Even vacation schools and college scholarships as an issue fail to arouse serious comment. But when the clubs begin to appear in legislative committee rooms, bearing yards of signatures, and when they ques-

tion why the employees of bakeshops are permitted to work seventy or eighty hours a week, their potential power becomes a factor to be seriously considered.

The spectacle of 275,000 women splendidly organized, armed with leisure and opportunity, and animated by a passion for reform, assumes the distinction of a "social force." Forces must be reckoned with, and the work and the worth of the woman's club movement are becoming important public interests.

The work of the woman's club is threefold: to educate its members, mentally and morally; to create public opinion; to secure better conditions of life. Its worth, personal and social, is in proportion to its effectiveness in securing these ends.

The first clubs were study clubs; all clubs are in some degree study clubs, the culture idea having been the most tenacious. The early club, and the parlor club of to-day, would frequently devote a season to the study of one book, or one author, or some theory of economics or epoch in history. Their study may not have been either profound or judiciously chosen, but the woman herself really believed in it, and was being as studious as she could easily be.

The members took great interest in naming their clubs. The heroines of antiquity, the modern literary celebrities, Greek words that look so simple but mean so much, flowers of the field, all were pressed into the significant service of this organization.

The club members of long ago did not bring ponderous dignity with them to their meetings. They were gay, girlish, and, it may be, frivolous. Their programmes and calendars reveal a school-girl's indifference to the decorous habits of an older society. Happily there are still sections of our country where the president appears in the Year Book as "Mrs. Bob," or "Mrs. Mayme," and where the Recording Secretary naively writes her-

self "Mrs. Katie;" where the "Clio Club" devotes the season to the study of "Robert Louis Stevenson and of Nature;" where "Browning Clubs" read "Shakespeare and the Magazines," and where a "Current Events Class" studies "The Bible."

The simple club, with its accessories of tea and poetry, has given way to, or been absorbed in, the Department Club, a club that needs no distinguishing title, but is, par excellence, the Woman's Club.

The department club has taken unto itself the sphere of human knowledge, or, to be specific, and according to the records of 1902, it devotes itself in general to nine named lines of work: Literature, Music, Art, Education, Current Topics, Finance, Philanthropy, Household Economics, and Social Economics. The average scope of endeavor of all the clubs of the country is six departments to each club, the majority undertaking five subjects, and a goodly number being undaunted by the nine.

The theory that underlies the department club is, that the members will naturally gather around the standing committee with whose work they are in especial sympathy, study groups being thus formed; while from time to time each committee will introduce some eminent person to speak to the whole club of his specialty. Practical work will be assigned to the group to which it belongs, and so all possible interests of society will have their hospitable centre from which community betterment will radiate. That the theory is workable has been proven by the efficient practice of such clubs as the Cantabrigia in Massachusetts, the Chicago Woman's Club, and the Woman's Club of Denver. The common practice is far from the ideal. The individual members do not cumulate, nor does the standing committee radiate. The season's work consists, instead, of an expensive programme in which the amusement idea is overlaid by the serious character of the subjects presented. Few

groups of study are formed, and these are likely to be on culture subjects. The concrete work of the club is spasmodic, and dependent for its performance almost entirely on the personnel of the standing committee, which is annually changing. The one permanent feature is the lecture; that cannot be escaped, nor can it be related.

A succession of lectures on widely divergent subjects has the effect merely of awakening a transient emotion, buried by the keener emotion of the next intellectual opportunity. There can be no valid objection to listening to lectures when one is a mere listener; but the woman's club listener has added to her receptiveness a vague feeling that she, by virtue of her position, must do something about it. Her passivity is aroused into convulsive but feeble volition; but before she has time to respond to the present claim, another blow has been struck and another purpose presented, to be vanquished in its turn by another claimant. The indefinite process of stimulation and exhaustion, without accompanying activity, goes on until the desperate club woman listens to all causes with equal stoicism and with mechanical interest.

Quite aside from the ethical import of the modern club lecture is its intellectual appeal. Unquestionably certain lectures arouse an eager desire to follow out lines of thought. I have frequently watched with interest the connection between the reading habit of a community, as evinced in the call for books at the public library, and the train of thought inspired by the last lecturer. One day in the poets' alcove I missed the copies of the *Odyssey* and the *Iliad*. Their places had not been vacant before. I hurriedly went to the alcove where Philosophy reposed. Thomas à Kempis was not there. The last lecture at the club had had to do with "literature and life." The books were back in a day or two in their accustomed places. I

fancied I perceived in them a certain dejection, as though they had failed to meet the expectations aroused by their eloquent expositor. Then I remembered the Audubon lecture of yesterday. Quickly I sought Natural Science. Every book of ornithology had disappeared. "It may be butterflies to-morrow, but that is too nearly related," I reflected; "it is more likely to be 'Man's Duty to his Neighbor.'"

The dubiety of thought that results from the mixed club programme is further complicated by the occasional mistiness of the club vocabulary. For instance, there is the term Social Economics. In 1902 thirty state federations and 369 clubs announced this science to be one branch of their work. Investigation does not reveal that the term means to any club a particular science. On the contrary, it seems to be a nebulous term covering a diversity of interests more or less misunderstood. A certain blunting of mental sensitiveness will result from such inaccuracy, even if clubs escape the criticism of intellectual dishonesty.

In a suburban car some years ago I became interested in two ladies, in whom I soon recognized those well-known people, Mrs. Arrived and Mrs. Arriving. Their conversation was an interesting commentary on the direct intellectual and ethical value of the woman's club. Mrs. Arriving was directly opposite me, and her staccato, penetrating voice compelled me in this instance to be a willing listener.

"Were you at the club yesterday?" she asked with a certain eagerness, as if to bring the important subject forward before it should be conversationally side-tracked to make way for the regular traffic of servants and gowns.

"No, I was too busy at home to think of going," answered Mrs. Arrived.

"Oh, it's too bad to let trivial things keep you away. We had such an elevating lecture. Really, it gave me such an uplift!"

"Indeed! I remember you were to have Mr. O——. What was his subject?" asked Mrs. Arrived in an indulgent tone.

"It was Lowell. You know, the one every one was talking about last spring. It seemed to me that every person I met asked me to put down my name for a small subscription. Somebody wanted to build a monument or do something for him in Cambridge. If I had heard Mr. O—— then, I believe I should have given something. But it is probably just as well. Mr. O—— did not say anything about its having been done."

"What did Mr. O—— say?" Mrs. Arrived's tone was still indulgent. "Did he speak of Lowell's poetry?"

"Oh no, — at least not much. He talked about, — let me see, I can tell you in a minute just what his subject was, — Lowell, the man, the American, and the historian," answered Mrs. Arriving triumphantly.

"But Lowell was not an historian," interrupted the other lady.

"Oh, was n't he? How foolish! Now I remember. It was Lowell, the man, the American, and the essayist. But he said a lot about the civil war, that's where I got mixed up about history," and Mrs. Arriving's tone indicated no confusion.

"I am very fond of Lowell's poetry," said Mrs. Arrived reflectively. "The Commemoration Ode seems to me among the noblest poetry we have produced."

"You have read it, then! Mr. O—— said something about it, and advised us all to read it. I made up my mind that I should just as soon as I could get it from the library. It's such a bother to get a thing at once. Every one is sure to rush for it. By the time I can get hold of the book I have usually forgotten what I wanted to read."

"Why don't you buy it, then?"

"I buy books! My goodness, my last dressmaker's bill was three hundred dollars. I guess I shan't waste any money

on books as long as the public supports a good library."

There was an eloquent pause, finally broken by Mrs. Arrived, who asked, "Did Mr. O—— refer to any other poem, or recommend any other to your notice?"

"Yes, he said by all means to read the Fable for Critics. He read some screechingly funny passages from that; and he wanted us not to neglect Ulysses."

"Ulysses! Lowell did not write Ulysses; that is Tennyson's." Mrs. Arrived was evidently annoyed.

"Now I remember. I do get so mixed up. It was Columbus! But Mrs. R——, you know, the one whose husband writes poetry, she said, when we were going home, that whenever she read Columbus, her husband made her read Ulysses as an antidote. Wasn't that a funny thing to say? That's the way I got them mixed up." Mrs. Arriving continued placidly, "I don't wonder that I do, there is so much to think about. Now there's the topics of the day. You don't go to Miss Informed's Current Events Class, do you?"

"No, do you?" Mrs. Arrived questioned curtly.

"I could n't get on without it," answered Mrs. Arriving. "You see, it takes only an hour and a half once a week. And she tells us everything that's going on, so I never look into a paper, except for the deaths and teas. I just came from there this morning. Such an interesting morning, too! You know she talked about the necessity of having a Society for the Protection of the Motor Men from the Severe Weather. Yes, I joined. I think it is too cruel that they should be so exposed to the cold. I shall use all my influence, and make my husband use his, to have the cars vestibuled. Well, how I have talked! Now I must get off on this next block. You know I have to look up a new coachman. Ours won't stay. He got perfectly furious yesterday be-

cause he had to wait for me for an hour."

"Well, it must have been rather hard to sit in that storm for an hour, unprotected," interposed Mrs. Arrived.

"What does one keep a coachman for? I guess he could stand it if the horses could. Really, servants are getting so delicate one hardly knows what to do. Here's my street. Good-by, dear, I'll come and see you if ever I get a coachman who can stand the weather. Oh, I do hope you'll help about the motor men. Good-by." Her last sentence was wafted back from the platform of the car.

I glanced involuntarily toward the lady who remained. Our eyes met understandingly. "The club leaves us where it finds us," I said to her.

And she, perhaps mistakenly, answered, "No, it carries us into an uncertain knowledge that is worse than ignorance."

To stimulate and direct public opinion is a natural function of the woman's club. Its members are curious about local conditions, and directly interested in the administration of civic affairs. They have experienced in some measure the power of organized and directed effort, and believe in the inherent rightness of their own theories. Lacking the means of direct authority, they seek to gain, by influence and persuasiveness, a determining voice in the conduct of public affairs. On the other hand, the fact that there is a woman's club at all gives evidence to the community that women have time to give that special attention to civic problems which is denied to most men. Our domestic life has approximated the ideal of the ambitious husband in Miss Jewett's story, — the one who had realized his keenest desire, that his wife "could set in her rocking-chair all the afternoon and read a novel." Because American women have this leisure, the community looks to them, more and more, to hold the sensitive plate of

public welfare, and to be responsible for the initiation of better methods and manners in civic life. Women's clubs necessarily, then, find their chief scope of altruistic work in creating public opinion.

It is of singular importance that this should be a wise public opinion. The leaders of the club movement are recognizing this necessity, — a fact evinced by the precautionary advice with which they surround their plans for work. The elimination of the tramp is the special object of the Social Service committee of a prominent state federation. Once he might have been eliminated *viva voce*, or by withholding his morning coffee. But the new intelligence of organized women demands that the case shall be studied. Individual clubs are asked to collect local data. They are urged to undertake no public action without consultation with the committee. The help of able sociologists is invited, and the coöperation of organizations that make a special study of the "Tramp Evil" is secured. By these means the committee undertakes to prevent any hasty or unwise action, and to supply to each community some fundamental knowledge on which wise public opinion may be based. As a sign of the times in the club world, this is a significant incident. Nor is the action of this committee isolated; instead, the same method is coming to be adopted for each remedial measure authorized by the federations. It is yet too early to see definite, quotable results of this plan of work in individual clubs. Past constructive work has been too often due to the quiescent acceptance of whatever measures might be proposed, rather than to their intelligent consideration. Should the new leaven work, the worth of the woman's club to a community would be tremendously increased. Its habits of study would be revolutionized. Its claim to be a "promoter of the public welfare" would be established.

But even without the personal en-

lightenment that counts for so much, women's clubs have been a potent factor in determining public opinion. As organizations, they have realized that "in public opinion we are all legislators by our birthright." And in practice, they have found that they could actually legislate by means of this power. Legislative work is undertaken by all the state federations, in urging and securing the passage of laws that deal with the conditions of women and children. In Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Illinois, the state federations have promoted the passage of a bill giving joint and equal parental guardianship to minor children. The Juvenile Court Law has been secured in California, Illinois, Maryland, and Nebraska. The Louisiana Federation has worked successfully for the Probationary Law, and in Texas an industrial school has been established. Laws to raise the standard of public morality, to segregate and classify defective and delinquent classes, to secure the services of women as factory inspectors, police matrons, and on boards of control, are other measures for which women's clubs have successfully worked.

While it is difficult to determine the degree of women's participation in this large body of corrective legislation, careful investigation proves that they were, at least, an important single factor. In some instances, the officers of the state federation framed the bill and secured the necessary guidance at every step of its passage; in others, petitions and public agitation were the agencies employed. An inland newspaper in describing the passage of a bill, whose sponsors had been the women's clubs, said, "It was passed in a rush of gallantry in which gush, good sense, and sentimentalism were combined."

The reporter perceived a number of the elements that have entered into the support given by men to women's measures. And while a more elegant exposition might be made of underlying mo-

tives, it is hardly possible to give one more discriminating. Whatever the psychical basis of their legislative influence may be, their success demonstrates the fact that politics is possible to a non-political body; that a third party, without vote or direct participation, may come, in a democracy, to have a determining authority in corrective legislation.

Securing the passage of laws is the extreme instance of what organized women have accomplished through the medium of public opinion. Many other concrete illustrations drawn from local conditions might be given; but they would all serve to illustrate that the woman's club is determining the mind of the community in its relation to many educational, philanthropic, and reformatory questions. How important, then, becomes right thinking in the club, — not solemn, arrogating, feminine, self-inclusive thinking, but gay, self-forgetful, reflective, human thinking.

A club to which I belong at one time concentrated its very serious efforts to prevent the further destruction of song birds. We interested the children in the public schools. We argued with the husbands and fathers, and particularly with the bachelor sportsmen. We wrote columns in the local paper, and succeeded in arousing much public sympathy for the songsters. Soon after we bought and appeared in our new millinery. An irreverent joker counted fifty aigrettes floating from fifty new bonnets, and proposed to our president that he come to do a little missionary work in the club in behalf of birds. It was fortunate for our club that its president had a sense of humor, else we might be still wearing aigrettes and distributing pamphlets for the protection of song birds.

The federation of one of the more enlightened states has recently undertaken to enter the field of direct politics. I quote the advice it gives to its constituents: —

"Before senators and representatives are even nominated, it is very essential that club women look up the record of the various candidates in their districts, and satisfy themselves as to their position regarding women upon boards of control of state institutions. Find out how they voted last year. Information will be gladly furnished by members of this committee. Then strive to create a sufficient public sentiment in your own locality to defeat, at the party caucus, any nominee known to oppose women representatives upon Boards of Control." It is this partial, local, and partisan type of mind that the woman's club supposedly tries to correct. That it has not succeeded, as yet, in doing this, may be due to the greater attention given to objective causes than to subjective conditions, or it may be an expression of the mere femininity of the movement.

The field for constructive work in the women's clubs — work in which they have direct and controlling authority — is limited. To create better conditions of life means for them commonly to use the indirect agencies we have been considering. In philanthropy and public education, they have found their chief opportunity for responsible effort, and in both fields women's clubs have been of conspicuous service. They have been hospitable to all forms of philanthropy, creating, by their aggregation of non-sectarian people, a new centre of public beneficence. They have added frequently to the educational equipment of a community, the kindergarten, manual training, and domestic science; and this not always by persuasion, but through the establishment and support of these branches of education, until such time as the community should be convinced of their usefulness and voluntarily assume their responsibilities. More than in any other way, the women's clubs have benefited the schools by creating better hygienic and æsthetic conditions in school buildings and grounds. They

have made it possible for the children to become familiar with good art, with the beauty of cleanliness, and with the charm of a growing vine or flower.

But it is in the work for the extension of libraries that women's clubs have most fully demonstrated their ability to further an educational project. Many states in the Union have made no provision for the establishment of free libraries, and in others, where there is the necessary legislation, local conditions prevent their adequate establishment. Realizing keenly what a dearth of books means to a community, women's clubs have promptly initiated in many states systems of traveling libraries to satisfy the needs of the people until free libraries could be established on a permanent basis. In Oklahoma and Indian Territory the federation collected one thousand volumes. These were classified and divided into fifty libraries, and each was sent on its enlightening pilgrimage. Kansas is sending to its district schools and remote communities 10,000 books divided into suitable libraries. The women of Ohio circulate 900 libraries; Kentucky is sending sixty-four to its mountaineers. In Maine the traveling library has become a prized educational opportunity. Its success has secured the appointment of a Library Commission and the enactment of suitable library legislation. This movement is extensive; and as an indication of what organized women can do, when the issue is concrete and appealing, it is significant. At a recent federation meeting in Massachusetts, no orator of the day made so eloquent an appeal as did the neat and convenient case of good books that invited our inspection before it should be sent to a remote community in the Tennessee Mountains.

Except in the two lines of work we have just considered, women's clubs are not zealous in undertaking to create better conditions of life by direct and authoritative measures. To many causes

they give tacit assent. A veteran club officer said to me recently, "I am ashamed to bring a petition before my club; the members will sign anything."

"But do they do everything?" I asked.

"No," she answered, "they seem to think that to sign a petition is tantamount to securing the end desired. Having signed, the matter is closed so far as they personally are concerned."

An instance which will illustrate this curious personal apathy toward causes that are furthered by the federations, and to which the club members abstractly assent, is found in the history of their relation to industrial conditions. Six years ago the General Federation undertook to help the solution of certain industrial problems, notably to further organization among working-women; to secure and enforce child labor legislation where needed; to further attendance at school; and to secure humane conditions under which labor is performed. State federations have acted in accordance with the General Federation's plans to appoint standing industrial committees, procure investigations, circulate literature, and create a public sentiment in favor of these causes. In Illinois this indirect power was of much aid in securing a Child Labor Law. In other communities something has been accomplished by way of enacting new laws or enforcing existing ones, showing that organized women readily avail themselves of the chance for indirect service in promoting the intelligent efforts of the federations.

On the other hand, there are three opportunities by means of which women's clubs and their members can directly effect in a limited and local sense that industrial amelioration for which as federations they work so zealously. The first is found in the industrial conditions of the South, where it has been proved that the establishment of schools that offer manual training combined with

some study of books, and with practical work in gardens and kitchens, will offset the attraction the factory has had for the children in its vicinity. These schools are called "Model Schools," and have been successfully inaugurated in Georgia. Their need is financial, and Southern women have brought the nature and needs of this work, which is, in a broad sense, an industrial reform, to the notice of women's clubs in the North. In 1903 the clubs of Massachusetts established their first school at Cass, Georgia, and assured its maintenance for two years. But there is no other evidence that this significant opportunity for industrial amelioration has received that prompt and direct support that might warrantably have been expected.

The Child Labor Committee of the General Federation has furnished individual clubs with a second direct opportunity. This committee finds that the argument most frequently encountered while attempting to enact Child Labor legislation has been that the earnings of little children are needed to support widowed mothers. Therefore the committee requests clubs to investigate local conditions, and whenever an apparent case of this nature is found, "to persuade the children thus employed to return to school, undertaking to pay the amount of the weekly wage, which the child formerly earned, to his widowed mother." This money is to be called and regarded as a scholarship. The plan resembles one that has been carried on successfully by the state authorities in Switzerland for twenty-five years; therefore it is neither a visionary nor impracticable scheme, but one in which women could realize their traditional responsibilities toward the children of the community, and in which women's clubs could find a beneficent opportunity for direct and constructive work toward industrial amelioration. Eight such scholarships have been established in Chicago. There is no further evidence that any

woman's club has undertaken to carry out this plan.

The third instance is comprised in the unique opportunity for individual, as well as united, service offered to women by the Consumers' League. This is the case of the individual purchaser, and of the product in one line of manufactured goods. For some years the Consumers' League has urged upon the community the righteousness of buying only such goods as have been produced under humane conditions, believing that the final determiner of these conditions is the purchaser. But the claims of the Consumers' League are well known, and it is also known to all women that "white goods" bearing the League's significant label can be bought in open market for prices that are entirely fair. Many state federations and the General Federation are pledged to further the work of the League. Single clubs give exhibitions of white goods, and form small local groups of membership. But the next step, the step that concerns the individual and makes the 275,000 members of women's clubs consistent purchasers of these goods, is not taken. The "bargain counter" is the same scene of conflict as of yore; and the woman who belongs to an organization pledged to industrial reform is a lively participant in this warfare of questionable economy.

The weakness of the club movement is this lack of real contact of ideals between the federations and the single club. The latter is satisfied, selfish, absorbed in its own local concerns; the federation appeals are a disquieting interruption to its orderly programme; while the federations, counting on their numerical strength, and believing in the ultimate awakening of the club, flatter it into an acquiescence that is mistaken for coöperation. In undertaking to awaken interest in so many lines of work, the federations jeopardize all interests, and minimize the value of each. If the women's clubs of 1904 could come

together on the platform of some common and fundamental social need, as did their progenitors, the club writ large in its federations would no longer be an elaborate organization for the dissemination of propaganda, but would at once become that which it now may seem to be, — a social force. Its incoherencies would be explained, its complex methods and motives would be simplified, and its institutional rank might be assigned.

I asked my grocer recently what he thought of our woman's club. And he, with careful precision, answered me, "I think your lady's club is very dressy." While I was still revolving the grocer's

answer, I chanced to see these words of an eminent educator: "When the history of this period comes to be written, it will be recognized that from 1870 to 1900 was a period of greater significance than any former two hundred years; and out of that whole time of thirty years, that which will be recognized as the most significant, as the most far-reaching, will be the movement that is represented by the women's clubs."

The adjudication of the two points of view — the club woman and the club movement — may still furnish scope for the altruistic endeavor of the Woman's Club.

Martha E. D. White.

THE LAW OF THE SOUL.

SHE fitted the piece of board over the broken step, sawing it off and nailing it down with a practiced hand. When it was finished she did not stand off, with head on one side, eyeing it complacently, as amateurs in the arts and trades are apt to do, but picked up her tools, and putting them away in a shed near by, walked off to the next duty with a dull deliberateness of action which spoke more of habit than of interest. She was a tall, thin woman, with a figure which might have been graceful if more becomingly clad than in an ill-fitting calico gown. Her face was lined and roughened by weather, and her hair, drawn tightly back, had grown white on the temples. To her neighbors Mrs. Allen was only an every-day woman, aging fast, unsociable and taciturn; but to one who read beyond the pothooks of observation, her features were notably clear-cut and delicate, and the refinement of her voice and speech, when she did speak, was in striking contrast to the slipshod dialect of her neighbors.

Eight years before, husband and wife, with their few belongings, coming from no one knew where, moved into the little two-room, weather-beaten gray house in the pine clearing, and settled down to the monotonous existence of country solitude. They made no reference to their past, nor ever spoke of the future beyond the moment, their few and scattered neighbors accepting them on their merits, and forgetting, as time went by, that there had ever been a period when they had not known the Allens. If the women complained of Mrs. Allen's lack of sociability, the men could not find fault with Mr. Allen on the same score. He not only never shunned society, but sought it with a shambling alacrity and perseverance which, if put into any kind of work, would have achieved some remarkable results. The women pronounced him "tur'ble shif'less," but the men always grumblingly took his part.

"Women," they contended, "were allus hard on er man ef he did n't wu'k

from the firs' wink of the sun to his'n las', an' never made no 'lowunce for er man's er-gittin' ti'ahed."

"Women," said one philosopher, passing a black bottle to Mr. Allen behind a screen of blackberry bushes, "women is mighty good comfut 'roun' er stove whar there's vittles to cook, but they's col' tarnachun w'en they gits to pokin' their noses out'n doors. Yessir. Ye gits ez much comfut out'n them ez ye git er-settin' down on er palmetter clump. Yessir."

Mr. Allen agreed with him, showing his tobacco-stained teeth in an artless smile as he accepted the hospitality of the bottle, drinking from it with an avidity that was a striking, if wordless, explanation of what was otherwise inexplicable in his situation.

After finishing the step, Mrs. Allen moved about the back yard, making ready for the night. The chickens and ducks gathered around her, clucking and quacking with garrulous familiarity, she answering them with tender diminutives, like an affectionate interchange of thought. When she had given them their supper she let in the cow from the woods, tied her, and placed everything ready for the milking. Then, going to the rails dividing the yard from an adjoining field, she called, "Henry!"

A man came slouching toward her across the furrows of sweet potatoes, white with bloom. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and carried a bucket in one hand, a hoe in the other. He dropped them both as he climbed stiffly over the rails forming the fence.

"Did n't git any potatoes," he drawled; "soon as I begun to hoe, my arms got so tired I jus' had to give up, an' I've been sittin' there restin'."

In spite of the slouchiness of his speech a certain *timbre* — intangible — betrayed the better things of long ago. He dropped down on the box his wife had placed by the cow for his convenience in milking, as though there

was not a muscle in his body firmly jointed, and his backbone nothing but a strip of rag. He took off his soft hat, let it fall to the ground, and slowly rolled up his sleeves. His face was remarkable for its peculiar pallor, looking as though it had been bleached of every drop of blood; his eyes, faded and weak, never rested directly on any object, but only glanced furtively at it from the corners; his hair and beard were in the colorless transition stage of passing from blond to white, and his stooping figure gave him the false appearance of old age.

"My arms are so weak I don't know as I can do much milkin'," he said, still dallying.

His wife sighed. "Let me do it, then," she replied, a note of weary resignation in her voice.

"Never mind; I reck'n I kin git 'nough for supper; I'll try, at any rate." His mouth had a habit of twitching when he finished speaking, as if the word still trembled on his tongue in dumb speech. There was an odd look of elation on his flaccid face which his wife could not but notice, and it caused her to observe him more closely with a suspicion he was quick to note.

"Think I've been drinkin'," he said, eyeing her covertly, with a weak smile of triumph at his penetration. "I ain't had a drop; ain't seen nobody to drink with; no men lef' 'round here to-day, — all of them off beatin' the woods for that feller."

"What fellow?"

"The feller that — that killed ol' woman Barton. I tell 'em they'd better save their legs an' their horses; he ain't fool 'nough to stay 'round where they'd lynch him; by this time he's safe somewheres in the city;" and he chuckled feebly.

The cow looked back and lowed, as if asking why matters did not proceed. He took the hint, and dropping his forehead against her flank, inertly began to draw a thin stream of milk into the pail.

"You need n't wait," he mumbled from his resting-place. "I'll put her up."

She turned away with what sounded like a sigh of relief. Going to the tool-shed she took up a trowel and passed to the front of the house. The distance from the house to the road was very short. On each side of the walk leading to the rickety gate, and against the house itself, were flower-beds bright with salvias and chrysanthemums, and the roses were blooming in the waxen perfection of their fall loveliness. She knew, as we all know and count the treasures that we cannot have, that her flowers would be the handsomer and more abundant for more care and culture, but she put the thought away, trying to lay all burdens out of sight, for the few minutes snatched from her busy day were the bright beads in her rosary of cares. She went to work, digging about the roots, sifting the soil with her fingers, and patting it down again with affectionate care. If she had been a demonstrative woman she would have pressed the roses to her cheek, or dropped a kiss upon their petals. She loved her flowers with passionate tenderness as the one refinement and luxury left her in the shipwreck of her life.

While she was busy with her pleasant task a cow came galloping down the road with the ungainly energy of her ungraceful kind. A rope was around her neck, and hanging on to the other end of the rope was a much heated and exasperated boy. Following more leisurely in their wake, a switch in one hand, a sunbonnet in the other, was a stout, middle-aged woman, somewhat out of breath. At sight of Mrs. Allen she readily halted, resting her arms on the top rail of the worn fence.

"Been up to the woods, a-huntin' my cow," she volunteered, when they had exchanged greetings; "she's like some folks, — got to switch her inter

the notion of er-goin' home; but onct she gits er-started, there's no a-holdin' her back. Reck'n Johnny's arms 'll be mos' pulled out'r their sockets 'fore he gits through with her. Heerd the news, o' course?" — the tone was strongly suggestive of the hope that it was yet to be told.

Mrs. Allen very briefly said she had not.

"Well, they've done ketched the nigger ez kilt ol' Mis' Martin, — found him up in the Pine Ridge thicket, er-livin' off'n the po' soul's chickings. He's er short, chunky nigger, black ez er coal, they sez, an' pow'ful strong. Co'se he sez he never done it, 'clares he's jes' er-trampin' it to the city, an' bein' mos' starved, jes' gathered up the chickings he foun' er-runnun' loose in the woods. Nobody don't b'lieve him, an' they've got him locked up in jail down to town," nodding her head toward the west. Then she leaned farther over the fence and lowered her voice impressively: "Mark my words, Mis' Allen, 'fore mornin' there'll be mo' than *nuts* er-hangin' to the pecan tree by ol' Mis' Martin's gate."

Mrs. Allen met her significant gaze in silence. Then instinctively both women looked up the pine-sentineled road toward the east where, nearly a mile farther on, at a turn in the road toward the south, a small house faced them, its tightly closed doors and blinds almost hidden from sight by the great pecan tree growing on one side of the gate. The setting sun had dyed its branches a moist crimson.

Forty years ago this same tree had bravely put forth from the ground. For forty years it had shaded the joys and sorrows of the house's inmates, tossing down its nuts into the eagerly upraised hands of happy children, dropping its leaves on the pine coffins as, one by one, husband and children had been carried to the grave; and now it had been the sole witness of

the violent close of the last life. Henceforth house and tree would stand isolated, debarred from human contact, the prey of bat and squirrel, for Murder had set its red seal on the gate.

Mrs. Allen turned her gaze away with a sigh. "Why don't they let the law deal with him?" she said dully, in response to Mrs. Bilbo's insinuation. "He may be truly innocent."

Mrs. Bilbo shook her head with stout conviction. "He's the right man, sho'. It was a real nigger ac'. There ain't no w'ite man in these here parts ez would choke er po' ol' woman to death for her little savin's, and all the niggers 'bout here is honus' an' frien'ly. You kin sot yo' min' to it that this strange nigger war'n't prowlin' 'bout here fo' no good puppose, an' I reck'n they'll send him out'n this worl' ez quick ez he sent her."

Mrs. Allen shuddered. "It's horrible!" she murmured, almost acutely.

Mrs. Bilbo stared at her; there were shades of feeling that her mind's eye had never read. "It ain't any worse 'n what he done," she said resentfully. "an' it'll learn other fo'ks to be mo' keerful of their ac's."

Mrs. Allen made no further remark, crumbling a dead rose leaf in her hand with her usual stony air of emotionless lethargy. Mrs. Bilbo continued to discourse on the all-absorbing topic, but, eliciting no other expression of interest, she took her arms from the fence as the first move toward departure.

"Well," she said, and the exclamation had the nettled ring of the disappointed raconteur, "I mus' be git-tin' on. But don't forgit, if you hears any oncommon noise down this road to-night, that I give you warnin' of it. I mus' hurry to git home 'fore dark. Good-night to you," and Mrs. Bilbo went down the road toward the west, where the crimsoned clouds fast

darkened to purple, mentally concluding that she would "sooner talk to er gatepos' 'n some fo'ks, 'cause you don't look fo' nothin' from a gatepos', but you do from fo'ks, 'specially w'en you've got sunthin' more 'n common to tell 'em." Life to Mrs. Bilbo had no greater burden than its inevitable interruptions to conversation.

The November night was frosty and still and clear. Mrs. Allen shivered, but not with cold; she could scarcely have said with what. Her scant time of recreation had been cut short; it was now too dark to see. She went slowly, it might be reluctantly, to the door, casting a lingering look back at her flowers. The roses gleamed palely in the fast falling night like a mystic lifting of white hands, and the jasmine and honeysuckle breathed their essence in her face. If there was a frost before morning the jasmine would be killed. Jasmine, like happiness, lives only in the garden of the sun.

She turned into the room with a sigh. Lighting a lamp, she placed it on the white pine table standing in the centre of the room. In front of the big open fireplace was a stove, the pipe running into the chimney. The walls were the upright boards of the house, rudely whitewashed, the cooking utensils hanging on them, with two or three colored prints, a rasher of bacon, and strings of dried peppers. There was but one other room, the bedroom, which opened into it. The other openings were a window in the side, and the front and back doors, directly opposite each other. Starting a fire in the stove, she put on some coffee to heat and a square of corn bread in the oven to re-warm. Then she set the table with two heavy stone china plates, but the cup she put at her husband's place was of delicate old china, and — strange anomaly in their rude surroundings — the napkins were in silver rings. She did her work with the same mechanical precision with

which she had mended the step, and her hands, coming under the light, were a pathetic history of hard work, with their worn disfigurement of scars and broken nails.

When she had put some bacon on the stove to fry, she went to the back door and peered out into the yard. The moon had not yet risen, and the darkness seemed doubly great awaiting its coming. The frostiness in the air lent additional brilliancy to the stars, and against the glittering background the crowded tops of the forest pines were densely outlined.

"I wonder what's keeping him," she murmured. "He can't be milking all this time. This is the second night he has stayed out so long."

She seemed about to call, but, checking the impulse, stepped down into the yard and went out to the cow-shed. He was not there, but the cow was in her stall, comfortably munching hay, and recognizing her mistress's step, gave a soft low of welcome; the chickens rustled in the trees, and the air was so still and clear that the falling of a leaf almost created an echo, and the distant barking of a dog traveled on indefinitely.

Passing around a clump of orange trees growing by a shed, she came to a lean-to, thatched with pine boughs, where the firewood was corded up to within a foot of the top. In the opening, coming from the narrow space back of the wood, was the dim reflection of a light, evidently shaded from casting its rays too strongly upward. The unusualness of it, the absence of her husband, coupled with the recent tragedy in the neighborhood, filled her with a sudden fear that caused her to hesitate in dread of she knew not what. But gathering her courage together, she went forward with unconscious caution, and sought to peer through a crack in the end of the lean-to. Here was another surprise, for old bagging had been stretched across the crack

with evident intention. She knew that there had never been anything between the wood and the back of the lean-to but some broken barrels and boxes, and this evidence of mystery in so innocent a place set her heart to throbbing in breathless anxiety. She was about to turn away to go to the other end when a ray of light, falling through a knothole near the ground, caught her attention. With a horrible dread holding her heart almost pulseless in its grip, she knelt down and put her eye to the hole. She saw a bit of candle stuck in the ground, a box propped over it like a bird trap to screen the light from shooting upward; half crouched by it, on his heels, was her husband; before him on the ground were five little heaps of coin, — dollars, halves, quarters, dimes, and nickels. His long forefinger, the chalky skin tightly shriveled over the bones, traveled rapidly over the piles, — one, two, three, four, five; then back again, — one, two, three, four, five. Then it climbed up each heap, touching separately the edge of every coin with caressing exactitude as he bent over them as though he could have kissed them in his sordid passion. But his wife saw nothing of his face; she had eyes only for a small calico bag lying over one knee. She had seen that bag once before when old Mrs. Barton had drawn it from its hiding-place between the mattresses to give her some change. She had noticed it then only casually; now its big red flowers flared in her face like a mob of mouths shrieking the secret of the crime! She did not cry out nor faint, but knelt motionless, paralyzed by the horror of the shock.

The man, as he sat gloating over his pitiful treasure, was oblivious for the moment of any fear of detection, seemingly unconscious to any thought but that the money was his, — his alone, — to finger, to hoard, to spend, just as it suited his pleasure, and she watched him with a sickened, dead fascination,

precluding every thought of danger to herself if discovered.

Presently he opened the little bag, and slowly, reluctantly, piece by piece, returned the money to it, lastly putting in some bills which had been lying across the other knee; then he placed it in a hole in the ground, covering it with earth, over which he placed a box full of straw, scattering straw about, making it appear like a looted hen's nest. His next movement, to take up the bit of candle and blow it out, roused her from her torpor, and she fled to the house as one flies with a nameless terror at his heels.

The kitchen was filled with the odor of burning bacon. She did not notice it, but stood with the stove between her and the door, her wide-stretched, horror-stricken eyes fixed on the square of night it framed. She had not long to wait before a booted foot struck the step, and her husband's face appeared in the doorway, more ghastly than ever in its pallor with the night as background.

"Smells like the bacon's burnin' to cinders," he drawled. "Fryin' - pan upset?"

The woman mechanically looked at the stove, and, more by instinct than reason, removed the pan and replaced the burned bacon with fresh. Her husband put down the pail and shut the door.

"Gittin' chilly outside," he remarked, with a little shiver. "Should n't wonder if we had frost 'fore mornin'." He took down his coat from a nail in the wall, and, putting it on, shambl'd over to the table and took his seat. "Did n't git more 'n 'nough milk for supper," he continued; "my arms give out 'fore I was half through. Think I'll hire a boy to milk. I need res'. Fellers as ain't born to work can't thrive on it same as fellers that are, an' I'm all broke up." He was evidently used to having his remarks pass unnoticed, as he seemed to accept his wife's silence as a matter of course.

"Coffee ain't done yet?" he inquired in a tone of latent irritation, after vainly waiting to be served.

As she brought the coffee to the table and poured it out, she did not look at him; and instead of handing him his cup, as usual, pushed it so slightly toward him that he had to reach across the table and take it for himself.

"What 're you lookin' at my hands for?" he demanded, with querulous protest. "I washed 'em at the pump 'fore I come in; no need to wash 'em over again jes' to please you, is there?"

She turned away without reply, and made a pretense of stirring the fire.

"Ain't you goin' to eat any supper?" he asked more genially, when the coffee had warmed him up.

Her lips parted to reply, but her voice failed, until, with great effort, she finally answered in a low tone, "I'm not hungry."

"Reck'n nobody's hungry," he gibed, with puerile irritation; "with nothin' to eat mornin', noon, an' night but corn bread, molasses, and bacon, — it's a wonder one half of us ain't a bag of meal an' the other half a porker. I'm tired of this picayune bus'niss. What 're we made human for if we don't feed better 'n animals? I can't stand it any longer. I'm goin' to take the livin' in my own hands an' buy some decent food, — somethin' one kin eat an' enjoy, an' not have the thought of it afterwards turn one sick at the stomach. You need n't think you'll have to dole out the money," — as a quick, irrepressible gesture of his wife's caught his shifting glance, — "I'll attend to that. I was n't born a miser, thank the Lord!" — and he chuckled with a sickening air of self-satisfaction. "Look at me," he continued, spreading his hands on the table; "I don't b'lieve I've got 'nough blood in my body to fill a saucer; it's time I was thinkin' somethin' of myself; unselfishness kills

more people 'n disease." He raised his cup and drained it to the last drop, then set it down with a hand that trembled as if from palsy or extreme old age.

His supper finished, he dragged his chair over to the stove, and, sitting down, stretched out his legs well under it to get the full benefit of the heat, and, leaning back, folded his hands in his lap, and half closed his eyes, like a cat that lies at ease, while his wife washed the tea things, putting them away in a small cupboard against the wall. It must have been a heavy task, from the close and concentrated attention she gave it.

The heat seemed to produce a more genial mood in Mr. Allen as he began a dribble of talk, chiefly relating to his boyhood and the excellent cooking of a certain Aunt Sally who had enunciated the truism, "I does de cookin' an' Marsa Henry de eatin'." He was too absorbed to see the glances his wife sent in his direction, — shrinking, despairing, yet now and then doubting, as if they strove to grip the truth of what the tongue refused to question. When she opened the back door to throw out the crumbs, a black cat came running in out of the darkness, mewing piteously, its eyes gleaming like diamonds in the opposing light. It rubbed itself confidently against her skirt, looking pleadingly up in her face, evidently, from its leanness, asking for food. She drew it in, shut the door, and, getting a saucer, gave it milk, which it lapped ravenously. The man's babble stopped abruptly, his half-shut eyes centring on the cat with curious intentness.

"Where 'd that thing come from?" he demanded sharply. His wife was apparently too absorbed in the cat's comfort to hear. "Where 'd that cat come from?" he repeated.

Her answer came with evident difficulty. "It's old — it's one of the neighbors' cats."

"What 'd you let it in for?" he asked with restless insistence and shrinking. "You know I hate cats. Turn it out and let it starve."

She rubbed the animal gently. "When it's had enough to eat I'll turn it out," she replied quietly.

His face twitched. "Curse it! — if I did n't hate to touch 'em I'd take it by its tail and pitch it out myself. The sight of 'em always makes me nervous. I feel now like the infernal thing had its claws in my heart! Turn it out, an' don't you let it come sneakin' back to stay in here all night. I'd know it in my sleep." He moved his hand restlessly. "It's a witch, — all those black cats are witches; it ought to be drowned 'stead of bein' pampered an' fed! Don't you fail to turn it out!"

Suddenly, as she bent protectingly over the poor animal, she became aware of a vibration rather than a sound in the atmosphere outside, a distinct wave of motion; like a rustle of wind-stirred leaves viewed through a closed window it touched the mind rather than the ear. Involuntarily she raised her head and listened. Her husband caught the action with covert sharpness, and imitated it with an alertness that was startling.

More distinct the vibration grew through the stillness, coming nearer and nearer, shaping itself at last into the grim distinctness of the marching of many feet, the terrible reality of men moving through the night with sinister purpose as guide. The woman sprang to her feet, her eyes wide with despair.

"Lynchers!"

The word seemed to form of itself and ring through the room with unending reverberation. The man dropped back in his chair as though struck a palpable blow. His hands twitched and jerked, his lips gibbered as he tried to articulate. Raising a shaking forefinger he pointed to the door.

"Bolt it!" he gasped in a whisper. "Blow out the light!"

As she did not move, he made an effort to rise, but his legs refused to uphold him. "Curse it!" he stuttered desperately, "don't you see I can't walk? Help me! — open the back door so I can get out. Blow out the light an' they can't see us move! Blow it out, I say! blow it out, quick!"

As she still stood motionless, he writhed in his impotence. "You want 'em to come!" he panted; "you're showing 'em the way! If I could get up from this chair I'd kill you! Come an' help me, — you!"

She looked at him, and he was so horrible to see in his abject, conscience-smitten terror she let her glance fall quickly away. "They" — she gasped for breath. "They — have the man — they believe — to be the" — But the word would not be said.

He caught at her meaning with eager hope. "They have him?" he whispered. "They're goin' to — hang him? Are you sure? Who told you?"

"Mrs. Bilbo," — her voice was toneless. "It's — a negro."

The effect was electrical, life-giving. He sat up and drew a long breath.

"So they got him after all, did they?" he said, with a sickening effort at ease. "Well, — they'll make short work of him."

He got up and steadied himself shakily on his feet. "I b'lieve" — with a quavering laugh — "I'll go an' help 'em."

"Henry!" The cry was anguished.

He shrugged himself, giving her a quick, shifting glance, and laughed again. "Maybe they've got 'nough without me," and he still tried to stand firmly on his feet. "Sounds like it, at any rate."

There was now but the few feet of garden between them and the murdered woman's avengers; they could

hear the tread of horses among that of men, and the clinking of bits and stirrups.

He stood with twitching lips, intently listening, scarcely breathing, until the crowd had passed. Unnoticed, the cat had coiled itself up under the stove, but disturbed by the voices, it crept out and rubbed itself against the man's legs. He looked down at the touch, but shrank back with a mumbled cry; then, with a spasm of fury or fear, gave it a kick that sent it, crying and spitting, against the wall, where it crouched, eyeing him malevolently.

The woman pressed her hands against her breast as if suffocating. "Henry," she gasped, "there must be some way of stopping them!"

"Stoppin' them?" he jeered. "Stop the Mississippi!"

"My God! — Why don't they let the law deal with him?"

He looked at her with furtive sharpness. "What's it to you," he demanded, "if they hang every thievin' nigger in the land?"

"But if he's innocent!" she urged.

"Innocent!" he snarled. "What makes you keep on harpin' 'bout his innocence? What do you know 'bout it?"

Their eyes met.

The strained misery of her face was intensified by the shadows cast upward by the light as she stood by the table.

With head bent forward he kept his eyes fixed on her face with demandant, threatening rigidity. "Well?" he sneered. "'Fraid to talk?" His hands stealthily clinched and unclined as they hung by his sides.

"I" — she looked away from him, her words so halting and low they were scarcely audible, — "I — saw."

"What?"

She could not speak; she raised her hand and pointed out toward the yard.

With the silent swiftness of a cat

he sprang at her, his fingers on her throat. He forced her back against the wall, his fingers tightening in their grip, his under lip clutched between his teeth, his twitching muscles turned to steel, the nerve of a brute in every strained and swelling sinew. She did not struggle or even raise her hands to thrust him back, her spirit living only in her eyes, staring out with agonized despair. The cat, terrified beyond measure, bounded about the room, blindly seeking an exit, springing over the table and chairs, and finally hurling itself through the window pane.

The crash shocked the man into looking around; unconsciously he loosened his hold, and, in a pulse beat, the reaction caught him, his strength collapsed, he staggered, threw out his arms, and fell to the floor, writhing, his face livid and distorted.

The woman leaned against the wall, faint, catching her breath in labored strains. For the moment life and memory were a blank; then, her eyes focusing on the wretch on the floor, both came back like a vital stab. Impulsively she moved to him with the instinct of help, then checked herself and hurriedly turned to the door. With her hand on the bolt she looked back. "Christ help me!"

Throwing open the door, she ran out and up the road, face to face with the rising moon, and before her, like a flying shadow, sped the cat. Behind her, the growing moonlight spread its silver veil over her garden where the flowers, like the disciples in that other Garden long ago, drooped their heads in sleep while the spirit which had fed their lives and sowed their resurrection cried out, unheeded, in its agonized renunciation.

It was a strange sight the old pecan tree saw as the moon rose. Blocking the road and overflowing into the yard were men armed with rifles or pistols, a few with cudgels. Some were on

horseback, the majority on foot, and there was little or no attempt at disguise beyond deeply slouched hats and turned up coat collars. One man had climbed the tree, and, sitting astride of the heaviest limb branching out over the road, was knotting around it a rope, the other end of which dangled loosely down, transformed by the moonlight into a silver cable. Directly under it, in a small space ringed by the crowd, was a short, thickset negro in his shirt-sleeves, and bareheaded. Not a muscle of his face moved, but the moonlight revealed the sullen fire of his eyes. A man stepped out from the crowd and faced him.

"You have three minutes to confess," he said commandingly. "Were you alone when you did it?"

"I ain't got nuthin' to confess," was the dogged reply. "I don't know nuthin' 'bout it."

"It's no use your lying. Once for all, were you alone, and where is the money?" No answer. "Two minutes gone; in one more you'll swing from that tree, your body riddled with bullets. Confess!"

The smothered fire broke forth. "I ain't got nuthin' to confess; I tol' you I ain't done it, an' don't know nuthin' 'bout who done it. You're jes' er-murd'rin' me, you w'ite men! The Lord knows I'm innureunt, an' you'll pay fo' dis night's wu'k 'fore yo' Maker."

"Swing him!"

Ready hands seized and thrust him on a horse brought forward for the purpose and stationed under the rope. As they passed the noose over his head he cried, "Glory! Glory hallelujah! Lord, take me home!"

As the whip was about to fall on the horse's flank a voice came from the distance: "Stop! Stop!"

Every face turned in the direction from whence it came. Up the road, braided with moonlight and shadow, a woman was running at full speed.

Through the dewy stillness they could distinctly hear each labored breath. "Stop!" she repeated as she reached them. "Let him go! — I did it, — nobody but I!"

Bewildered, stunned, the crowd looked at one another, helpless. Theirs was a simple creed of honor, with woman as its foundation stone, — woman the weak, the loving, the merciful. No wonder they stared at her in horrified surprise! No wonder they shrank from her as from a thing accursed!

"Cut the rope!" some one found voice to command. When it was done they melted away as before a poisonous breath, and she stood alone in the road, not even the creature whose life she had saved pausing to give her thanks.

"I d'clare," Mrs. Bilbo proclaimed to a circle of absorbed feminine friends, "w'en I heerd it you could have knocked me down with a pindar shell! An' I a-talkin' to her that very evenin' with jes' the fence between us! W'en Bill Evans went 'bout daylight to git her, thar she were a-settin' on ol' Mis' Bartin's do'step, narry bunnit or shawl on, jes' like she'd been a-settin' thar all night. W'en she seen Bill a-comin' she riz up an' come to meet him, an' sez, jes' ez cool ez you please, sez she, 'You've come to fetch me,' an' she j'ined him, an' they come erlong the road tergether, pass her own do', an' she would n't stop for nuthin', jes' sez, er-noddin' t'ards the house, 'You'll see to some one a-takin' keer of him, won't you? He's sick.' An' then she sez, 'You'll fin' two picters in my room,' sez she. 'I

want you to burn 'em up, an' not let anybody else tech 'em.' An' Bill's thet sof'-hearted he did jes' as she axes him, an' Bill sez they were a-mighty high-minded, genteel lookin' couple, them picters, an' he reck'ns they were her ma an' pa. Arter she'd tol' whar the money was hid she ain't opened her mouth ergin, not even to pray with the preacher; sez ez she's done prayin', ez God knows all thar is to know. An' it jes' shows how cool she is, a-takin' the Lord's name in vain, w'en she has blood on her soul! Co'se they'll sentence her to hang, though mos' fo'ks thinks the Gov'nur'll make it 'priso'-mint fo' life, ez they ain't never hanged er woman in this yer state, an' he ain't the man ez'd keer to start it. Ez fo' thet po' husbun' of hern, he's thet childish an' silly they've done put him at the 'sylum, an' they tells me he jes' sets 'bout all day er-diggin' holes in the ground, an' fillin' 'em up ergin mighty quick w'en any one looks his way, — er-grinnin' an' er-jabberin' like er chil' or er monkey. The shock of findin' out thet he was er-married to a murd'ress jes' natchully throwed him inter er fit, an' w'en he come out of it the leetle min' he had was plum gone. An' he ain't never goin' to git it back ergin, neither, they sez. I allus did feel sorry fo' him, he so sociabul an' free talkin', er-married to thet unsociabul an' close-tongued woman, an' now my heart jes' feels fit to bus' w'en I thinks of his sorrerful state. Po', po' soul!"

And her audience, with fullest accord of sympathy in heart and voice, echoed Mrs. Bilbo's commiserative expressions.

Isabel Bowman Finley.

THE COMMON LOT.¹

XVI.

EVERETT WHEELER could hardly be reckoned as a man of sentiment. Yet in the matter of selecting an architect for the new school he stood out persistently against the wishes of Pemberton and Judge Phillips, with but one sentimental argument, — the Powers Jackson trustees must give the commission for building the great school to the nephew of the founder, without holding a competitive trial of any sort.

"It's only square," he insisted. "Jackson was disappointed about the will. He had some grounds for feeling badly used, too. He might have made us a good deal of trouble at the time, and he did n't."

"I suppose Powers would think it queer to pass him by," Hollister admitted, "seeing he gave the boy a first-class education to be an architect. And he's a hustling, progressive fellow from all I hear. I must say I admire the way he's settled into the collar since his uncle died!"

This occurred at one of the many informal meetings of the trustees, now that the plans for the school were shaping themselves toward action. Pemberton, with whom the others happened to be taking their luncheon, glanced sharply at Wheeler. Although not given to suspecting his neighbors of indirect motives, Pemberton understood Wheeler well enough to know that when the lawyer fell back upon sentiment there must be another motive in the background. He had not forgotten Mrs. Hart's sudden interest in this question, which he had attributed to an unwise zeal in behalf of her husband. It occurred to him now that he had once heard in past years of Everett Wheeler's devotion to Nellie Spellman.

"I can't see that it follows that we should put this plum into his mouth!" the judge exclaimed testily. "If Powers had wanted to give the chap any more money, he would have left it to him. Frankly, I don't like the fellow. He's too smooth, too easy with all the world."

"We know why you are down on him," Wheeler remarked, with a smile. "He did let your sister-in-law in for a good deal."

"Well, it is n't just that! Of course he was beginning then, and wanted to make his first job as big as possible, — that's natural enough. And I guess Louise — Well it's her affair! She manages her own property, and I would n't let her spend any of the children's money. But I don't like Hart's methods. Raymond was telling me the other day how he worked him for that railroad job, — through — through a woman. I suppose it's all right; the man must get business where he can. It's hard for youngsters to make a living these days. But to get a woman to pull off a thing like that for you! And Raymond told me they had to drop him, too, — he did n't do the work economically, or something of the sort."

"I guess there's another story to that," Wheeler answered patiently. "Jack was n't willing to let Bushfield make all he wanted to off the contracts. I happen to know that. And I don't see why you should have it in for him because he got a lady to say a good word for him with Raymond. You know well enough that pretty nearly all the big commissions for public buildings in this city have gone by favor, — family or social or political pull. It's got to be so. You're bound to think that the man you know is bigger than the other fellow you don't know!"

¹ Copyright, 1903, by ROBERT HERRICK.

"The proper way in the case of all public buildings is to hold an open competition," Pemberton remarked stiffly.

"Well, we won't argue that question. But this is a special case. Hart knows more of our plans than any other architect, naturally, and he can give us pretty much all his attention. He'll push the work faster."

"We can wait," Pemberton objected. "There is no need for undue haste."

"No, no, John!" Judge Phillips protested. "I am getting to be an old man. I want to see the school started and feel that my duty's done. We've thrashed this out long enough. Let us take Hart and be done with it."

Pemberton had been added to their number at the suggestion of the judge, because of his well-known public spirit and his interest in educational and philanthropic enterprises. He had undertaken his duties with his accustomed energy and conscientiousness, and at times wearied even the judge with his scruples. The others had rather hazy ideas as to the exact form, educationally, that the large fund in their charge should assume. Wheeler concerned himself mainly with the financial side of the trust. Hollister, who had got his education in a country school, and Judge Phillips, who was a graduate of a small college, merely insisted that the school should be "practical," with "no nonsense." After they had rejected the plan of handing over the bequest to a university, Pemberton had formed the idea of founding a technological school, modeled after certain famous eastern institutions. This conception Helen had disturbed by her talk with him, in which she had vigorously presented the founder's ideas on education.

In his perplexity Pemberton had gone east to see the president of a university, of which he was one of the trustees, and there he had met one of the professors in the scientific department, one Dr. Everest, a clever organ-

izer of educational enterprises. Dr. Everest did not find it difficult to convince Mr. Pemberton that his dilemma was an imaginary one, that all warring ideals of education might be easily "harmonized" by a little judicious "adjustment." There should be some domestic science for the girls, manual training combined with technical and commercial courses for the boys, and all would be right, especially if the proper man were employed to mix these ingredients. In brief, the doctor came to Chicago at the invitation of the trustees, looked over the ground, and spoke at several public dinners on the "ideals of modern education." His eloquent denunciation of a "mediæval" education, his plea for a business education for a business people, his alert air and urbane manners convinced the trustees that they had found a treasure. Dr. Everest was invited to become the head of the new school, which was to be called the JACKSON INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTE.

When Everett Wheeler had finally obtained the consent of his associates to ask the architect to meet the trustees and the new director and discuss plans for the building, the lawyer was so pleased that he broke an engagement for dinner, and took the train to Forest Park instead. He might have telephoned the architect, but, sluggish as he was temperamentally, he had long promised himself the pleasure of telling Helen personally the good news. Of late she had not seemed wholly happy, and he supposed that there were money troubles, which would now be relieved.

He found a number of people on the veranda of the Harts' house, and sat down patiently to wait. It had been a warm day, and the men and women were lounging comfortably on the grass mats, gossiping and enjoying the cool air from the lake. Jackson was in high spirits, telling Irish stories, a social gift which he had cultivated. Wheeler found himself near Venetia Phillips,

who was nursing a sprained elbow, the result of being pitched against a fence by a vicious horse.

"Why don't you try your charms on Helen?" she asked Wheeler peevishly. "She's been out of sorts all this summer. When you see the solemn way good married women take their happiness, it does n't encourage you to try your luck. I wonder if she and Jackie scrap. She looks as if she had a very dull life."

"What's the matter?"

"I can't make out exactly. Unsatisfied aspirations, or something of the sort. I should guess that our Jackson does n't come up to specifications. She sighs for the larger world. Did you ever meet a chap who used to give lessons in binding paper books? That was a couple of years ago, when we were all trying to do something with our hands, reviving the arts and crafts. His name was Vleck. He was a poor, thin little man, with a wife dying from consumption or something of the sort. He had hard luck written all up and down him. I have always thought Helen wanted to run away with Mr. Vleck, but could n't get up her courage. They used to talk socialism and anarchy and strikes until the air was red. It was the biggest fun to see him and Jackson get together. Jack would offer him a cigar, — the bad kind he keeps for the foremen on his buildings. Vleck would turn him down, and then Helen would ask the bookbinder to luncheon or dinner, and that would give Jack a fit. But Vleck would n't stay. He had ideas about the masses not mixing with the classes until the millennium comes. Helen would argue with him, but it was no use. He thought nothing was on the square. Well, one day he got huffy about something Jack said, and went off and never turned up again. Helen tried to find him; I don't think she ever got over it. I believe that Vleck was the man for her. She is an unsatisfied soul!

I am going, and you had better try to cheer her up."

It was beyond the lawyer's power, however, to penetrate Helen's mood. She seemed curiously removed from the scene. The banter and talk of the people on the veranda passed over her unheeded; her eyes rested dreamily on the trees, among which the summer twilight was stealing. To rouse her attention Wheeler brought forth his news.

"I came out here to tell you something, Nell," he said.

"What is it?" she asked indifferently.

"Jack is going to build the school!"

He looked at her closely. She gave a little start, as though his words brought her back to the present, but she said nothing.

"I've just argued them into it. They wanted a public competition, or something of the kind."

"Why don't they have a competition?" she asked quickly.

The lawyer shrugged his shoulders.

"Why should they? Is n't Jack the old man's nephew?"

She made no reply, and he said nothing more, dampened by the way she took his splendid news. In a little while the others left, and they had dinner. Wheeler expected Helen would tell her husband of the decision, but she seemed to have forgotten it. So, finally, he was forced to repeat his news. He dropped it casually and coldly: —

"Well, Jack, we're getting that school business cleared up. Can you meet the trustees and the doctor at my office some day this week?"

Jackson bubbled over with glee.

"Hoorah!" he shouted. "Good for you, Everett. We must have up some champagne."

The lawyer, watching Helen's impassive face, felt inclined to moderate Jackson's enthusiasm.

"Of course, nothing's settled as to the commission. You'll be asked to

prepare sketches after you have consulted with Dr. Everest. That's all."

That was enough for the architect. He thought that he could satisfy the director, and if he succeeded with him the rest of the way was clear. When the champagne came, he pressed his thanks on his cousin.

"It's awfully good of you, Everett, all the trouble you have taken for me in this. You'll have to let me build that camp in the Adirondacks this fall. My heavens," he went on, too excited to be cautious, "you don't know what a load it takes off my shoulders! I can feel myself free once more. It's a big thing, the first big thing that's come my way since I began. How much do the trustees mean to put into the building?"

"That depends," the lawyer answered cautiously. "It will be over half a million, anyway, I should suppose."

"It's a great opportunity!" the architect exclaimed, conscious that the more elevated and ideal aspects of the subject were slipping out of sight. "It does n't come every day, the chance to build a monument like the school!"

"You're quite right," Wheeler assented.

In his excitement, Hart left his seat and began to pace the floor, his hands twisting his napkin nervously. Helen was watching the bubbles break in her champagne glass. Her face had remained utterly blank, although she seemed to be listening to her husband. Perhaps, thought the lawyer, she did not realize what this meant. So he remarked deliberately:—

"It's a big commission, fast enough, if you get it. I don't know of another young fellow in your business in this city who's had the same chance to make his reputation."

Even this did not rouse the wife to speech. A flush stole over her face, but her eyes remained buried in the champagne-glass, which she twirled

gently between her fingers, thus keeping up the effervescence. Jackson was jubilant enough for two.

"Dr. Everest and I were talking about the site the other day," he said. "You have only two blocks. There should be four, at least. You must give dignity to the main building by some kind of approach. It should be done in stone, if possible. But if that's too costly, we might try white terra cotta. You can get very good effects in that."

"You may find the judge and Pemberton pretty stubborn on matters of detail," Wheeler remarked cautiously.

But the architect flirted his napkin buoyantly. He had dealt with building committees before, and he had found that trustees usually took their duties lightly.

"Well, what do you think of it, Nell?" the lawyer asked finally.

"Oh! I?" She looked up blankly from the glass of wine. "It is a great chance, of course."

Soon after this the lawyer left to get his train for the city, and Jackson walked to the station with him. When he returned he found Helen still sitting at the empty table. His eyes were aflame with the golden light of opportunity. He put his hand over his wife's shoulder and pressed her cheek affectionately.

"It's great, is n't it, Nell?" he said.

She looked into his face with a wistful smile. The good news had changed him wonderfully in this brief hour, erasing already some lines from his face. She divined, then, that his nature was not one that grew in the storms of life, but needed, rather, the warmth of prosperity.

"It's great, is n't it?" he repeated, desiring to savor the good fortune with her.

"Yes, Francis," she replied, and added almost pleadingly, "and you must do it greatly!"

"Of course!" he assented cheerily.

XVII.

About six miles from the centre of the city on the South Side, not far from the lake, might be seen the foundations and first two stories of a considerable building that had been abandoned for several years. It was to have been a hotel, but its promoters, who were small capitalists from another state, had been caught in the real estate disasters of '93. Litigation ensuing among themselves, nothing had ever been done with the property. The unfinished walls, standing at the corner of one of the boulevards and overlooking a large park, were a landmark in the neighborhood. A thick growth of weeds partially covered the loose piles of brick and stone that littered the ground and filled the hollow shell. Desolate, speedily disintegrating, the ruin stood there, four windowless walls, a figure of unsubstantial and abortive enterprise!

Hart had often passed the ruin when his business called him to that part of the city. One day this summer, as he was driving through the park with Graves on his way to inspect the last string of cheap stone houses that the contractor had built, Graves called his attention to the place.

"That pile must be pretty well covered with tax-liens," the contractor observed, as they turned into the boulevard, and approached the ruin. "It's a sightly piece of property, too, and the right spot for a family hotel."

"Who are the owners?" Hart asked.

"A lot of little fellers out in Omaha; they got to fightin' among themselves. It might be had cheap. Let's go over and take a look at the place."

He hitched his horse to a tree in front of the ruin, and the two men pushed their way through the weeds and rubbish into the cellar.

"Pretty solid foundations," the contractor observed, picking at a piece of mortar with the blade of his clasp knife.

"There's most enough stone lying around here to trim the whole building. What do you think of the walls? Has the frost eat into 'em much?"

They scrambled in and out among the piers and first story walls, testing the mortar, scraping away the weeds here and there to get a closer view of the joints. The upper courses of the brick had been left exposed to the weather and were obviously crumbling. The architect thought that the outer walls might have to be rebuilt from the foundations. But the contractor observed that it would be sufficient to rip off half a dozen courses of the masonry.

"Those fellers thought they were going to have a jim-dandy Waldorf, judging from the amount of stone they were putting in!" the contractor remarked, as they climbed into the buggy and resumed their way to the city. "I guess it would n't take much to buy up the tax-rights. The land and material would be worth it."

"I should say so," the architect assented, seeing how the matter was shaping itself in his companion's mind.

"Those foundations would take a pretty big building, eight or ten stories."

"Easily."

They talked it over on their way back to the city. The contractor had already formed a plan for utilizing the property. He had in mind the organization of a construction company, which would pay him for building the hotel with its bonds, and give him a large bonus of stock besides. The architect was familiar with that method of operation. The hotel when finished would be rented to another company for operation, and by that time the contractor and his friends would have disposed of their stock and bonds.

"You must let me in on this," the architect said boldly, as they neared the city. "I'm getting sick of playing your man Friday, and taking what you give me, Graves!"

"There's no reason why you should n't make something, too," the contractor answered readily. "You might interest some of your rich friends in the scheme, and get a block of stock for yourself."

Hart had a pressing need of ready money rather than such dubious promoter's profits. Rainbow and Harris had not pushed him to pay the balance against him on their books, but their leniency would not extend beyond the first of the month. Then, if he could not get the money in some other way, he should have to go to his mother, or take the little legacy that his uncle had left Helen. That very day he had had it in mind to ask the contractor to let him have twelve thousand dollars on his note, which would get him out of his immediate difficulties. He could pay it with the first return from the school commission, on which he was reckoning.

But when the contractor described the hotel project, he resolved to wait a little longer, in the hope that somehow he might make more than enough to pay his debts. What he needed was some capital. It was to get capital that he had ventured with the broker. Why had he not had the wit to see the chance that lay in that old ruin? For the last five years many men that he knew had been making fortunes, while he was working hard for precarious wages. No matter what he might earn in his profession, he could never feel at ease, have enough for his ambitions. He must have capital,—money that would breed money independently of his exertions. Latterly his mind had turned much about this one desire.

"You'll want me to draw the plans for the hotel, I suppose?" he asked.

"Yes, you might get up some sketches for a ten-story building right away,—something to show the men I want to interest in the scheme," Graves answered quickly. "When you have it ready, come around and we'll see if we can't fix up some kind of deal."

It was evident that the contractor had gone much farther in the hotel matter than he had told Hart.

Then came the word from Everett that the trustees were ready to ask him for preliminary sketches for the school, and almost at the same time he received a polite note from the brokers calling his attention to his debt. He went at once to Graves's office, and asked the contractor for the loan, saying that he was to have the school and should be put to extraordinary expenses in his office for the next few months. The contractor let him have the money readily enough on his personal note. Graves did not speak of the hotel, and for the time the school had driven all else from the architect's mind. He was kept busy these weeks by consultations with the trustees and the director of the school, getting their ideas about the building. One morning the newspapers had an item, saying that "F. J. Hart, the prominent young architect, had received the commission for building the Jackson Institute, and was engaged in drawing plans for a magnificent structure, which in luxury and completeness would outrank any similar institution in the country." Before noon Hart received a curt command from Judge Phillips to call at his office, and foreseeing trouble with the trustees about the newspaper paragraph, he went scowling into the draughting-room.

"Some of you boys must have been talking loose about what's going on in this office," he said accusingly.

"The Tribune man had the story straight enough when he came in here," Cook replied in defense. "He must have got it from some one who knew what he was talking about."

Hart went over to the judge's office and tried to explain matters to the old gentleman, who, beside having a great dislike of "newspaper talk," felt that the trustees were being deliberately coerced into giving their commission to

this pushing young man. The architect was forced to swallow some peppery remarks about indelicate methods of securing business. When he left the judge, who was only half convinced of his sincerity, he went to see Graves, and vented his irritation on the contractor.

"You let things leak out of this office. You got me into hot water by giving out that story about the school."

"How so? It's straight, ain't it? You've got the building? You said so the other day when you came in here to borrow that money."

"Well, it has n't been formally settled. They are touchy enough about their old job. They've asked me to prepare the first sketches, — that's all so far."

"Oh! That's all, is it?" the contractor remarked coldly. "I thought you had the job in your inside pocket from the way you talked the other day."

Hart's face reddened as he stammered, —

"It's all right. They are sure to take me, only they are a little slow, and I don't want to seem to force them."

Graves continued to examine the man before him with his shrewd little eyes, and Hart realized that the contractor had given the news to the papers for the precise purpose of finding out where the trustees stood.

"Well, when you get ready to build, I expect we shall be doing a good deal of business together," Graves remarked tentatively.

The architect moved nervously in his chair.

"We shall want you to bid, of course. I don't know yet whether the trustees mean to let the contracts as a whole."

"They'll do pretty much what you say, won't they? Ain't one of them your cousin?"

"Yes."

"Well, I want that contract. Can't you fix it so's I can get it?"

Hart knew altogether too well what the contractor meant. An architect

has it in his power to draw his specifications in such a manner that only a few favored contractors will dare to bid. If outsiders venture to bid for the work, they cannot with safety go low enough to get the contract. In the case of a large building this is a more difficult manœuvre to manage than with less important work. Yet even with a building like the school, contractors would be chary of bidding against a man who was as closely identified with the architect as Graves was with Hart.

"They say now," Hart protested, "that nobody else gets a show in my office."

"I don't believe you see what there might be in this for you, Mr. Hart!" the contractor persisted.

A stenographer interrupted them at that point, and the architect had a few moments to think. He knew better than any one else the devious methods of the contractor, and it occurred to him that this would be a good time to sever his close connection with the Graves Construction Company. He would, of course, allow Graves to bid on the school contracts, but would show him no favors. Yet the contractor's last words made him reflect. There was the hotel with its unknown possibilities of large returns. Moreover, the Graves Construction Company was no longer the weak enterprise that it had been five years before. Graves had made a great deal of money these last prosperous years, and his "corporation" was one of the largest of its kind in the city. It would be stupid to break with the man altogether.

"Come, this ain't quiet enough here! Let's step over to Burke's and talk it out," the contractor suggested, looking up from the papers the stenographer had brought in.

So the two men went across the street to Burke's, which was a quiet sort of drinking-place, frequented by the better class of sporting men. In the rear there were a number of little rooms,

where whispered conversations intended for but two pairs of ears were often held. When the negro attendant had wiped the mahogany table and brought them their whiskey, Graves began: —

“Mr. Hart, I ’m going to give you the chance of your life to make a lump of money, sure and quick, and no gold-brick proposition, either.”

Graves poured himself a drink, and meditatively twirled the small glass between his fat fingers.

“You do the right thing by me in this school job, and I ’ll see that you are properly fixed on the hotel scheme.”

The details of the plan came cautiously and slowly from the contractor, while Hart listened in a non-committal frame of mind. The thing proposed was really very simple. The architect was to draw the school specifications so that only a few firms would bid, and of these only one or two would be genuine competitors. The contractor would see to it that there were enough bidders at approximately his own figure to prevent suspicion on the part of the trustees. In return for this favor, Graves offered a large block of stock in the hotel company, “for the plans of the hotel,” which he was ready to guarantee would be worth a certain sum.

Of course there was an unspecified item in the transaction, which was perfectly obvious to the architect. If the contractor was ready to make these terms in order to obtain the school, there must be enough in the job above the legitimate profit on the contract to make it well worth his while. The architect saw, less sharply, that this extra profit would be made with his professional connivance. It would be impossible to get the trustees to accept bids so high that the contractor could reap his profit and still do the work up to the specifications. It would be necessary to specify needlessly elaborate steel work, cut stone, and interior finish, with the understanding that the Graves Company would not be forced to live up

to these gilt-edged specifications. It might be necessary, even, to prepare two sets of specifications for the more important parts of the contract, — one for the bidding, and one for the use of the sub-contractors.

Hart smoked and listened, while Graves, having finished the outline of his plan, spoke of the profit to the architect.

“If you want, I ’ll agree to take the hotel stock off your hands at par from time to time as the two buildings go up. You can figure out now what you ’ll make! It will not be far from seventy thousand dollars, what with your commissions and the stock. And I ’ll guarantee, Hart, that you ’ll have no trouble. That drunken Dutchman can work over any details that have to be fixed, — my own expense. Nothing need go through your office that ain’t first-class and regular.”

The plan seemed perfectly simple, and the architect’s imagination fastened on the big bait which the contractor held out. Graves repeated slowly in his thick tones: —

“A year, or say eighteen months, from now, you ’ll have about seventy-five thousand dollars in the bank.”

That would be capital! The lack of capital had tripped him at every turn. With that amount of money, he could plant his feet firmly on the earth and prepare to spring still higher.

“Of course,” Graves continued, “you ’d stand by me, — help me out with the trustees if there was any kick.”

In other words, for the term of a year or eighteen months, he would be this contractor’s creature. But the architect was thinking of something else. . . .

The line between what is honest and dishonest in business is a difficult one to plot. From generation to generation our standards alter in the business world as elsewhere, and to-day men will do unblushingly, and with the approval of their fellows, that which in another gen-

eration will, doubtless, be a penitentiary offense. Business is warfare, and whatever men may say on Sundays, the hardy man of business will condone a thrifty sin of competition sooner than any other sin. Every one of the fighters in the battle knows how hard it is to make a dollar honestly or dishonestly, and he prefers to call certain acts "indicate" or "unprofessional," rather than dishonest.

Of such "unprofessional" conduct Hart had been guilty a number of times, and the matter had not troubled him greatly. But this arrangement, which the contractor was urging, was of more positive stripe. It involved outright rascality, which, if it became known in the community, might ruin his professional standing for life. He would be taking a great risk to grasp that promised lump of money. While Graves talked in his thick, guttural tones, Hart was weighing this risk. The whiskey that he had been drinking had not obscured his vision in the least, although it shed a rosier glow over the desired capital. It must be admitted that the architect gave little thought to the trustees or to his uncle's bequest. It would have pleased him, if he had considered it at all, to make a good round hole in his uncle's millions, of which the old man had deprived him. And as for the trustees, they were shrewd men of the world, quite able to take care of themselves.

But, instinctively, he recoiled from the act. He would much prefer a clean, honorable, "high-class" career. If he could have secured money enough to satisfy his ambitions without resort to such knavery as this, it would have been much pleasanter. But in one way or another he must make money, and make it more rapidly and more abundantly than he had been doing. That was success! When he had come to this point, he had already consented with himself. . . .

They had been sitting there nearly
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two hours, but latterly little had been said. The contractor was patient and diplomatic. Finally he asked, "Well, Hart, what do you say?"

Hart lighted another cigar before replying, and then replied deliberately, "I will think over what you say. I understand that the stock is given me for my commission on the hotel, and will be worth a fixed sum?"

"That's it!"

Then they went out into the street without further words. Hart returned to his office, examined his mail, wrapped up his first sketches for the school, and set out for the train. The deal with Graves unconsciously filled his thoughts and made him feel strange to himself. He thought less of the practical detail of the transaction than of certain specious considerations concerning the morality of what he was going to do.

Business was war, he said to himself again and again, and in this war only the little fellows had to be strictly honest. The big ones, those that governed the world, stole, lied, cheated their fellows openly in the market. The Bushfields took their rake-off; the Rainbows were the financial pimps, who fattened on the vices of the great industrial leaders. Colonel Raymond might discharge a man on the C. R. & N. who stole fifty cents or was seen to enter a bucket shop, but in the reorganization of the Michigan Northern ten years previously, he and his friends had pocketed several millions of dollars, and had won the lawsuits brought against them by the defrauded stockholders.

It was a world of graft, the architect judged cynically. Old Powers Jackson, it was said in Chicago, would cheat the glass eye out of his best friend in a deal. He, too, would follow in the path of the strong, and take what was within his reach. He would climb hardily to the top, and then who cared? That gospel of strenuous effort, which our statesmen and orators are so fond of shouting forth, has its followers in

the little Jackson Harts. Only, in putting forth their strong right arms, they often thrust them into their neighbors' pockets! And the irresponsible great ones, who have emerged beyond the reign of law, have their disciples in all the strata of society, — down, down to the boy who plays the races with the cash in his employer's till.

The architect went home to his wife and children with the honest love that he bore them. If they had entered his mind in connection with this day's experience, he would have believed that largely for their sakes, for their advancement in the social scheme of things, he had engaged upon a toilsome and disagreeable task. For he did not like slippery ways.

XVIII.

Hart's design for the school had been accepted by the trustees, and the plans were placed on exhibition in the Art Institute. Little knots of people — students, draughtsmen, and young architects — gathered in the room on the second floor where the elevations had been hung, and had their say about the plans. Occasionally a few older men and women, interested in the nobler parts of civic life, drifted into the room, having stolen some moments from a busy day to see what the architect had done with his great opportunity.

"Gee! Ain't it a hummer, now!" exclaimed one of Wright's men, who had known Hart in the old days. "He let himself out this time, sure. It will cover most two blocks."

"The main part of the design is straight from the Hotel de Ville," one of the young architects objected disdainfully. He and his friends thought there were many better architects in the city than F. Jackson Hart, and grumbled accordingly. "I bet I could find every line in the design from some

French thing or other. Hart's an awful thief: he can't think for himself."

"Where is the purpose of the structure expressed?" another demanded. "It would do just as well for the administration building of a fair as for a school!" . . .

"A voluptuous and ornamental design; the space is wickedly wasted in mere display. The money that ought to go into the school itself will be eaten up in this great, flaunting building that will cover all the land." . . .

"What have I been telling you? Chicago ain't a village any more. A few buildings like this and the university ones, and the world will begin to see what we are doing out here!"

"What's the dome for?" . . .

"I say the people should have the best there is." . . .

"Pull, pull, — that's what's written all over this plan!"

Even Wright, who happened to be in the city, stepped into the Institute to look at the plans. He studied them closely for a few minutes, and then, with a smile on his face, moved off.

Hart had, indeed, "let himself out." It was to be a master work, and put the architect into the higher ranks of his profession. For the first time he had felt perfectly free to create. As often happens, when the artist comes to this desired point and looks into his soul, he finds nothing there. The design was splendid, in a sense, — very large and imposing: an imperial flight of steps, which fastened the spectator's eye; a lofty dome; and two sweeping wings to support the central mass. Nevertheless, the architect had not escaped from his training: it was another one of the Beaux Arts exercises that Wright used to "trim." Years hence the expert would assign it to its proper place in the imitative period of our arts as surely as the literary expert has already placed there the poet Longfellow. Though Hart had learned much in the

past six years, it had been chiefly in the mechanics of his art: he was a cleverer architect, but a more wooden artist. The years he had spent in the workshop of the great city had deadened his sense of beauty. The clamor and excitement and gross delight of living had numbed his sense of the fine, the noble, the restrained. He had never had time to think, only to contrive, and facility had supplied the want of ideas. Thus he had forgotten Beauty, and managed to live without that constant inner vision of her which deadens bodily hunger and feeds the soul of the artist.

So Wright read the dead soul in the ambitious design.

Mrs. Phillips came rustling in with friends, to whom she exhibited the plans with an air of ownership in the architect.

"It's the cleverest thing that has been done in this city; every one says so. I tell Harrison that he has me to thank for this. It was a case of poetic justice, too. You know the story? One forgets so easily here; it's hard to remember who died last month! Why, the old man Jackson left pretty nearly every cent of his money to found this school. I think he was crazy, and I should have fought the will if I had been a relative. At any rate, it was a nasty joke on this Mr. Hart, who was his nephew, and every one thought would be his heir.

"But he has made such a plucky fight, got the respect of every one, gone right along and made a splendid success in his profession. He married foolishly, too. Poor girl, not a cent, and not the kind to help him one bit, you know, — no style, can't say a word for herself. She's done a good deal to keep him back, but he has managed to survive that. I wonder he has n't broken with her. I do, really! They have n't a thing in common. They had a pleasant home out in the Park, you know, and a good position, — every one

knew them there. And what do you think? She made him give up his house and come into town to live! The Park was too far away from her friends, or something of the sort. Wanted to educate her children in the city. I believe it was jealousy of him. He was popular and she was n't. No woman will stand that sort of thing, of course.

"So now they have taken a house on Scott Street, — a little, uncomfortable box, the kind of place that is all hall and dining-room. Of course they don't have to live like that; he's making money. But she says she does n't want to be bothered, — has ideas about simple living. The trouble is, she has n't any ambition, and he's brimful of it. He could get anywhere, if it were n't for her. It's a shame! I don't believe she half appreciates even this. Is n't it splendid? He has such large ideas!

"Venetia is thick with her, of course. You might know she would be! It's through Mrs. Hart she meets those queer, tacky people. I tell you, the woman counts much more than the man when it comes to making your way in the world; don't you think so?" . . .

And with further words of praise for the plans and commiseration for the architect, the widow wandered into the next room with her friends, then descended to her carriage, dismissing art and life together.

Helen made a point of taking the boys to see their father's work, and explained carefully to them what it all meant. They followed her open-eyed, tracing with their little fingers the main features of the design as she pointed them out, and saying over the hard names. It was there Venetia Phillips found her, seated before the large sketch of the south elevation, dreaming, while the boys, their lesson finished, had slipped into the next room to look at the pictures.

"Have you seen my mother?" she asked, seating herself beside Helen.

... "Well, well, our Jackie has done himself proud this time, has n't he? He's a little given to the splurge, don't you think?"

Helen did not answer. She did not like to admit even to herself that her husband's greatest effort was a failure. Yet she was a terribly honest woman, and there was no glow in her heart. Indeed, the school and all about it had become unpleasant to her, covered as it was with sordid memories of her husband's efforts to get the work. Lately there had been added to these the almost daily bickerings with the trustees, which her husband reported. The plans had not been accepted easily!

"All the same, Jack's got some good advertising out of it," Venetia continued, noticing Helen's silence. "The newspapers are throwing him polite remarks, I see. But I want to talk to you about something else. Mamma has been losing a lot of money; bad investments made in boom times; sure things, you know, like copper and steel. She's very much pressed, and she wants to put my money in to save some of the things. Uncle Harry is raging, and asks me to promise him not to let her have a cent. Stanwood has come home, — there does n't seem to be anything else for him! It's all rather nasty. I don't know what to do: it seems low to hold your mother up in her second youth. And yet the pace Mrs. Phillips keeps would finish my money pretty soon. It's a pity Mrs. Raymond won't die and give mother a chance to make a good finish!"

"Venetia!"

"What's the harm in my saying what all the world that knows us is saying? It's been a ten years' piece of gossip. I feel sorry for her, too. It must be rough to get along in life and see you have muckered your game. . . . Do you know, I am terribly tempted to let her have the money, all of it, and skip out. Perhaps some of these days you'll read a little paragraph in the

morning paper, — 'Mysterious Disappearance of a Well-Known Young Society Woman!' Would n't that be real sport? Just to drop out of everything, and take to the road!"

"What would you do?"

"Anything, everything, — make a living. Don't you think I could do that?" She embroidered this theme fancifully for a time, and then lapsed into silence. Finally she burst forth again, "Good Lord, why can't we get hold of life before it's too late? It's going on all around us, — big, and rich, and full of blood. And folks like me sit on the bank, eating a picnic lunch."

"Perhaps," mused Helen, "it would be different if one had to earn the lunch."

"Who knows? Will you try it? Will you cut loose from Jackie?"

As they descended the broad flight of steps to the street, Venetia laid her hand on the older woman's arm.

"Tell Jackie we are all proud of him. Mamma brags of him daily. . . . And look out for the paragraph in the paper. They'd give me a paragraph, don't you think?"

The winter twilight had descended upon the murky city, filling the long vistas of the cross streets with a veil of mystery. The roar of the place mounted to the clouds above, which seemed to reverberate with the respirations of the Titan beneath. Here in the heart of the city, life clamored with a more direct note than in any other city of the world. Men were struggling fiercely for their desires, and their cries ascended to the dull heavens.

Helen walked home with the boys, soothed by the human contact of the streets. There was something exhilarating to her in the jostle of the throng, the men and women leaving their labors, bent homewards for the night. Her heart expanded near them, those who won their daily bread by the toil of the day.

It was quite true, what the widow had said. It was she who had willed to return to the city from the pleasant niche where she had spent her married life, desiring in the emptiness of her heart to get closer to the vast life of a human people, to feel once more the common lot of man. So she had taken the little house on Scott Street, and reduced their living to the simplest scale, declaring that she wanted her time for herself and her children. Her husband was so busy that he hardly noticed any change in her as yet. They went out less than they had gone in previous years, and sometimes he thought the people he found calling on his wife were "queer." Her interest in a new kind of education for the children bored him. She seemed to be going her own way without thought of him, and now and then he wondered what it meant. He did not like aggressive, faddish women; he wanted women to be personal and sympathetic, with a touch of "style," social tact, and a little dash. . . .

To-night he had come from his office early, and while he waited for Helen he looked about the little drawing-room disapprovingly, with a sense of aggrieved discomfort. Helen was taking to economy and simplicity too seriously. He looked at his wife closely when she came in with the boys. She seemed older, more severe in face than he had thought, than her photograph on his office desk said. When this school business was done with, they must run over to Europe for a few months' vacation, and then live differently on their return. . . .

"Nell," he said when they were alone, "it's settled at last. We let the contracts to-day!"

"For the school?" she asked. "You must be glad of that!"

Her lips, which curved so tenderly, had grown strangely firm. He put his arm over her shoulder and drew her toward him.

"Yes, it's a great relief! When

the building is finished we must have a spree, and get to be lovers once more."

"Yes, dear. . . . I've been to the Institute with the boys to have them see the plans."

"They are well spoken of. I saw Wright to-day for a moment. He stopped to congratulate me, but I could n't tell what he really thought. Well, after all the trouble with them, I got pretty much what I wanted, thanks to Everett and the doctor. Everett's been a good friend all through. The idea of the others kicking so hard because the thing was going to cost a little more than they had made up their minds to spend on the building! Pemberton thinks he knows all about architecture. It's a pity he could n't have drawn the plans himself!"

"But you saved your design."

"Yes, I've won the second round all right!"

In his joy over the thought he put his strong arms about his wife and lifted her bodily from the floor, as he had often done, boyishly, in the years before. Holding her close to him he kissed her lips and neck. She returned his kisses, but the touch of her lips was cool. She seemed limp in his arms, and he felt vaguely the want of something. She was less loving, less passionate than ever before. He missed the abandon, the utter self-forgetfulness, the rush of ecstatic emotion, which from the first moment of their love had made her for him all woman, the woman of women. . . . He let her slip from his embrace and looked at her. Was it age? Was it the penalty of living, which dampens the fire of passion and dulls desire? He was troubled, distressed for the loss of something precious that was getting beyond his reach, perhaps had gone forever.

"Oh!" he exclaimed. "It's bad to be always on the dead push. Come! Let's go somewhere and have dinner and a bottle of champagne the way we used to!"

She hesitated a moment, unwilling to disappoint him.

"I can't very well to-night, Francis. I promised Morton Carr I should be home this evening. He wants me to help raise some money for his new building."

"Oh!" he said, strangely wounded in his egotism. "I remember you said something about it."

XIX.

Late in March the corner stone for the Jackson Institute was laid. It was a desolate winterish day, and the prairie wind chilled to the bone the little group of interested people seated on the platform erected for the occasion. There were brief speeches by Judge Phillips and Dr. Everest, and an address by a celebrated college president on the "new education." To Helen, who sat just behind him, in sight of the piles of excavated sand, and the dirty brick walls of the neighboring stores, the scene was scarcely in harmony with the orator's glowing generalizations. "The mighty energies of this industrial cosmopolis are answering to the call of man's ideals." . . . Cook, who was standing by the mason's windlass, caught her eye and smiled. He looked brisk and happy, and she could fancy him calling out, "Hey! Ain't this the best yet? F. J. Hart is all right."

The architect, smartly dressed for the occasion in a new frock coat and shining silk hat, stepped forward, dusted the upper surface of the great stone with a brush, and handed the judge a silver trowel. Cook pushed up to them a bucket of mortar, into which the old man thrust the trowel, and tremblingly bespattered the stone. The windlass creaked, and down came the massive block of Indiana sandstone, covering the recess into which had been stuffed some records of the present day.

Then the architect and Cook busied themselves adjusting the block, while the judge stepped backward to his seat, a look of relief coming over his red face, as if he felt that he had virtually executed the trust left him by his old friend.

As the gathering dispersed, Helen's eye fell upon a great wooden sign surmounting the workmen's shed: THE GRAVES CONSTRUCTION COMPANY — GENERAL CONTRACTORS — CHICAGO AND NEW YORK.

This was the company that had finally secured the general contract for the building. As Helen knew, there had been vexatious delays over the bids. The first figures had been very much in excess of the sum the trustees had agreed to spend upon the building. They had forced the architect to modify his plans somewhat, and to ask for bids again. Pemberton had been especially obstinate, and Hart had grumbled about him, — "Why does the old duffer chew the rag over a couple of hundred thousand, when they have over three millions anyway? It does n't come out of *his* pocket!" At last, after some wrangling, the trustees had accepted the lowest bid, though it was still considerably beyond the figure they had set. Hart regarded it as a triumph: he had saved substantially the integrity of his design, and the Graves Company got the contract.

Now all was serene. From the hour that the contract was signed, the building rose from nothingness by leaps and bounds. Graves was always rapid in his operations, and for this building he seemed to have made every preparation beforehand. The labor situation, which was still unsettled, caused him no delay. His rivals said that he had the heads of the unions on his pay rolls, and could build when other contractors were tied up by strikes. Other firms could not get their steel from the mills for months, but Graves had some mysteri-

ous way of securing his material when he wanted it. The day after the corner stone was laid he had an army of men at work; early in June the walls were up to the roof trusses; by the end of July the great edifice was completely roofed in, and the plasterers were at work.

The contracts once signed, the judge and Wheeler seemed to regard their responsibilities as over. Hollister, who had been in poor health latterly, left everything to the others. But Pemberton was the bane of the architect's life. He visited Hart's office almost daily, looked carefully at every voucher before ordering it paid, and spent long afternoons at the works. He examined the building from foundation to roof with his thrifty New England eye, and let no detail escape him, stickling over unimportant trifles, and delaying the orders for extras or alterations. The whole operation of modern building was an unknown language to him. He knew that he was ignorant of what was going on before his eyes, and his helplessness made him improperly suspicious of the architect and the contractor. Many a time he strained Hart's habitual tact. They nearly came to blows over some window-frames, which the architect had seen fit to alter without consulting the building committee.

One morning Hart found the trustee at the school in company with a stranger, who made notes in a little memorandum book. Pemberton nodded curtly to the architect, and, as he was preparing to leave, remarked casually:—

"This is Mr. Trimble, Mr. Hart. Mr. Trimble is an engineer, who has done work for me from time to time. He will look through the works and make a report. Mr. Trimble will not interfere with you in any way, Mr. Hart. He will report to me."

The architect's face grew white with suppressed rage, and his lips trembled as he answered:—

"What is your reason for taking this

step, Mr. Pemberton? When I was given the commission, nothing was said about having a superintendent. If there is to be one, he should report to me. As you know quite well, I have devoted my entire time to this building, and given up other work in order that I might be out here every day. I shall speak to the other trustees about this, and I'll not stand the insult, Mr. Pemberton!"

"Tut, tut, no insult, Mr. Hart. You must know that it's quite usual in work of this magnitude for the owners to have their representative on the works. There will be no interference with you or the contractor, if the work goes right."

The architect swallowed his anger for the time, answering sulkily, "Mr. Graves will take no orders except from me, of course. The contracts are so drawn."

"Eh!" Pemberton exclaimed. "I hope there will be no occasion to alter that arrangement."

The architect bowed and left the building.

"Snarling, prying old fogey," he spluttered to his wife, who was waiting outside in the automobile. "Let him put in his superintendent. I guess we can give him a run for his money."

The woman's heart sank. Somehow this school, this bit of great-hearted idealism on the part of the old man she loved, had thus far stirred up a deal of mud.

Pemberton did not think it necessary to discuss with the architect his reasons for engaging Mr. Trimble as superintendent. After the contract had been let, the trustees had received a number of anonymous letters, which made charges that all had not been square in getting the bids for the building. These letters had gone into the waste-basket, as mere cowardly attacks from some disgruntled contractor. Then, one day while the building was still in the

rough, and the tile was going in, Pemberton overheard one of the laborers say to his mate,—

“Look at that stuff, now. It ain’t no good at all,” and he gave the big yellow tile a kick with his foot; “it’s nothin’ but dust. Them’s rotten bad tiles, I tell yer.”

And the other Paddy answered reflectively, scratching his elbow the while,—

“It’ll go all the same. Sure, it’s more money in his pocket. Ain’t that so, boss?”

He appealed to Pemberton, whom he took for one of the passers-by gaping idly at the building.

“What do you mean?” Pemberton demanded sharply.

“Mane? The less you pay the more you git.”

“Hist, you fule,” the other one warned, twisting his head in the direction of the boss mason.

Pemberton was not the man to take much thought of a laborer’s talk. But the words remained in his mind, and, a few weeks later, happening to meet the superintendent of a large construction company in the smoking-car of the Forest Park train, he asked the man some questions about fireproof building.

“Why did your people refuse to bid the second time?” he inquired finally.

“They saw it was just a waste of time and money,” the man replied frankly.

“What do you mean by that?”

“Why, the job was slated for Graves, — that was all. It was clear enough to us. There’s mighty little that goes out of that office except to Graves.”

“Is that so? I asked Mr. Hart particularly to have your company bid on the contracts.”

Then the man became confidential, and explained how a certain ambiguity in the wording of the specifications made it risky for a contractor to bid unless he knew just how the architect would treat him; for the contractor

might easily “get stuck” for much more than the possible profits, though bidding in perfect good faith. The man was willing enough to talk, once started on the subject, and in the course of half an hour he explained to the layman some of the chicanery of the building business.

“So you see, Mr. Pemberton, the contractor, to protect himself when he does n’t know his man, bids pretty high, and then the favored contractor can safely go a good bit lower. He has an understanding with the architect, maybe, and it all depends on how the specifications are going to be interpreted.”

And he told other things, — how some of the firms who had bid had since got parts of the general contract from the Graves Company, but on a new set of specifications.

“It’s queer,” he ended finally. “We can’t see how they’ll make a cent on the contract, unless Graves is going to rot it clear through.”

He explained what he meant by “rotting” it, — the use of cheap grades of materials and inferior labor, from the foundation stones to the cornice. In other words, the building would be a “job.”

“For those specifications called for a first-class building, awful heavy steel work and cabinet finish, and all that. If it’s built according to specifications, you’re going to have a first-class school all right!”

The result of this chance conversation was that after consultation with Judge Phillips, Pemberton sent to Boston for the engineer Trimble, whom he knew to be absolutely honest and capable.

When Hart left Pemberton, he went directly to Wheeler’s office and exploded to his cousin. On his way to the city his anger at the affront offered to him had entirely hidden the thought of the disagreeable complications that might follow. He took a high stand

with Wheeler. But the cool lawyer, after hearing his remonstrances, said placidly, —

“If Pemberton wants this man to go over the building, I don’t see how you can prevent it. And I don’t see the harm in it, myself. I suppose everything is all right. See that it is, — that’s *your* business. Pemberton would be a bad man to deal with, if he found any crooked work. You’d better look sharp after that fellow Graves.”

The architect assured his cousin that there was no need to worry on that score. But he began to foresee the dangers ahead, and felt a degree of comfort in the fact that Graves had only that week paid him in cash for the second block of his Glenmore hotel “stock.” With the previous payment, he had now thirty-five thousand dollars lying in his bank, and a large payment on the commission for the school would soon be due him.

Trouble was not long in coming! Trimble, who was a quiet little man, and looked like a bookseller’s clerk, was waiting for Hart one morning at the office of the works. He made some pointed inquiries about the plumbing specifications. There seemed to be important discrepancies between the copy of the specifications at the works and the copy which Pemberton had given him from the office of the trustees.

“Yes, a good many changes were authorized. There were good reasons for making them,” Hart responded gruffly.

The little man made no remarks; he seemed to have inquired out of curiosity. Then he asked questions about some blue prints which did not correspond with the written specifications, explaining that he had gone to the mill where the interior finish was being turned out, and had found other discrepancies in the blue prints of the wood-work. Hart answered indifferently that he would find a good many such changes, as was customary in all buildings. At

this point Graves arrived; he came into the little shanty and looked Trimble over without speaking. After the engineer had left, Graves turned to the architect, an ugly frown on his heavy face, —

“Say, is that little cuss goin’ to make trouble here?”

Hart explained briefly what had happened.

“Do you think we could fix him?” the contractor asked without further comment.

The architect noticed the “we” and sulked.

“I guess you’d better not try. He does n’t look like the kind you could fix. It’s just as well that most of the work is done, for it seems to me he means trouble.”

“All the finish and decoratin’ is comin’, ain’t it?” the contractor growled. “I tell you what, if he holds up the mill work, there’ll be all kinds of trouble. I won’t stand no nonsense from your damned trustees.” He swore out his disgust, and fumed, until Hart said: —

“Well, you’ll have to do the best you can!”

The Glenmore hotel was going up rapidly, and he thought of the twenty thousand dollars which would be coming to him on the completion of that building, — if all went well. But if there were a row, there would be no further profits for him on the hotel.

“The best I can!” Graves broke forth. “I guess you’ll have to take care of them. You’d better see your cousin and get him to call this feller off, or there’ll be trouble.”

“I have seen Wheeler,” the architect admitted.

“Well,” the contractor blustered, “if they want a fight, let ’em come on. There’ll be a strike on this building in twenty-four hours, I can tell you, and it’ll be two years before they can get their school opened!”

With this threat, the contractor left

the office, and Hart went over to the great building, which had become a thorn in his flesh these last weeks. It was not a bad piece of work, after all, as Chicago building goes, he reflected. Even if Graves had cut the work in places, and had made too much money on the steel, the stone, and here and there all over, the edifice would answer its purpose well enough, and he had no special interest in the everlasting qualities of his structures. Nothing was built to stand in this city. Life moved too swiftly for that!

For several weeks, as the end of August came near, there was a lull, while Pemberton was in the East on his vacation. The work on the school went forward as before; even the irritation of seeing Trimble's face was removed, for he had ceased to visit the works. Then, the first week in September, the storm burst. There came to the architect's office a peremptory summons to meet the trustees the next afternoon.

XX.

Powers Jackson had given the old Jackson homestead and farm in Vernon Falls to Helen, and with it a small legacy of twelve thousand dollars "as a maintenance fund." She had opened the house but once or twice since her marriage because Jackson was always too busy to take a long vacation, and she did not like to leave him. Latterly she had thought about the old man's gift a good deal, and there had been some talk of her spending the summer in Vernon Falls with the children and her mother. Instead of this, they had gone to the Shoreham Club for a few weeks, putting off the journey east till the fall.

She had never touched the legacy, leaving it in Everett Wheeler's hands, securely invested, and had paid what was needed to maintain the old place from her allowance. Now, however, a

number of repairs had accumulated, and it occurred to her one day, when she was in the city, to find out from Wheeler how much surplus she had at her disposal. They had joked a good deal about her estate, and the lawyer had scolded her for not coming to his office to examine the papers and see what he was doing with her money.

It was late in the afternoon when she had finished other, more urgent errands, and, turning into the lofty La Salle Street building, was whirled up to the twelfth floor. The middle-aged stenographer in Wheeler's office looked up on her entrance, and said that the lawyer had not left, but was engaged with some gentlemen. Would she wait? She sat down in the quiet, carpeted outer office. From this radiated several small offices, the doors of which were open. One door only was closed, and through the ground-glass panel in this she could see the dark forms of several men. Presently the stenographer pushed her papers into the drawer of her desk, and fetched her hat and coat.

"I think they must be most through," she remarked pleasantly. "You go right in when they come out."

Then she gathered up her gloves and left. Little noise came from the hall. The vast hive seemed to be deserted at this hour, and few places in the city were so quiet and lonesome as this sober law office. The murmur of voices in the inner room was the only sound of life. Gradually the voices grew louder, but Helen paid no attention to them until a man's voice, clear and shrill with exasperation, penetrated distinctly to where she sat.

"No, Wheeler!" the man almost shouted. "We won't compromise this. I won't have it covered up, white-washed. We'll go to the bottom, here and now. Let us find out what all this double-dealing means. Let us know, now, whether the work on that building is being done honestly or not, and

whether our architect is working for us or for the contractor against us."

It was Pemberton's voice, and Helen recognized it. From the first words she had grasped the arms of her chair, — a sudden clutch at her heart. She held herself rigid, while behind the door a confused murmur of men all talking at once drowned Pemberton's voice. She tried to think whether she should leave the office, but her strength had gone. She trembled in her chair. Presently Pemberton's high voice rang out again: —

"No, sir! We've given you this opportunity to explain your conduct and clear yourself. You have n't done it, sir! You try to bluster it through. There's something wrong in this business, and we shall find out what it is. Not another dollar will be paid out on your vouchers until our experts have gone through all the papers and examined every foot of the construction so far done. No, Wheeler, I will resign if you like. You asked me to join you. I was glad to do so. I considered it an honor and a duty, and I have made sacrifices for this work. But if I stay on the board this thing must be cleared up!"

Another high and angry voice answered this time: —

"You'd better not make loose charges, Mr. Pemberton, until you are in a position to prove what you say. I won't stand your talk; I'm going!"

Helen recognized her husband's voice, and she got to her feet, still clutching the chair. Then she moved forward unsteadily toward the inner office. The

handle of the door moved a little, and against the glass panel the form of a man stood out sharply.

"What are you going to do about it? Sue Graves? Or sue me? You can discharge me if you like. But I am your agent, and have full powers. Remember that! That's the way the contract is drawn. And if I back up Graves, what are you going to do about it? He's got your agent's signature for what he's done. . . . You'd better hold your temper and talk sense." . . .

"Don't threaten me, sir!" Pemberton retorted. "I have all the proof I want that you are a rascal, that you have entered into a conspiracy with this man Graves to swindle." . . .

There were sounds of a scuffle within the office, — the noise of falling chairs, the voices of excited men. Above all the clamor rose the cool tones of Wheeler, —

"Come, come, gentlemen! This is not business."

As he spoke, a weight seemed to fall against the door from the outside. The man nearest the outer office, who happened to be Judge Phillips, opened the door, and Helen fell, rather than walked, into the office, her face white, her hands stretched before her.

"Francis! Francis!" she called.

It was not her husband, however, who sprang to her aid. He was too startled to move. Wheeler, who was leaning against his desk, leaped forward, caught her, and carried her from the room.

"Nell, Nell!" he muttered. "Anything, rather than this!"

Robert Herrick.

(To be continued.)

THE YEAR IN FRANCE.

ENGLAND and France have as many reasons to be polite to each other as they have few reasons to love each other. Their commercial relations are so intimate and colossal that they can ill afford, prudentially speaking, to be at odds. Their natural and manufactured products seldom come into direct competition; on the contrary, these products are complementary to a remarkable degree. England depends largely on the farms, dairies, and vineyards of France for the daily supplies of her market and table (for butter, eggs, vegetables, fruits, and wines), and on the industries of France for various highly prized articles of luxury; while France, conversely, depends on the mines and factories of England for such staples as cotton, woolen, and rubber goods, iron, and coal. The trade between the two countries amounts in an average year to a round 2,000,000,000 francs, with a balance of upwards of 500,000,000 francs in France's favor.

The interchange of visits, last summer, between Edward VII and President Loubet, and between members of the French and English parliaments and chambers of commerce, and the arbitration treaty resulting therefrom indicate that "the powers that be" in politics and finance recognize this mutual economic dependence, and are disposed to prevent, by keeping the question of commercial advantage constantly to the fore, — alas, that no higher motive can be appealed to! — gratuitous bickerings and useless displays of bad blood. They indicate further that these same powers have succeeded in rendering acceptable to a majority of their respective compatriots this eminently practical point of view. They do not indicate that either nation has experienced a radical change of mind or heart. The two peoples continue to misunderstand and misjudge each other as

they have for centuries. They hate each other out of sheer atavism, naturally, normally, — I had almost said righteously, — and will continue to hate each other, in all human probability, to the end of time. They have merely acquiesced provisionally (in the absence of any immediate subject of disagreement) in the official attitude of politeness, without committing themselves to too close an intimacy thereby; very much as two clever and ambitious women of the world hold each other at a respectful distance, while reiterating the most amiable commonplaces and lavishing the most engaging smiles. Nothing has been pardoned or forgotten; and it will take very little to engender a dangerous irritation, to stir the ancient rancors, and destroy an *entente* which is by no means an *entente cordiale*.

The warm reception accorded King Edward by Paris should be assigned no special political significance. It was an illustration of French good nature, first of all, and, even so, was intended less for Edward, King of England, than for Edward, "the royal good fellow," — who is a prodigious favorite with the Parisians because they know he is genuinely fond of Paris, and because they have the pleasantest recollections of the escapades of his much prolonged salad days. The bulk of the Nationalists held aloof from this reception; indeed, one of the Nationalist organs went to the length of issuing just before his visit a special number devoted entirely to an indignant exposition of the reasons why this visit should be resented by the French people.

The arbitration treaty is a Platonic affair, full of loopholes, a sort of toy, child's-play treaty, not to be mentioned in the same breath, for instance, with the arbitration treaties in force between certain South American states. Its adop-

tion was disapproved in France by a number of eminent citizens, not chauvinists, on the ground that a treaty of so little binding force was calculated to create a feeling of false security in the public mind.

At a time when every great power is playing the bully in one part of the world or another; when Russia and Japan are at war in the Orient (for the possession — or control — of territory which belongs, in equity, to neither); and when their respective allies, France and England, are liable to be drawn into the fight at any moment, the temptation to dwell on the value of arbitration treaties in general, and of the Anglo-French arbitration treaty in particular, is not strong. Rather the temptation is to belittle both unduly. It is just possible, however, that the restriction thus far of the Eastern conflict to the two original belligerents has been directly due to the existence of this Anglo-French treaty, the courteous restraint it has entailed having just sufficed to check precipitate action and allow time for the sober second thought. If this is really the case, its adoption is an achievement not to be treated flippantly even though the war pressure ultimately becomes too strong for it. Certain it is that the immediate intervention of both France and England in a Russo-Japanese war would have been well-nigh unavoidable had such a war broken out six months before this interchange of courtesies had occurred.

The visit of the King and Queen of Italy to Paris in October, and the conclusion between Italy and France of an arbitration treaty identical with the Anglo-French treaty, were the culmination of a series of friendly acts extending over a term of years. For this reason, and because it is based on sentiment as well as business interest, and is rather an occasion for expansion than for restraint, the Franco-Italian reconciliation offers more serious guarantees of stability than the reconciliation between England and

France. The French and Italian peoples were intended by nature to be friends. They are not constitutionally antipathetic, as are the French and English, and, unlike the French and English, they have more reasons (in spite of several definite past sins of omission and commission) to love than to hate each other.

The salient fact of the past year in French domestic politics has been the persistence of the Combes ministry in the Anti-clerical campaign inaugurated by the Waldeck-Rousseau ministry, its predecessor.

The avowed ultimate aim of the Anti-clerical party led by M. Combes is nothing less than a complete monopoly of education by the state, — a condition which would make it as illegal for any other agency than the government to fabricate scholars as it is for any other agency than the government to fabricate matches and coins.

The Anti-clerical party proposes to create, by the "laicization" of all instruction, "a laical spirit," "a laical conscience," — to borrow some of its pet catchwords, — that will "restore the intellectual and moral unity of France." To this end, it classes the monastic orders as "pure anachronisms," and holds the monks up to abhorrence or ridicule because they have "deliberately repudiated their social obligations and the responsibilities of marriage, thereby cutting themselves off from the family and society." It represents the Catholic Church as necessarily "incompatible with progress," as an intolerant and fanatical "adversary of liberty, of democracy, and of civilization;" refers deprecatingly to its "gross superstitions" and ominously to its "dark conspiracies;" characterizes its doctrines as "corrupting and pernicious, calculated to deform the intelligence of youth and pervert the French spirit;" and accuses it of being, in France, a troublesome and dangerous

foreign substance in the body politic, "a state within a state," "a Roman state in the French state," "a theocratic state in the democratic state."

In contradistinction, the Anti-clerical party presents itself as "an evangelist of enlightenment," "a defender of philosophic truth," "a liberator of intelligence," "an emancipator from the slavery of superstition and from the murk of obscurantism," "a protector of the child and of the people," "a savior of the rising generation" from "the contagion of error," "the inaugurator of the reign of Reason and Humanity" (capital R and capital H); as "the lineal descendant and vindicator of the Revolution," "the sole conservator of the true national tradition," "the sole guardian of the national interest," "the only sure friend of the Republic," "the bulwark of the cause of liberty, justice, and the *Patrie* against the clerical domination," "the champion predestined to set France free from the yoke of Rome," and "the sponsor of the France of the future."

All this is very fine in leading articles and parliamentary eloquence. The theory of the "Laical State" (*l'État Laïque*) is not without a certain grandeur as a theory of political and social unity. It is one of those large "general ideas" which have always possessed a peculiar fascination for Frenchmen, and which have been from time immemorial at once the glory and the bane of France; a fresh illustration of that French passion for unity and system which has produced a Louis XI, a Richelieu, a Mazarin, a Napoleon, a Revolution, a Commune, a Calvin, and an Auguste Comte. But, unfortunately for the practical application of this theory, and unfortunately for the public peace, unity, on one basis or another, is also the ideal of the most antagonistic elements in French politics, superstitious veneration for abstract ideas being common to them all. All the aggressive political groups (the Royalists, the Imperialists, the Radicals, the So-

cialists, and the Nationalists) clamor for unity in the name of, and along the lines of, their mutually exclusive creeds, and are straining toward it in the measure of their respective forces. All expound their claims to superiority as a unifying agency with similar, almost identical, high-sounding phrases, and support their positions with similar, almost identical, arguments. All pretend to be the only representatives of the genuine French tradition and the saviors of the *Patrie*. All would run the minds of all their compatriots in their own particular moulds, and all, if they could have their way, would expel or disfranchise, in the name of their particular unity, all those who proved recalcitrant to the moulding process.

Carried away by their excessive desire to make the heterogeneous homogeneous, the Anti-clericals show themselves curiously blind to the facts of French history and contemporary life, as well as curiously lacking in the sense of proportion, in asserting that modern France is the daughter of Free Thought and the Revolution, and has no kinship whatever with the church and the ancient régime; curiously wanting in discrimination in not distinguishing more carefully than they do between unity and uniformity, between hostility to a ministry and hostility to the Republic, and between Clericalism that endeavors to undermine the state and the religious devotion that occupies itself logically and legitimately with the training of Christian citizens; curiously obtuse in not sensing the humor of making a parliament a judge of philosophic truth and error; curiously narrow, not to say naïve, in assuming that the work of religion is done in the world, and that the era of pure reason has arrived; in considering the moral unity of a people dependent on its religious unity; above all, in fancying that, in our complex and groping modern civilization, any moral unity is possible — or desirable — which does not admit

diversity of intellect and temperament, and which does not make ample allowance for the relativity, the *vanity* even, of knowledge. And were such a doctrinaire moral unity possible, — and desirable, — a thousand times possible and desirable, — the Anti-clerical party, or any other party, would still be embarking in a dubious adventure in undertaking to establish it by force. The Procrustean method of securing conformity succeeds only by mutilating or destroying life.

In setting up an "orthodoxy of the state" and an official standard of progress, in utilizing the finances and the functionaries of the state for the propagation of its dogmas, and in appealing to the authority of the law to silence its antagonists, Anti-clericalism renders itself guilty of the very sins which it lays to the charge of Clericalism. Employed to-day by the Anti-clericals against the Catholics, such a procedure may logically be employed by others, to-morrow, against the Socialists, against the Jews, against trade-unions, against benefit orders and coöperative groups, against the Freemasons, against social settlements, against literary, philanthropic, and charitable societies, against women's clubs (imagine it!), against any race or sect, group or coterie whatsoever, no matter how colorless, that is suspected (with or without reason) of taking the slightest interest in public affairs.

The Combes ministry, which came into power in June, 1902, has so far outdone the Waldeck-Rousseau ministry in radicalism and sectarianism, — and this is saying a great deal, — that the latter appears a ministry of conservatism and tolerance in comparison. M. Combes has been so arbitrary in the interpretation, and so needlessly harsh and hasty in the execution, of the Waldeck-Rousseau law of 1901 against the Congregations, that M. Waldeck-Rousseau himself — here we should have the height

of the humorous if the situation were not an extremely grave one — has felt obliged to protest. M. Waldeck-Rousseau openly accuses his successor of "seeking to obtain from the law of 1901 results for which it was in no way intended," and of transforming, without warrant, what was designed simply as "a law of control" into a "law of exclusion;" and he entreats him to be more respectful of legal forms if he would not compromise hopelessly the results already obtained.

M. Combes and his lieutenants have, in truth, shown scant respect for legality in their enterprise of laicization. They have resorted to summary arrests, to the violation of property rights, to encroachments on the prerogatives of the communes, to the invalidation of elections, to dictatorial decrees and ordinances, to the stifling of free parliamentary examination and discussion, to the distorting of texts, and to the exhumation of obsolete statutes dating from the imperial régime. They have stooped to unworthy subterfuges, undignified quibbles, discourteous personalities, and petty persecutions. They have been guilty of bad faith. They have proposed and, when possible, passed retroactive laws and laws of exception, laws of confiscation and proscription, and laws putting outside the pale of the common law whole classes of citizens, by the creation of civil and political disabilities and personal incapacities. They have exerted official pressure amounting to intimidation on the employees of the civil service and even on the magistracy.

Three extraordinary things are to be noted in this connection: —

1. That concrete liberties — all the so-called fundamental liberties, in fact, with the possible exception of that of the press — are violated in the name of Liberty in the abstract; as if absolutism were any less absolutism when exercised in the interests of "moral unity" than when exercised in the interests of a sov-

ereign, and as if persecution were any less persecution when practiced in the name of Infallible Reason than when practiced in the name of an Infallible Church!

2. That tolerance is abrogated in the name of "the modern spirit," when, in reality, tolerance is the very essence of the modern spirit. The theory upon which French Anti-clericalism proceeds, that error has no rights which truth is bound to respect, is not a modern doctrine, but a doctrine of the autocratic régimes of the past, which never hesitated, "'for the good of their souls and the good of the Kingdom,' to tear the children of Protestants and Jews away from their parents, to be educated in the faith of the monarch," or to exclude the professors of "the so-called Reformed Religion" from office-holding privileges.

3. That the sentiments of a vast majority of the people are outraged, and their wishes overruled, by the vigorous and united action of a perfervid minority. "Neither art nor science is needed," says La Bruyère, "to practice tyranny." Had the author of the *Caractères* known M. Combes and the Third Republic, he would have modified his dictum, for the tyranny of M. Combes presupposes a phenomenal quantity and quality of both "art and science." Should M. Combes ever retire from office, — a supposition which seems at the present moment highly improbable, — he will make no mistake in devoting his hard-earned leisure to writing his confessions. The volume, which might well take for its title-page

M. COMBES, THE PERFECT TYRANT

or

THE CURIOUS APATHY OF A GREAT PEOPLE

An Autobiographical Study

Treating of the

TYRANNY OF DEMOCRACY

by an

EX-TYRANT

would be an invaluable contribution to the literature of democracy, and would stand every chance of becoming in good time as much of a classic, in its kind, as Machiavelli's Prince.

The immediate consequences of the Draconian régime of M. Combes (whatever fine and fair thing the ultimate result may prove to be) are nearly all deplorable.

It has provoked scenes of disorder in the Chamber of Deputies that would incline a person unfamiliar with the idiosyncrasies of French politicians to believe that the end of all things had come; and rioting accompanied by a certain amount of bloodshed in Paris and in a number of the Departments. It has equipped the Anti-Semites, the Anti-Protestants, and the Nationalists with new and formidable weapons by furnishing them with real grievances, and fulfilling their gloomiest forebodings and prophecies. It has exasperated the devout Catholics to the last degree, and has produced in many of the hitherto lukewarm Catholics the very devoutness which it deplores and aims to destroy. It has impelled the more far-seeing Protestants to make common cause with the Catholics against the Free Thought which would allow no freedom to religion if left unopposed. It has weakened the authority of France in several of her colonies, and complicated her diplomacy with European and Asiatic countries and with the Vatican by reason of her rôle of protector of the Catholic missions in the Orient, and has put her in an unfavorable light with Catholic populations all over the world. It has diminished the national wealth, and will involve, unavoidably, increased taxation.

But the worst result is the discrediting of the Republic, as such, in the very quarters where it is the most important it should retain or conciliate respect.

Royalist Brittany, which was just

ceasing to sulk, after years of picturesque allegiance to its "lost cause" of royalty, and was just beginning to feel itself an organic part of Republican France, has been thrown violently back to where it was a generation ago — or nearly that — by the fussiness, sacrilegiousness, and ferocity of the ministerial persecution to which it has been subjected during the past three years; and the same is true in a greater or less degree of other half-reconciled provinces with royalist leanings. Alsace-Lorraine (by whose secret loyalty to France Frenchmen set such store), at any rate the Catholic part of it, has been given good cause at last to congratulate itself on its forcible separation from the mother country, since it escapes thereby an irritating religious oppression. The neutrals in French politics, who are indifferent as to whether the government is republican or monarchic in form, so that it governs liberally and well, are being rapidly alienated from the present republican government by reason of the cavalier fashion in which it has latterly conducted itself. Finally, not a few veteran Republicans to whom the Republic represented at its founding "the reign of virtue, of justice, of liberty, of equality, of fraternity," have been sadly disillusionized by the turn events have taken, and are beginning to query whether a republic that, after thirty years of existence, can only be maintained by the destruction of the liberties for which a republic is supposed to stand, is really worth maintaining.

If the upshot of it all should be the complete separation of church and state in France, as some predict, the unlovely mediæval intolerance of the present hour would almost have redeemed itself. "Separation" alone seems capable of putting an end to the "bloodless civil war" (*la guerre civile morale*) that is sapping the vitality and dissipating the energy of the nation. Permanent religious and social peace can never be had under the present hybrid system of sub-

sidized churches (Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish) subject to partial state control, and the only remaining alternatives of a State Religion and a State Irreligion are alike abominable and despotic, and are not to be considered.

The separation idea was given a more than respectable vote in the Chamber, last June, and several separation projects are now in the hands of a special parliamentary commission. The Catholic bishops are almost unanimously opposed to separation because they fear that without the protection afforded by the Concordat, the regular clergy would be dealt with in the same high-handed fashion as the members of the religious orders, and because it would take from the church its principal financial support; and, for the latter reason, a majority of the Protestant consistories likewise disapprove it. A goodly number of the Anti-clericals regard it askance because it would deprive them, at one and the same time, of an exquisite pleasure (that of bullying and disciplining the clergy) and of their principal political capital. The moderates are inclined to distrust it as they do every measure of bold initiative. Nevertheless, the separatist movement is making rapid headway in all the political camps. There are signs that M. Combes, who, though favorable to separation in principle, has so far scrupulously avoided taking an irrevocable position on the question as a ministerial policy, has a separation project up his sleeve, so to speak, and will one of these days annex it to his official programme. In this case, since M. Combes succeeds (by hook or by crook) in doing what he sets out to do, separation will be assured.

We shall see what we shall see, but time must be reckoned with; for, as M. Combes himself has more than once sagaciously pointed out, the severance of the church from the state in a country as old as France is too gigantic an undertaking to be accomplished in a day.

It should be explained in fairness (and the writer has not the shadow of a motive to be other than fair) that the Anti-clericalism of the period is not entirely gratuitous, not absolutely without provocation. Unquestionably the Anti-clerical lends too ready an ear to calumnies against the church, and exaggerates, by giving his fancy too free a rein, the machinations of the clergy; but he is not fighting a purely imaginary adversary, a simple man of straw. Clericalism, that is to say a movement "that trespasses, in the name of the Christian faith, on the domain of politics, and that, under the cover of religion, menaces the tranquillity of the state," does exist. It is not a myth. Monks, priests, and prelates are to be found in every part of France who have cast in their lot, in spite of the sage counsels of Leo XIII, with reactionary policies and politics.

It is quite possible that the monastic orders, especially the commercial ones, have been acquiring a disproportionate part of the national fortune, — though the figures adduced to prove it are not very convincing, — and that their riches have been turned systematically into the election coffers of the Reaction. It is quite possible, also, that unworthy priests, who have taken shameful advantage of their pious garb and their confidential offices to commit gross immoralities and even common law crimes, have escaped punishment through their affiliations with reactionary politicians.

It is probably true that the army officers who received their early education in the church schools have been advanced more rapidly than those who received their early education elsewhere, while the flat refusal of at least two of them to participate in the execution of the Congregations' Law lends color to the current charges of collusion between the church and the army.

It is certain that a portion of the clergy engaged more actively in the Anti-Dreyfus agitation than was strictly con-

sistent with their priestly obligations and functions; that a number of journals, Catholic at least in name (notably *La Croix*, one of the yellowest of yellow sheets), have been aggressively Anti-Republican, and that so many zealous Catholics have either participated in or condoned the excesses of Anti-Semitism, Anti-Protestantism, and Nationalism, that these disturbing crusades have come to be classed as, primarily, Catholic movements.

Furthermore, an ill-advised minority of the unauthorized Congregations refused to apply for the legal authorization which, for the matter of that, the ministry had determined in advance should not be granted. A relatively small proportion of the monks and nuns resisted the application of the law of 1901 and the decrees and ordinances issued to supplement it; others, there is much reason to believe, evaded it by fraudulent secularizations. A few prelates, indignant at the high-handed fashion in which this law was enforced, manifested publicly their hostility to the ministerial policy, and exhorted the priests and laymen of their jurisdictions to throw themselves into anti-ministerial politics, — which they did in a highly offensive manner during the campaign preceding the last general election. The Bishop of La Rochelle counseled a boycott of the traders friendly to the ministry, and the Bishop of Tréguier made a narrow and stupid protest against the erection of a statue to Renan in his diocese. A few priests joined the non-resistance movement of Edouard Drumont, to the extent of urging their parishioners to refuse to pay their taxes, and the priests of Brittany paid none too much heed to the extraordinary order forbidding them to teach the Catechism in the Breton language. The secularized monks who preached the Lenten courses last spring, in defiance of a ministerial prohibition, were, in many cases, more intent on berating the ministry than on

inculcating the observance of the Lenten season.

Do such facts seriously threaten the Republic? It hardly seems so to the unprejudiced observer, especially as most of them can be traced directly to a natural, if unphilosophic, anger under the stress of persecution. The Anti-clericals, however, believe (or pretend to believe) that they do threaten it. One more candid than his fellows will occasionally be found who confesses that the conduct of the Anti-clerical ministry has been arbitrary and despotic, but even he justifies it on the ground that the very existence of the Republic is at stake. According to him the ministerial persecution, so-called, is a gesture not of aggression, but of simple defense. It is a life-and-death matter, he swears, and summary procedure is absolutely necessary to save the state. The law of self-defense overrides every other consideration, of course, in public as in private matters, and to such an asseveration no answer can be made.

In this lofty character of defender of the Public Safety the Anti-clerical is unassailable, no doubt. Still, it is difficult to repress a smile when one counts up the number of times within the last thirty-five years the Republic has been "saved" (the incorrigible back-slider!) by different parties and coalitions of parties, if their own word is to be taken. It is impossible to forget that this law of Public Safety has often been made political capital of (by at least two highly dissimilar ministries, for instance, during the course of the Dreyfus Affair), that it has been invoked again and again to pass a pet measure, to keep a ministry in power, or to banish or imprison troublesome political adversaries about whose essential patriotism there was not the shadow of a doubt; and that it is in the name of this same Public Safety, to put the case even more strongly, that most of the great public crimes of French history have been committed.

The present fierce outburst of Anti-clericalism is, in one sense, a reprisal for an antecedent Clericalism that participated in the fanatical violence of Nationalism, Anti-Semitism, and Anti-Protestantism; but this antecedent Clericalism was also, in one sense, a reprisal for a still earlier Anti-clericalism, and so on, back to the Revolution and beyond. No one can say with certainty which of the two hostile forces now face to face committed the first wrong. Nor does it much matter. In this respect, the situation is as broad as it is long. If it is probable that, without the Clericalism of yesterday, France would not be suffering to-day from the insolent triumph of Anti-clericalism, it is equally probable that, without the Anti-clericalism of day before yesterday, she would not have suffered yesterday from the extreme manifestations of clerical Nationalism, Anti-Semitism, and Anti-Protestantism.

Clericalism and Jacobinism are, alas, perennial in France, and those who see in the war against the Congregations a simple corollary to the Dreyfus Affair have read history to little purpose. The passions roused by that affair may be the immediate occasion of the dramatic out-cropping of Jacobinism at this particular time. But the Dreyfus Affair itself was only a phase of the venerable and irrepressible conflict between intolerant religion and equally intolerant Free Thought, between Clericalism and Jacobinism, between the dogmatically reactionary and the dogmatically radical elements of the nation, each determined to impose an artificial unity by making society over in its own image. The phenomenal virulence of the Dreyfus Affair was the sum of the rancors accumulated in ancestral struggles.

"We are an old nation," said M. Waldeck-Rousseau in his all too tardy plea for patience and moderation; "we have a long history; we are attached to the past by the deepest roots, and even those

roots which we have reason to suppose dried up still retain a sensibility which the slightest wound revives, and which communicates itself to the entire organism." This should be constantly borne in mind by every student of the Anti-clerical agitation, and had M. Waldeck-Rousseau himself not temporarily forgotten it, it is doubtful whether he would have assumed the awful responsibility of inflicting a "wound." It is only in the light of the history of many centuries that the renaissance of Jacobinism in the France of the twentieth century can be even approximately comprehended, and it is in the light of history yet to be made that it must be finally judged.

Under almost any other circumstances than those created by the application and perfection of the Congregations' legislation, two such sensational, if grotesque, events as the trial of the Humberts and the filibustering expedition of Jacques I, Emperor of the Sahara, would have created no small public commotion; thanks to the aggressiveness of Anti-clericalism, they passed relatively unnoticed. Thanks to it, also (as well as to a sort of apathy in the public Dreyfus-ward, induced by extreme fatigue), the reopening and second revision of the Dreyfus Affair have caused scarcely a ripple of excitement; nor are they likely to if the Affair can be kept in the courts, — where it always belonged, — and out of the Chamber, — where it should never have been allowed to enter.

Under other circumstances, likewise, the public would have shown more interest than it has in the expulsion from the Socialist organization of the Socialist leader, Millerand, because of his impenitent opportunism; in the introduction into the Chamber of a resolution in favor of disarmament; and in the discussions of the projects of law for the pensioning of old age, for the reduction of the term of military service from three years to two years, and

for the purchase of the railways by the state.

The Anti-clerical legislation has not only overshadowed all other legislation, but it has served in more than one instance — wherein lies its true subtlety, perhaps — to prevent it or delay it, to "head it off," as we say in New England; and for this it is entitled to the gratitude of some of its bitterest adversaries. "It is a sure and ancient policy," says La Bruyère, "to let the people fall asleep in fêtes, in spectacles, in luxury, in pomps, in pleasures, in vanity; to let it fill itself with emptiness and savor bagatelles." The modern policy as practiced by M. Combes (and M. Waldeck-Rousseau before him) toward the Socialists, upon whom his tenure of office depends, is analogous to this ancient one. It consists in keeping them so gorged — and drowsy — with Anti-clericalism, which is one of their casual prejudices rather than one of their essential principles, that they neglect to insist on the application of these essential principles. M. Combes has practiced this policy with such consummate cunning that he has succeeded not only in refusing them with impunity the measures called for by their doctrines, but also in forcing them to vote more than one measure in direct violation of their doctrines. In the absence of proof to the contrary, he should be given credit for sincerity in his work of reform; but if his motives were purely political, and he had no higher ambition than to maintain himself in power, he could not have adopted a surer method. And just as long as the supply of Anti-clerical sops holds out the method is bound to work.

Nearly every department of the community life has been more or less influenced by the general preoccupation with the issues of Anti-clericalism, as it was a few years ago by the general preoccupation with the issues of the Dreyfus Affair. In the field of letters this influence has

been especially pronounced. Jules Lemaitre and Anatole France, both masters of gentle irony, amiable mockery, and polite skepticism, the two most typical dilettanti authors of their time, perhaps, have both abjured this distinguished dilettanteism (the former in the interests of Nationalism, the latter in the interests of Anti-clericalism) for vulgar political polemics and pamphleteering. François Coppée's naïve, unctuous participation in Edouard Drumont's anti-tax-paying crusade a couple of seasons back made him the laughing-stock of France. Coppée has not counted in a literary way, has been a very literary zero without a rim, in fact, since he has taken to haranguing the multitude in the name of the church.

Paul Bourget, having exhausted the psychology of the alcove, has also become an apostle of the church—with not altogether unhappy results. Maurice Barrès has found in Nationalism a new domain for his shadowy ego to cavort in, and in the cult of “the soil and the dead” (*la terre et les morts*) the new formula which he must have periodically, or perish. His sombre, foggy talent could hardly, for the moment, be better employed. Charles Maurras, who promised to become one of the virile, creative artists of his generation, has dropped into the category of the incisive pamphleteers since he went over body and soul to the Reaction. Laurent Tailhade, who used to delight in chiseling exquisite verses, now finds his chief delight in insulting the brave souls of Brittany. Henri Bérenger and Victor Charbonnel, both able scholars and thinkers, and both leaders in the movement for the establishment of *Universités Populaires*, seem to have lost their heads completely. Not content with exerting themselves against Clericalism through the columns of their journals, *La Raison* and *L'Action*, they have led Anti-clerical mobs in assaults upon religious processions and in the invasion and desecra-

tion of churches during the celebration of the mass.

The unveiling of the statue of Renan at Tréguier, which should have been a purely literary event, was made to serve the politics of persecution, whereby unpardonable violence was done to the memory of the sweet-tempered philosopher who was nothing if not an apostle of tolerance.

The election to the Academy of René Bazin, author of a number of strong and pure romances of provincial life, was generally sneered at by the Anti-clerical press, because Bazin chances to be a professor in a Catholic university; and the proposed appointment of Ferdinand Brunetière to the chair of literature at the Collège de France, as successor of Emile Deschanel, is being fiercely opposed because, forsooth, M. Brunetière is an apologist of the church.

The books of the year which have caused the most talk are books not proper to literature that have some bearing, direct or indirect, on the political situation. Such are M. Combes' *Campagne Laïque* (Introduction by Anatole France) and Jules Payot's *Cours de Morale*, announced as “a handbook of laical morality, containing a system of morals solidly based on the general results of contemporary science, and indispensable to a purely rational moral education.” The political situation has inspired a number of calm, dignified, and scholarly works on the relations of modern science to morality, the most notable of which is M. Gabriel Seailles' *Les Affirmations de la Conscience Moderne*; also several scholarly studies of ecclesiastical history and temperate considerations of the problems involved in the separation of church and state.

Fiction, contrary to the general impression outside of France, forms a much smaller proportion of the publishing output of France than of England or America. In history and the philosophy of history, in philosophy, in ethics,

in biography, in æsthetics, in archæology, in anthropology, in sociology and social geography, in political economy, in philology, in criticism, and in the specialized sciences, many works have appeared the past year, as every year, that would deserve extended notice did the scope of this article permit. In poetry and in fiction, also, the year has been, all things considered, an average one.

A curious tendency of the literary year has been the widespread interest taken in the French translations of the works of President Roosevelt and Andrew Carnegie, and in several other books on America by Americans and Frenchmen. French curiosity regarding American life is almost limitless at the present moment. America is distinctly the mode to-day, as England was at the time when Edmond Demolins published his *Anglo-Saxon Superiority*. This admiration for the American way of doing things, particularly in industry and commerce, corresponds with an effort for the rehabilitation of France commercially and industrially. Evidently the campaign carried on these latter years by the so-called Professors of Energy in France has accomplished something.

The most noteworthy feature of the theatrical year (in the regrettable absence of any new dramatic form or transcendent drama) has been a sudden and striking acceleration of the movement for giving French and foreign classics and the successes of the fashionable theatres to the dwellers in the working districts. The announcements of an average week of the busy season in Paris show fourteen theatres giving twenty-four pieces that may be rated without over-indulgence as literature. The number of working-faubourg theatres giving high-class literary drama has increased amazingly within a single twelvemonth; while various organizations have devoted themselves assiduously to the work of carrying dramatic art to the people.

Through the agency of the *Trente Ans de Théâtre*, for example, the company of the *Comédie Française* has given performances of Racine, Molière, etc. (accompanied by explanatory lectures), to wildly enthusiastic houses in all the industrial quarters of Paris, and the annual report of the society reveals the significant fact that the attendance on the classic performances of the troupe in the home theatre has been increased thereby instead of diminished, as it was feared would be the case.

The opening of an Autumn Salon, *Le Salon d'Automne*, was the distinguishing event of the year 1903 in art. This Salon, which has been long needed and long promised, is designed to create a second art season in the year; in other words, to do for the art work of the summer what the spring Salons do for that of the winter. It is a logical and necessary result of the increase of the habit of painting pictures to their finish in the open air, as distinguished from the old studio method of painting. It will welcome for a time, probably, a good many of the younger and more daring men who have been prevented from exposing in either of the spring Salons by the extreme academicism of the one and the close-corporation spirit of the other. It is not, however, a salon of revolt in the sense in which the *Champ de Mars* and the *Salon des Indépendants* were salons of revolt in their origins. Most of its charter members have been in the habit of exhibiting, and will continue to exhibit, in the old Salons which the new Salon is intended to supplement rather than antagonize. The art colony of Paris is forced to seek incessantly fresh outlets for its enormous overproduction, much as the crowded nations of Europe are forced to seek incessantly fresh outlets for the surplus products of their workshops. Such an outlet the artists of Paris find in the Autumn Salon. Since it comes at a season when

there is a distinct dearth of art events in Paris, the public seems inclined to take kindly to it. Its first exhibition (judged as a first exhibition) was highly creditable in almost every respect.

The splendid scientific activity of France has been more than ordinarily fruitful the past year in tangible results. The awarding of the Nobel Prize in physics to M. and Mme. Curie and M. Becquerel (for their researches regarding radium) called attention to a series of discoveries which seem destined to revolutionize what have been considered the fundamental laws of matter up to the present. The entire civilized world was dazzled thereby, and in France for a few short days every other public interest, even Anti-clericalism, was thrust into the background. Latterly, M. Curie has proved that helium can be produced from radium, M. d'Arsonval has recorded a number of interesting observations regarding radio-activity, and M. Darier has presented to the Academy of Medicine a suggestive if inconclusive report upon radium as an alleviator of pain.

M. Blondlot of Nancy has announced to the Academy of Sciences the discovery of a new species of radio-activity, to the manifestations of which he has given the name of N-rays (*les Rayons N*), and M. Charpentier, also of Nancy,

claims to have established that these N-rays are emitted by man and by animals.

The original work of M. Edouard Branly in connection with wireless telegraphy is none the less valuable intrinsically for being eclipsed by that of Signor Marconi upon the same subject, and this fact has been fittingly recognized by dividing between him and Mme. Curie the Osiris Prize.

In applied science the year has been marked by a decided increase in the industrial utilization of alcohol and acetylene, and by sensible advances, along the lines of the three principal theories of aerostation, toward the solution of the problem of aerial navigation, M. Lebaudy in particular, with his famous airship *Le Jaune*, having proven himself a worthy rival of M. Santos-Dumont.

The brilliant achievements of the remarkable group of bacteriologists at the Pasteur Institute have been materially increased, particularly by the demonstrations of MM. Roux and Metchnikoff. M. Marmorek (the discoverer — in 1893 — of a valuable anti-streptococcic serum) has conducted experiments that have revealed important new facts regarding the nature and action of the germ of tuberculosis, and has succeeded in preparing an anti-tuberculosis serum from which he has obtained positive if not as yet absolutely decisive results.

Alvan F. Sanborn.

AN HOUR WITH OUR PREJUDICES.

WE may compare the human mind to a city. It has its streets, its places of business and amusement, its citizens of every degree. When one person is introduced to another it is as if the warder drew back the bolts, and the gates were thrown open. If he comes well recommended he is given the freedom of the

city. In the exercise of this freedom, however, the stranger should show due caution.

There is usually a new quarter. Here the streets are well lighted and policed, the crowds are cosmopolitan, and the tourist who wanders about looking in the shop windows is sure of a civil reply to

his questions. There is no danger of highway robbers, though of course one may be taken in by confidence men. But if he be of an inquiring mind and a lover of the picturesque, he is not satisfied with this. After all, the new quarters are very much alike, and one tires after a while of shop windows. The visitor longs to explore the old town, with its winding ways, with its overhanging houses, and its mild suggestions of decay.

But in the mental city the lover of the picturesque must remember that he carries his life in his hands. It is not safe to say to a casual acquaintance, "Now I have a fair idea of that part of your mind which is like that of any other decently educated person. I have seen all the spick and span show places, and admired all the modern improvements. Where are your ruins? I should like to poke around a while in the more dilapidated section of your intellect."

Ah, but that is the Forbidden City. It is inhabited, not by orderly citizens under the rule of Right Reason, but by a lawless crowd known as the Prejudices. They are of all sorts and conditions. Some are of aristocratic lineage. They come from a long line of hereditary chiefs, who, as their henchmen have deserted them, have retreated into their crumbling strongholds. Some are bold, roistering blades who will not stand a question; dangerous fellows, these, to meet in the dark! The majority, perhaps, are harmless folk, against whom the worst that can be said is that they have a knack of living without visible means of support.

A knowledge of human nature, as distinguished from a knowledge of moral philosophy, is a perception of the important part played by instinctive likes and dislikes, by perverse antipathies, by odd ends of thought, by conclusions which have got helplessly detached from their premises, if they ever had any. The formal philosopher, judging others

by himself, works on the assumption that man is naturally a reasoning animal, whereas experience teaches that the craving for the reasonable is an acquired taste.

Of course we all have reasons for our opinions, — plenty of them! But in the majority of cases they stand not as antecedents, but as consequents. There is a reversal of the rational order like that involved in Dr. Hale's pleasant conceit of the young people who adopted a grandmother. In spite of what intellectual persons say, I do not see how we can get along without prejudices. A prejudice is defined as "an opinion or decision formed without due examination of the facts or arguments which are necessary to a just and impartial determination." Now, it takes a good deal of time to make a due examination of facts and arguments, even in regard to a small matter. In the meantime our minds would be sadly unfurnished. If we are to make a fair show in the world, we must get our mental furniture when we set up housekeeping, and pay for it on the installment plan.

Instead of taking a pharisaic attitude toward our neighbor's prejudices, it is better to cultivate a wise tolerance, knowing that human intercourse is dependent on the art of making allowances. This is consistent with perfect honesty. There is always something to admire if the critic is sufficiently discriminating. When you are shown a bit of picturesque dilapidation, it is quite possible to enjoy it. Said the Hebrew sage: "I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and, lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down. Then I saw, and considered it well: I looked upon it, and received instruction."

His point of view was that of a moralist. Had he also been a bit of an artist the sight of the old wall with its tangle

of flowering briars would have had still further interest.

When one's intellectually slothful neighbor points with pride to portions of his untilled fields, we must not be too hard upon him. We also have patches of our own that are more picturesque than useful. Even if we ourselves are diligent husbandmen, making ceaseless war on weeds and vermin, there are times of relenting. Have you never felt a tenderness when the ploughshare of criticism turned up a prejudice of your own? You had no heart to harm the

Wee sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie.

It could not give a good account of itself. It had been so long snugly enshrouded that it blinked helplessly in the garish light. Its

wee bit housie, too, in ruins!
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin'!
And naething now to big a new ane.

You would have been very angry if any one had trampled upon it.

This is the peculiarity about a prejudice. It is very appealing to the person who holds it. A man is seldom offended by an attack on his reasoned judgments. They are supported by evidence and can shift for themselves. Not so with a prejudice. It belongs not to the universal order; it is his very own. All the chivalry of his nature is enlisted in its behalf. He is, perhaps, its only defense against the facts of an unfriendly world.

We cannot get along without making allowances for these idiosyncrasies of judgment. Conversation is impossible where each person insists on going back, all the time, to first principles, and testing everything by an absolute standard. With a person who is incapable of changing his point of view we cannot converse; we can only listen and protest. We are in the position of one who, conscious of the justice of his cause, attempts to carry on a discussion over the telephone with "Central." He only hears an inhuman buzzing sound indicating

that the line is busy. There is nothing to do but to "hang up the 'phone."

When a disputed question is introduced, one may determine the true conversationalist by applying the method of Solomon. Let it be proposed to divide the subject so that each may have his own. Your eager disputant will be satisfied, your genial talker is aghast at the proposition, for he realizes that it would kill the conversation. Instead of holding his own, he awaits developments. He is in a mood which can be satisfied with something less than a final judgment. It is not necessary that his friend's opinions should be just; it is sufficient that they are characteristic. Whatever turn the talk may take, he preserves an easy temper. He is a heresy hunter,—not the grim kind who go hunting with a gun; he carries only a camera. If he stirs up a strange doctrine he does not care to destroy it. When he gets a snap-shot at human nature he says,—

Those things do best please me
That befall preposterously.

An English gentleman relates a conversation he had with Prince Bismarck. The prince was inclined to take a pessimistic view of the English people. He thought that there was a degeneration in the race, which he attributed to the growing habit of drinking water. "Not that he believed that there was any particular virtue *per se* inherent in alcoholic drink; but he was sorry to hear that the old 'three bottle men' were dying out and leaving no successors. He had a suspicion that it meant shrinkage in those qualities of the English which had made them what they were in the past, and for which he had always felt a sincere admiration."

It would have been very easy to drift into debate over this proposition. The English gentleman, however, defended his countrymen more diplomatically. "I replied that with regard to the water-drinking proclivities of my countrymen there was a good deal of calumny con-

nected with the story. It is true that a certain section of English society has indeed taken to water as a beverage. But to argue therefrom that the English people have become addicted to water would be to draw premature conclusions from insufficient data. In this way I was able to calm Prince Bismarck's fears in regard to what the future might bring forth, and our conversation reverted to Royalty."

Each nation has its own set of preconceptions. We must take them altogether, or not at all. They are as compact and as natural a growth as the concentric layers of an onion. Here is a sentence from Max Müller's Autobiography, thrown out quite incidentally. He has been telling how strange it seemed, when first coming to Oxford, to find that the students got along without dueling. Fighting with swords seemed to him the normal method of developing manliness, though he adds that in the German universities "pistol duels are generally preferred by theological students because they cannot easily get a living if the face is scarred all over."

This remark must be taken as one would take a slice of the national onion. One assumption fits into another. To an Englishman or an American there is an incongruity that approaches the grotesque, — because our prejudices are different. It all becomes a matter-of-fact statement when we make the proper assumptions in regard to dueling in general and theological duels in particular. Assuming that it is necessary for theological students to fight duels, and that the congregations are prejudiced against ministers whose faces have been slashed by swords, what is left for the poor theologues but pistols? Their method may seem more dangerous than that adopted by laymen, but Max Müller explains that the danger is chiefly to the seconds.

Individual peculiarities must be taken into account in the same way. Prince Bismarck, in dining with the Emperor,

inquired the name of the brand of champagne, which proved to be a cheap German article. "The Emperor explained, 'I drink it from motives of economy, as I have a large family; then again I drink it from patriotic motives.' Thereupon I said to the Emperor, 'With me, your Majesty, patriotism stops short in the region of my stomach.'"

It is evident that here was a difference not to be arbitrated by reason. If the Emperor could not understand the gastronomic limitations to the Chancellor's patriotism, neither could the Chancellor enter into the Emperor's anxieties, as he economized for the sake of his large family.

One cannot but wonder at the temerity of a person who plunges into conversation with a stranger without any preliminary scouting or making sure of a line of retreat. Ordinary prudence would suggest that the first advances should be only in the nature of a reconnaissance in force. You may have very decided prejudices of your own, but it is not certain that they will fraternize with those of your new acquaintance. There is danger of falling into an ambush. There are painful occasions when we remember the wisdom of the Son of Sirach, — "Many have fallen by the edge of the sword, but not so many as have fallen by the tongue." The mischief of it is that the most kindly intent will not save us. The path of the lover of mankind is beset by difficulties for which he is not prepared. There are so many antagonisms that are unpredictable.

When Nehemiah came to rebuild the walls of Jerusalem he remarked grimly, "When Sanballat the Horonite, and Tobiah the servant, the Ammonite, heard of it, it grieved them exceedingly that there was come a man to seek the welfare of the children of Israel;" and the trouble was that a large number of the children of Israel themselves seem to have resented the interference with their habitual misfortunes. The experience of Ne-

hemiah is that of most reformers. One would suppose that the person who aims at the greatest good for the greatest number would be greeted with instant applause. The difficulty is that the greatest good is just what the greatest number will not tolerate. One does not need to believe in human depravity to recognize the prejudice which most persons have against anything which is proposed as good for them. The most successful philanthropists are those who most skillfully conceal their benevolent intent.

In Coleman's *Life of Charles Reade* there is a paragraph which gives us a glimpse of a prejudice that has resisted the efforts of the most learned men to eradicate it. An incident is there recorded that took place when Reade was a fellow in Magdalen College. "Just as I was about to terminate my term of office (I hope with credit to myself and the 'Varsity) an untoward incident occurred which embittered my relations for life with two very distinguished men. Professor Goldwin Smith and his friend John Conington, who belonged to us, had attempted to inaugurate a debating society. A handful of unmannerly young cubs, resenting the attempt to teach them political economy, ducked poor Conington under the college pump."

"Resenting the attempt to teach them political economy!" — What is the source of that resentment? What psychologist has fathomed the abyss of the dark prejudice which the natural man has against those who would improve his mind? It is a feud which reaches back into hoar antiquity. Doubtless the accumulated grievances of generations of schoolboys have intensified the feud, but no amelioration of educational methods has put an end to it. In the most successful teacher you may detect a nervous strain like that which the trainer of wild beasts in the arena undergoes. His is a perilous position, and every faculty must be on the alert to hold the momen-

tary ascendancy. A single false motion, and the unmannerly young cubs would be upon their victim.

Must we not confess that this irrational resentment against our intellectual benefactors survives, in spite of all discipline, into mature life? We may enlarge the area of our teachableness, but there are certain subjects in regard to which we do not care to be set right. The polite conventionality according to which a person is supposed to know his own business is an evidence of his sensitive-ness. Of course the assumption is not justified by facts. A man's own business is just the thing he is conscious of not knowing, and he would give anything in a quiet way to find out. Yet when a candid friend ventures to instruct him, the old irrational resentment flashes out. What we call tact is the ability to find before it is too late what it is that our friends do not desire to learn from us. It is the art of withholding, on proper occasions, information which we are quite sure would be good for them.

The prejudice against our intellectual superiors, which leads us to take their well-meant endeavors in our behalf as of the nature of personal insults, is matched by the equally irrational repulsion which many superior people have for their inferiors. Nothing can be more illogical than the attitude of these gifted ones who use their gifts as bludgeons with which to belabor the rest of us. When we read the writings of men who have a stimulating sense of their own genius, we are struck by their nervous irritability whenever they mention "mediocrity." The greater number of the quarrels of the authors, which the elder Disraeli chronicled, arose from the fact that the authors had the habit of accusing one another of this vice. One would suppose mediocrity to be the sum of all villainies, and that the mediocre man was continually plotting in the night watches against the innocent man of genius; and yet what has the mediocre man done to

deserve this detestation? Poor fellow, he has no malice in him! His mediocrity is only an afterthought. He has done his level best; his misfortune is that several million of his fellow men have done as well.

The superior man, especially if his eminence be accidental, is likely to get a false notion of those who stand on the level below him. The biographer of an English dignitary says that the subject of his memoir was not really haughty, but "he was apt to be prejudiced against any one who seemed to be afraid of him." This is a not uncommon kind of prejudice; and in nine cases out of ten it is unfounded. The great man should remember that most of those whose manners seem unduly respectful mean nothing personal.

As great Pompey passes through the streets of Rome, he may be pardoned for thinking meanly of the people. They appear to be a subservient lot, with no proper interests of their own, their happiness dependent on his passing smile, — and he knows how little that is worth. He sees them at a disadvantage. Let him leave his triumphal chariot, and, in the guise of Third Citizen, fall into friendly chat with First Citizen and Second Citizen, and his prejudices will be corrected. He will find that these worthy men have a much more independent and self-respecting point of view than he had thought possible. They are out for a holiday; they are critics of a spectacle, easily pleased, they will admit; but if no one except Pompey is to be seen to-day, why not make the most of him? Pompey or Cæsar, it matters not; "the play's the thing."

The origin of some of our prejudices must be sought in the childhood of the race. There are certain opinions which have come down from the cave dwellers without revision. They probably at one time had reasons to justify them, though we have no idea what they were. There

are others, which seem equally ancient, which originated in the forgotten experiences of our own childhood. The prehistoric age of myth and fable does not lie far behind any one of us. It is as if Gulliver had been educated in Lilliput, and, while he had grown in stature, had never quite emancipated himself from the Lilliputian point of view. The great hulking fellow is always awkwardly trying to look up at things which he has actually outgrown. He tries to make himself believe that his early world was as big as it seemed. Sometimes he succeeds in his endeavors, and the result is a curious inversion of values.

Mr. Morley, in speaking of Lord Palmerston's foreign policy, says: "The Sultan's ability to speak French was one of the odd reasons why Lord Palmerston was sanguine of Turkish civilization." This association of ideas in the mind of the Prime Minister does seem odd till we remember that before Lord Palmerston was in the cabinet he was in the nursery. The fugitive impressions of early childhood reappear in many curious shapes. Who would be so hard-hearted as to exorcise these guiltless ghosts.

Sometimes, in reopening an old book over which long ago we had dreamed, we come upon the innocent source of some of our long-cherished opinions. Such discovery I made in the old Family Bible when opening at the pages inserted by the publisher between the Old Testament and the Apocrypha. On many a Sunday afternoon my stated hour of Bible reading was diversified by excursions into these uncanonical pages. There was a sense of stolen pleasure in the heap of miscellaneous secularities. It was like finding under the church roof a garret in which one might rummage at will. Here were tables of weights and measures, explanations about shekels, suggestions in regard to the probable length of a cubit, curious calculations as to the number of times the word "and" occurred in the Bible. Here, also, was a mysterious

“Table of Offices and Conditions of Men.”

I am sure that my scheme of admirations, my conception of the different varieties of human grandeur, has been colored by that Table of Offices and Conditions of Men. It was my Social Register and Burke's Peerage and Who's Who? all in one. It was a formidable list, beginning with the patriarchs, and ending with the deacons. The dignity of the deacon I already knew, for my uncle was one, but his function was vastly exalted when I thought of him in connection with the mysterious personages who went before. There was the “Tirshatha, a governor appointed by the kings of Assyria,” — evidently a very great man. Then there were the “Nethinims, whose duty it was to draw water and to cleave wood.” When I was called upon to perform similar services I ventured to think that I myself, had I lived in better days, might have been recognized as a sort of Nethinim.

Here, also, I learned the exact age of the world, not announced arbitrarily, but with the several items all set down, so that I might have verified them for myself, had I been mathematically gifted. “The whole sum and number of years from the beginning of the world unto the present year of our Lord 1815 is 5789 years, six months, and the said odd ten days.” I have no prejudice in favor of retaining that chronology as far as the thousands are concerned. Five thousand years is one way of saying it was a very long time. If the geologists prefer to convey the same idea by calling it millions, I am content; but I should hate to give up the “odd ten days.”

From the same Table of Offices and Conditions I imbibed my earliest philosophical prejudices; for there I learned the difference between the Stoics and Epicureans.

The Stoics were described succinctly as “those who denied the liberty of the will.” Just what this might mean

was not clear, but it had an ugly sound. The Stoics were evidently contentious persons. On the other hand, all that was revealed concerning the Epicureans was that they “placed all happiness in pleasure.” This seemed an eminently sensible idea. I could not but be favorably disposed toward people who managed to get happiness out of their pleasures.

To the excessive brevity of these definitions I doubtless owe an erroneous impression concerning that ancient, and now almost extinct, people, the Samaritans. The name has had to me a suggestion of a sinister kind of scholarship; as if the Samaritans had been connected with some of the black arts. Yet I know nothing in their history to justify this impression. The source of the error was revealed when I turned again to the Table of Offices and Conditions of Men and read once more, “Samaritans, mongrel professors, half heathen and half Jew.” How was I to know that the reference was to professors of religion, and not to professors of the arts and sciences?

As there are prejudices which begin in verbal misunderstandings, so there are those which are nourished by the accidental collocation of words. A noun is known by the adjectives it keeps. When we hear of dull conservatism, rabid radicalism, selfish culture, timid piety, smug respectability, we receive unfavorable impressions. We do not always stop to consider that all that is objectionable really inheres in the qualifying words. In a well-regulated mind, after every such verbal turn there should be a call to change partners. Let every noun take a new adjective, and every verb a new adverb.

Clever Bohemians, having heard so much of smug respectability, take a dislike to respectability. But some of the smuggest persons are not respectable at all, — far from it! Serenely satisfied with their own irresponsibility, they look

patronizingly upon the struggling world that owes them a living. I remember a visit from one of these gentry. He called to indicate his willingness to gratify my charitable impulses by accepting from me a small loan. If I did not believe the story of his frequent incarcerations I might consult the chaplain of the House of Correction. He evidently considered that he had a mission. He went about offering his hard and impenitent heart as a stone on which the philanthropists might whet their zeal. Smug respectability, forsooth!

From force of habit we speak of the "earnest" reformer, and we are apt to be intolerant of his lighter moods. Wilberforce encountered this prejudice when he enlivened one of his speeches with a little mirth. His opponent seized the opportunity to speak scornfully of the honorable gentleman's "religious facetiousness." Wilberforce replied very justly that "a religious man might sometimes be facetious, seeing that the irreligious did not always escape being dull."

An instance of the growth of a verbal prejudice is that which in certain circles resulted in the preaching against what was called "mere morality." What the preachers had in mind was true enough. They objected to *mere* morality, as one might say, "Mere life is not enough to satisfy us, we must have something to live on." They would have more than a bare morality. It should be clothed with befitting spiritual raiment. But the parson's zeal tended to outrun his discretion, and forgetting that the true object of his attack was the mereness and not the morality, he gave the impression that the Moral Man was the great enemy of the faith. At last the parishioner would turn upon his accuser. "You need not point the finger of scorn at me. What if I have done my duty to the best of my ability! You should not twit on facts. If it comes to that, you are not in a position to throw stones. If I am a moral man, you're another."

There are prejudices which are the result of excessive fluency of speech. The flood of words sweeps away all the natural distinctions of thought. All things are conceived of under two categories, — the Good and the Bad. If one ill is admitted, it is assumed that all the rest follow in its train. There are persons who cannot mention "the poor" without adding, "the weak, the wretched, the oppressed, the downtrodden, the suffering, the sick, the sinful, the erring," and so on to the end of the catalogue. This is very disconcerting to a young fellow who, while in the best of health and spirits, is conscious that he is rather poor. He would willingly admit his poverty were it not for the fear of being smothered under the wet blanket of universal commiseration.

When the category of the Good is adopted with the same indiscriminating ardor the results are equally unfortunate. We are prejudiced against certain persons whom we have never met. We have heard nothing but good of them; and we have heard altogether too much of that. Their characters have been painted in glowing virtues that swear at one another. We are sure that we should not like such a combination of unmitigated excellencies; for human nature abhors a paragon. And yet the too highly commended person may, in reality, not be a paragon at all, but a very decent fellow. He would quickly rise in our regard were it not for the eulogies which hang like a millstone around his neck.

It is no easy thing to praise another in such a way as to leave a good impression on the mind of the hearer. A virtue is not for all times. When a writer is too highly commended for being laborious and conscientious we are not inclined to buy his book. His conscience doth make cowards of us all. It may be proper to recommend a candidate for a vacant pulpit as indefatigable in his pastoral labors; but were you to add, in the goodness of your heart, that he was

equally indefatigable as a preacher, he would say, "An enemy hath done this." For the congregation would suspect that his freedom from fatigue in the pulpit was likely to be gained at their expense.

The prejudices which arise from verbal association are potent in preventing any impartial judgment of men whose names have become household words. The man whose name has become the designation of a party or a theory is the helpless victim of his own reputation. Who takes the trouble to pry into the personal opinions of John Calvin? Of course they were Calvinistic. When we hear of the Malthusian doctrine about population, we picture its author as a cold-blooded, economical Herod, who would gladly have ordered a massacre of the innocents. Let no one tell us that the Reverend Richard Malthus was an amiable clergyman, who was greatly beloved by the small parish to which he ministered. In spite of all his church wardens might say, we would not trust our children in the hands of a man who had suggested that there might be too many people in the world. But in such cases we should remember that a man's theories do not always throw light upon his character. When a distinguished physician has a disease named after him, it is understood that the disease is the one he discovered, and not the one he died of.

When the Darwinian hypothesis startled the world, many pious imaginations conceived definite pictures of the author of it. These pictures had but one thing in common,—their striking unlikeness to the quiet gentleman who had made all this stir. By the way, Darwin was the innocent victim of two totally disconnected lines of prejudice. After he had outlived the disfavor of the theologians, he incurred the contempt of the apostles of culture; all because of his modest confession that he did not enjoy poetry as much as he once did. Unfortunately, his scientific habit of mind led him to

say that he suspected that he might be suffering from atrophy of the imaginative faculty. Instantly every literal-minded reader and reviewer exclaimed, "How dreadful! What a judgment on him!" Yet, when we stop to think about it, the affliction is not so uncommon as to call for astonishment. Many persons suffer from it who are not addicted to science.

After all, these are harmless prejudices. They are content with their own little spheres, they ask only to live and let live. There are others, however, that are militantly imperialistic. They are ambitious to become world powers. Such are those which grow out of differences in politics, in religion, and in race.

Political animosities have doubtless been mitigated by freer social intercourse, which gives more opportunities for meeting on neutral ground. It is only during a heated campaign that we think of all of the opposing party as rascals. There is time between elections to make the necessary exceptions. It is customary to make allowance for a certain amount of partisan bias, just as the college faculty allows a student a certain number of "cuts." It is a just recognition of human weakness. Our British cousins go farther, and provide means for the harmless gratification of natural prejudices. There are certain questions on which persons are expected to express themselves with considerable fervor, and without troubling themselves as to the reasonableness of their contention.

In a volume of published letters I was pleased to read one from a member of the aristocracy. He had been indulging in trivial personalities, when suddenly he broke off with: "Now I must go to work on the Wife's Sister's Question; I intend to make a good stout protest against that rascally bill!" There is no such exercise for the moral nature as a good stout protest. We Americans take our exercise spasmodically. Instead of

going about it regularly, we wait for some extraordinary occasion. We make it a point of sportsmanship to shoot our grievance on the wing, and we are nervously anxious lest it get out of range before we have time to take aim.

Not so the protesting Briton. He approves of the answer of Jonah when he was asked, "Dost thou well to be angry for the gourd?" Jonah, without any waste of words, replied, "I do well to be angry." When the Englishman feels that it is well for him to be angry, he finds constitutional means provided. Parliament furnishes a number of permanent objects for his disapproval. Whenever he feels disposed he can make a good stout protest, feeling assured that his indignation is well bestowed. He has such satisfaction as that which came to Mr. Micawber in reading his protest against the villainies of Uriah Heep: "Much affected but still intensely enjoying himself, Mr. Micawber folded up the letter and handed it with a bow to my aunt, as something she might like to keep."

These stout-hearted people have learned not only how to take their pleasures sadly, but, what is more to the purpose, how to take their sadnesses pleasantly. We Americans have, here, something to learn. We should get along better if we had a number of argument-proof questions like that in regard to marriage with the deceased wife's sister which could be warranted to recur at regular intervals. They could be set apart as a sort of public playground for the prejudices. It would at least keep the prejudices out of mischief.

Religious prejudice has an air of singularity. The singular thing is that there should be such a variety. If we identify religion with the wisdom that is from above, and which is "first pure, then peaceable, easy to be entreated, without partiality," it is hard to see where the prejudice comes in. Religious prejudice is a compound of religion and several decidedly earthly passions. The

combination produces a peculiarly dangerous explosive. The religious element has the same part in it that the innocent glycerine has in nitro-glycerine. This latter, we are told, is "a compound produced by the action of a mixture of strong nitric and sulphuric acids on glycerin at low temperatures." It is observable that in the making of religious prejudice the religion is kept at a very low temperature, indeed.

We are at present in an era of good feeling. Not only is there an interchange of kindly offices between members of different churches, but one may detect a tendency to extend the same tolerance to the opposing party in the same church. This is a real advance, for it is always more difficult to do justice to those who differ from us slightly than to those whose divergence is fundamental. To love our friends is a work of nature, to love our enemies is a work of grace; the troublesome thing is to get on with those who are "betwixt and between." In such a case we are likely to fall between nature and grace as between two stools. Almost any one can be magnanimous in great affairs, but to be magnanimous in trifles is like trying to use a large screw-driver to turn a small screw.

In a recently published correspondence between dignitaries of the Church of England I find many encouraging symptoms. The writers exhibit a desire to do justice not only to the moral, but also to the intellectual, gifts of those who differ from them even slightly. There is, of course, enough of the old Adam remaining to make their judgments on one another interesting reading. It is pleasant to see brethren dwelling together in unity, — a pleasure seldom prolonged to the point of satiety. Thus the Dean of Norwich writes to the Dean of Durham in regard to Dean Stanley. Alluding to an opinion, in a previous letter, in regard to Archbishop Tait, the writer says: "I confess I should n't have ranked

him among the great men of the day. Of our contemporaries I should have assigned that rank, without hesitation, to little Stan, though I quite think he did more mischief in our church and to religion than most men have it in them to do. Still I should say that little Stan was a great man in his way." There you may see a mind that has, with considerable difficulty, uprooted a prejudice, though you may still perceive the place where the prejudice used to be.

While the methods of the exact sciences have had a discouraging effect on partisan and sectarian prejudices, they seem, for the moment, to have given new strength to those which are the result of differences in race. Time was when Anti-Semitism derived its power from religious rancor. The cradle hymn which the Puritan mother sang began sweetly, —

Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber!
Holy angels guard thy bed!

But after a while the mother thinks of the wickedness of the Jews: —

Yet to read the shameful story
How the Jews abused their King,
How they served the Lord of Glory,
Makes me angry while I sing.

In these days, the Anti-Semites are not so likely to be angry while they sing, as while they cast up their accounts.

The natural sciences discriminate between classes rather than between individuals. Sociology deals with groups, and not with persons. Anthropology acquaints us with the aboriginal and unmoralized man. It emphasizes the solidarity of the clan and the persistence of the cult. Experimental psychology is at present interested in the sub-conscious and instinctive life. For its purpose it treats a man as a series of nervous reactions. Human history is being rewritten as a branch of Natural History. Eliminating the part played by personal will, it exhibits an age-long warfare between nations and races.

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This is all very well so long as we remember what it is that we are studying. Races, cults, and social groups exist and have their history. There is no harm in defining the salient characteristics of a race, and saying that, on the whole, one race is inferior to another. The difficulty comes when this rough average is made the dead line beyond which an individual is not allowed to pass.

In our Comedy of Errors, which is always slipping into tragedy, there are two Dromios on the stage, — the Race and the Individual. The Race is an abstraction which can bear any amount of punishment without flinching. You may say anything you please about it and not go far wrong. It is like criticising a composite photograph. There is nothing personal about it. Who is offended at the caricatures of Brother Jonathan or of John Bull? We recognize certain persistent national traits, but we also recognize the element of good-humored exaggeration. The Jew, the Slav, the Celt, the Anglo-Saxon, have existed for ages. Each has admired himself, and been correspondingly disliked by others. Even the Negro as a racial abstraction is not sensitive. You may, if you will, take up the text, so much quoted a generation ago, "Cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants shall he be. . . . God shall enlarge Japheth, and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem; and Canaan shall be his servant." Dromio Africanus listens unmoved to the exegesis of Petroleum V. Nasby and his compeers at the Crossroads: "God cust Canaan, and sed he shood be a servant forever. Did he mean us to pay him wages? Not eny: for ef he hed he wood hev ordered our tastes and habits so es we shood hev hed the wherewithal to do it."

The impassive Genius of Africa answers the Anglo-Saxon: "If it pleases you to think that your prejudice against me came out of the Ark, so be it. If you find it agreeable to identify yourself with Japheth who shall providen-

tially be enlarged, I may as well be Canaan."

So long as the doctrinaires of the Crossroads are dealing only with highly generalized conceptions no harm is done. But now another Dromio appears. He is not a race; he is a person. He has never come that way before, and he is bewildered by what he sees and hears. Immediately he is beset by those who accuse him of crimes which some one who looks like him has committed. He is beaten because he does not know his place; how can he know it, stumbling as he does upon a situation for which he is altogether unprepared? It is an awkward predicament, this of being born into the world as a living soul. Under the most favorable conditions it is hard for the new arrival to find himself, and adjust himself to his environment. But this victim of mistaken identity finds that he has been judged and condemned already. When he innocently tries to make the most of himself a great uproar is created. What right has he to inter-

fere with the preconceived opinions of his betters? They understand him, for have they not known him for many generations?

Poor man Dromio! Whether he have a black skin or a yellow, and whatever be the racial type which his features suggest, the trouble is the same. He is sacrificed on the altar of our stupidity. He suffers because of our mental color-blindness, which prevents our distinguishing persons. We see only groups, and pride ourselves on our defective vision. By and by we may learn to be a little ashamed of our crudely ambitious generalizations. A finer gift is the ability to know a man when we see him. It may be that Nature is "careful of the type," and "careless of the single life." If that be so, it may be the part of wisdom for us to give up our anxieties about the type, knowing that Nature will take care of that. Such relief from cosmic responsibility will give us much more time for our proper work, which is to deal justly with each single life.

Samuel McChord Crothers.

DUST TO DUST.

How dark, how rich and full the summer nights,
What warmth about them brooded, while the sea
Murmured low song, and passion throbbed to peace!
The soft airs curled around them, the great boughs
Swayed slowly with long rhythms of delight,
And sleep was but unconsciousness of joy.

Like fragile bubbles soaring sky o'er sky
How buoyantly the mornings rose and broke,
As if the world were made afresh each dawn,—
The forest folded in a fleece of mist,
The dim green wood a shimmer of the dew!
The winds were up and singing, far away
The foam-wreaths caught the sun and skimmed to shore
A shoal of sea-nymphs. Then, a rose of dreams,
Her velvet cheek, he crushed her in strong arms,
Sprang for his spear and took him to the chase.

One eve no hounds made music in the wood,
No hurrying echoes followed on a horn,
No mighty hunter loomed upon the hill.
“Theseus! Where art thou, Theseus! Love, my love!”
She cried. And all the cliffs of Naxos mocked.
Bitter and salt as the salt bitter sea
Her tears, where prone she lay, all soul and sense
Drowned deep in seas of bottomless despair.

Then, sphered in light, at last the great god came, —
The god who gives the sweet o’ the year to earth,
Who guards the world-wide curve of lovely lines,
Ripens the white wheat, pulps the purple grape,
God of the sacramental bread and wine.
The leopard-skin upon his shoulders hung,
The ivy twined his yellow locks, and like
The sunshine splintering on a spear his eye,
And like the sunshine on the heart of a flower
His smile. As beautiful as dawn he stood,
And called with strange compelling melody
This woman cast aside of dust that dies.
And lingeringly, like one in dream, she came
And found his arms a fastness. Lifted then
She lay within the heaven of his heart,
Suffused with all the godship of his love.
The winds less free throughout the courts of space,
Far from the doors of death he went with her,
Filled her with essence of immortal life,
And crowned her with a crown of seven great stars.
Yet in the tenderest moment of his care,
Though fragrant fire ran through her with his touch,
Earth in her trembled to the pulse of earth.
Old thoughts, old memories stirred the soul that bore
The pearl’s dim flaw, the clay in the opal’s grain.
And as black lightnings rive some growing thing
She shuddered back among her clods once more,
Sighing through silent hollows of her heart,
“Theseus! Where art thou, Theseus! Love, my love!”

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

THE DIPLOMATIC CONTEST FOR THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

I.

THE importance of the Louisiana Purchase in the history of the United States has become increasingly clear in the century that has just elapsed, and as the nation goes on to fulfill its destiny on the Pacific and in South America it will turn to this event with growing appreciation of the significance of the march across the Mississippi, and the acquisition of the strategic point where the great river enters the Gulf of Mexico. If the Declaration of Independence marks our separation from the colonial system of the Old World, the Louisiana Purchase was the turning-point in the events that fixed our position as the arbiter of the New World.

It is the purpose of these papers to show that this important event was no sudden or unrelated episode in our history. It was the dramatic culmination of a long struggle that began with the rivalry of Spain, France, and England for the Mississippi Valley in the colonial era, continued during the American Revolution, and brought grave problems before the first three Presidents of the United States in the period when Europe was engaged in the contests of the French Revolution.

Although the revisions of the map of Europe, in that era, largely occupied the European diplomats, their archives reveal the fact that the future of the Mississippi Valley received serious attention, and constituted an important element in their policy. When we consider the power which the interior of the United States now exerts over the economic and political welfare of the world, we realize that the diplomatic intrigues for the possession of the Mississippi, the Ohio, and the Great Lakes were of higher significance in world history than many of the

European incidents which have received more attention.

Not simply Louisiana was at stake: the whole Mississippi Valley, — the land between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi, as well as the territory across the river, — with the Gulf of Mexico at one end and the Great Lakes at the other, was the prize of the diplomatic game. Indeed, all South America became involved in the designs of the European rivals. For the United States the matter was a vital one. The acquisition of these regions laid the physical foundation for our national greatness, furnished the base from which to extend our power to the Pacific Ocean, and gave us a dominating strategic position in reference to Spanish America. More immediately it put an end to the plans to which France and England had given their attention for forming an interior dependency in the Mississippi Valley, whose sea power should control the Gulf of Mexico, and, by consequence, preside over the division of the decaying empire of Spain in the New World. The Monroe Doctrine would have been impossible if the designs of either France, Spain, or England, during the decade that followed Washington's inauguration, could have been carried out.

At the close of the war for independence the United States held hardly more than the Atlantic coast. Beyond the Alleghanies an advance column of pioneers had pushed a wedge of sparse settlement along the southern tributaries of the Ohio into Kentucky and Tennessee. Ambitious to conquer though they were, their hold was a precarious one. On their right flank lay the basin of the Great Lakes, occupied by warlike Indians held under control by the posts of England at Detroit and at other strategic points on the lakes. In spite of the

treaty of 1783, Great Britain retained these posts, the centres of Indian trade and influence, alleging the failure of the United States to carry out certain provisions of the treaty, and expecting that a speedy dissolution of the feeble confederation would leave to her the control of the Great Lakes and the upper Mississippi; nor did she forget her former possessions on the Gulf of Mexico.

On the left flank, controlling the basin of the Gulf of Mexico, were the four powerful tribes of the Southern Indians. Spain held the mouth of the Mississippi at New Orleans, and from Mobile, St. Marks and Pensacola furnished these tribes with goods, arms, and ammunition. In the spring of 1784 the governor of Louisiana, acting on the theory that the savages were independent nations, made treaties which bound them to accept Spanish protection, and, in return, promised to secure them in the possession of their lands. Nor did Spain stop with insuring her predominance among the Indians. She avoided a treaty with the United States at the close of the Revolution. Refusing to be bound by England's cession to the United States, she set up the claim that her victories over Great Britain in the Revolution had given her the right to Florida with the most extensive boundary which England had given to West Florida during her occupation. She also contended that the eastern bank of the Mississippi was hers, finding justification for this in the fact that England, by the Proclamation of 1763, had made crown lands of the colonial territory beyond the Alleghanies, and had forbidden the colonists to settle there. Thus, she argued, her victories over England on the Mississippi and in Florida gave her a sphere of influence in the lands between the Gulf, the Mississippi, and the Alleghanies, at least as far north as the mouth of the Ohio. She further asserted, as the fundamental element in her policy, the exclusive control of the

navigation of the Mississippi, which England had promised us by the treaty.

All the "Western World," as the settlers loved to call the land beyond the mountains, depended on the Mississippi for an outlet for the crops. The dwellers on the Ohio, the Tennessee, the Cumberland, and all the western waters, shut off by the Alleghanies from the coast, could only find a market for their crops through New Orleans. Obviously the very strength of Spain's position also constituted a menace to herself, in view of the feeble garrisons by which she blocked the river. To meet this situation, in 1786 she entered into negotiations for a treaty by which we should forgo our claim to the navigation of the Mississippi for twenty-five years in return for concessions to our commerce in her European possessions. This proposal met the approval not only of some of the most important statesmen from the northeastern commercial sections, like Jay and King, but also of Washington, who believed that the West stood upon a pivot, — "the touch of a feather would turn it any way." Fearing that the ease of navigating the Mississippi would menace the connection of the West with the Union, Washington desired first to bind the West to the East by ties of interest, opening communication by canals and roads. But many Southern men, particularly Monroe and Patrick Henry, saw in the proposal to relinquish the navigation of the Mississippi the sacrifice of the agricultural interests to those of the maritime section, and foretold a dissolution of the Union. In the outcome, sufficient votes could not be obtained to carry the treaty; but the West was deeply stirred by the attempt.

Another device of Spain to check the American advance was the use of the Southern Indians. Carondelet, the governor of Louisiana, afterwards expressed the Spanish policy when he declared that there was no American force which could protect the two hundred leagues

and more of frontier from the devastations of fifteen thousand well-armed savages, nor any which would venture to descend the Mississippi, leaving their communications to be cut off by a swarm of savages. "Not only will Spain always make the American settlements tremble by threatening them with the Indians, but she has no other means of molesting them." Well might Spain base her hopes on the unsubstantial protection afforded by her Indian allies, for, at the time, she had but a single regiment, distributed in twenty-one detachments, to guard nearly two thousand miles of river front.

Under these circumstances, the Spanish authorities also tried to detach the West from the Union by promising free navigation in return for the acceptance of Spanish sovereignty by Kentucky and the Tennessee and Cumberland settlements. In the disturbed conditions of the period, this, for a time, seemed a possible solution of the difficulty, for the Westerners were deeply impressed by the effectiveness of the mountain barrier in dividing them from the states of the coast, and they had slight respect for the type of social life on the seaboard, or for the feeble government, which, at the close of the Confederation, afforded them protection against neither the Indians nor the Spaniards. The Westerners as a whole preferred the Union; but its value to them depended on the efficiency with which it dealt with the problem of the Indians and the navigation of the Mississippi, and they were determined to secure local self-government independent of the coastwise states whose chartered limits overspread their territory, and whose governments disposed of their land, although they were impotent to defend the settlers. When the old Confederation was going to pieces in 1788-89, the Kentucky and Tennessee settlements were engaged in a struggle for separate statehood, and the more radical and best known leaders of these communities at the same

time entered into correspondence with the governor of Louisiana with a view to securing Spanish concessions in the event of declaring independence. Inasmuch as the thirteen states were considering the question of ratification of the Constitution as sovereign bodies, the western settlements, not unnaturally, were disposed to decide their own allegiance at the same time. Men like Wilkinson, of Kentucky, later the commander in chief of the American army, and the prominent Judge Sebastian went so far as to accept pensions from Spain as the price of supporting her designs. General George Rogers Clark, the most famous military figure in the West since his conquest of the Illinois country, offered to become a Spanish subject, and to transfer from the weak authority of the United States a numerous colony if he could receive a land grant west of the Mississippi. Sevier and Robertson, the founders of Tennessee, also corresponded with the Spanish authorities, with similar ideas of saving themselves and their communities in the midst of the general confusion. But some of the more conservative and far-sighted Kentucky leaders imposed a successful opposition to precipitate action, and demanded that further time be given to the United States to secure from Spain the western demands. The Spanish intrigue for seducing the West from the Union met defeat (although Spain did not realize the fact for some years) when the new Constitution was ratified and a stronger national government was established.

Another device of Spain was to attract western settlers into her own territory by offering vast land grants to the American frontiersmen. But Spain herself finally became alarmed at the idea of taking such warlike colonies into her bosom, and these measures were superseded by a regulation which gave temporary relief to the settlers by opening the river to their trade under a fifteen per cent duty. Nevertheless, this mea-

sure was permissive only, and Spain continued to control the navigation.

While Spain intrigued to dominate both banks of the Mississippi, Great Britain sought to attach the frontiersmen to her interests. Decided apprehension was felt by Madison and other congressmen that the refusal to open the river would throw the West into the arms of England. Nor were these fears groundless, for in the fall of 1788 Dr. Connolly, an agent of the Canadian government, came to Kentucky, at the time when its relation to the United States was doubtful, in order to sound the disaffected as to an English connection. Lord Dorchester, the governor of Canada, reported to his government that private councils in Kentucky favored declaring independence, seizing New Orleans, and looking to England for such assistance as might enable them to accomplish these designs. He sent to the British authorities a memorial by a gentleman of Kentucky (there is reason for believing that Wilkinson wrote it) which declared that "the Atlantic states of America must sink as the western settlements rise. Nature has interposed obstacles and established barriers between these regions which forbid their connection on principles of reciprocal interests, and the flimsy texture of republican government is insufficient to hold in the same political bonds a people detached and scattered over such an expanse of territory, whose views and interests are discordant. Those local causes, irresistible in their nature, must produce a secession of the western settlements from the Atlantic states, and the period is not very distant. But these people must for ages continue agriculture; by consequence, foreign protection will be expedient for their happiness, and this protection must necessarily comprehend the right of navigating the Mississippi with a marine to protect its commerce. That power which commands the navigation of the Mississippi as completely commands the whole

country traversed by its waters as the key does the lock or the citadel the outworks. The politics of the western country are fast verging to a crisis, and must speedily eventuate in an appeal to the patronage of Spain or Britain."

In the fall of 1789 the English government instructed Dorchester that it was desirable that the western settlements should be kept distinct from the United States, with a British connection. This policy was more fully explicated in the report of the Lords of Trade that it would be for England's interest "to prevent Vermont and Kentucke, and all other settlements now forming in the Interior parts of the great Continent of North America, from becoming dependent on the Government of the United States, or of any other Foreign Country, and to preserve them on the contrary in a State of Independence and to induce them to form Treaties of Commerce and Friendship with Great Britain."

It is clear, therefore, that while England supported the Indians in their refusal to permit American settlements north of the Ohio, she also endeavored to control the settlements on the south of that river. In short, Spain and England were playing analogous parts, on our unstable frontier, in this period of disintegration, although England was the more cautious, and not so unscrupulous in her intrigue.

France also, which had viewed the loss of Canada and Louisiana with keen regret ever since the last French and Indian war, and had kept in view the possibility of regaining the West during the American Revolution, was awake to the opportunity. De Moustier, the French Minister to the United States, sent to his government memorials pointing out the advantages of Louisiana and its importance to France, and before the close of his career, in 1787, Vergennes, Prime Minister of France, is said to have made offers to Spain for the purchase of Louisiana, but was deterred by a lack of funds.

Thus Washington began his administration with a critical situation on our frontiers. On either flank were powerful Indian confederacies, controlled respectively by England and Spain, threatening our advance. At the same time the new and experimental government was unable to obtain for the inhabitants of the Mississippi Valley the navigation of their great river, and it continually opposed their attempts to make war upon the Indians. In the state of unstable equilibrium of the whole western country, these conditions constituted a grave menace to the future control of the interior by the Union. It is easy to believe that, in the long run, Americans would have settled the Mississippi Valley; but it is by no means so certain that these Americans would, of necessity, have been under the flag of the United States. In these early years an independent confederacy under the protection of some European flag was entirely within the realm of possibility, if not of probability, as the history of Canada illustrates.

The first important diplomatic problem with which the new American government had to grapple arose in connection with the so-called Nootka Sound affair. In the autumn of 1789 Spain seized certain English ships on their way to establish a trading-post at Nootka Sound on the Pacific. During the spring and summer of 1790 active preparations for war were made by both nations. There was every reason to believe that England would strike Spain in her vulnerable American empire, for from the days of Drake, England had sought the commerce of the Spanish colonies. In such an event, Florida and New Orleans were likely to be seized, and in the operations against Louisiana it was probable that an army would descend the Mississippi, crossing from the English posts on the Great Lakes. In fact, at this crisis England instructed the governor of Canada to ascertain if the Kentuckians would coöperate, using the ar-

gument that freedom of navigation of the Mississippi would be more important to them than an attempt to recover the Great Lake posts by a Spanish alliance.

But the plans considered by Pitt were more far-reaching than the acquisition of Florida and Louisiana. At this point one of the most interesting figures in the history of the period appears upon the scene, — Francesco Miranda, the Venezuelan revolutionist, whose life was an epic of diplomatic intrigue and adventure. Shortly after the American Revolution, Miranda visited the United States, fired with the design of liberating Spanish America. He made the acquaintance of prominent officers like Hamilton and Knox, and he afterward alleged that he had received assurances from them that New England would furnish troops for a revolution in Spanish America if Great Britain assisted with her navy. Miranda then went to Europe to plead his cause, visiting almost all the leading countries of the Continent, and, at the news of approaching hostilities between Spain and Great Britain, he turned for aid to the latter country. In February, 1790, in an interview with Pitt, he unfolded to him his plans for breaking the Spanish yoke in America by the aid of English arms. His design contemplated the formation of an independent constitutional empire of the Spanish colonies, including within its limits the vast territory between the Mississippi and the Pacific as far north as the forty-fifth degree, and all of Central and South America, except Brazil and Guiana. Cuba was to be included, "since the port of Havana is the key to the Gulf of Mexico;" but the other West Indian islands, together with Florida, were apparently to be the reward of England. In addition a liberal commercial arrangement was to be made, which should open to her the trade of this great domain. Miranda also furnished Pitt with reports on the military conditions in Spanish America, and the minister agreed that in the event of war

he would take up the project. If hostilities had begun, two expeditions were to be sent to Spanish America, with coöperation from India. New Orleans was to be captured, and a plan for an overland march from that city against Mexico was considered.

While Miranda urged his far-reaching schemes in London, another interesting adventurer, William Augustus Bowles, was fostering British interests among the Southwestern Indians. In the course of his wanderings, Bowles visited the Bahamas, where he won the patronage of Lord Dunmore, by whose connivance he secured stores of English arms and goods for the Gulf Indians, and was thus made independent of the Spanish trading-posts. Becoming one of the principal chiefs of the Lower Creeks, he conceived the project of building up an independent Indian nation, and at length he was emboldened to ask of Spain two ports on the coast of Florida. Failing to receive a favorable response, he determined to seek British assistance and to march his Indians into Florida against the Spanish posts, take New Orleans, and thence advance against Mexico. In 1790 Bowles sailed for England, with a delegation of Creeks and Cherokees, where in January, 1791, he memorialized the king in behalf of his plans. Utterly absurd as his proposal seems, at first sight, it was not without some prospect of success, particularly since he intended to call upon the Cumberland settlers for aid, and to secure supplies from England. He found additional arguments for English assistance in the prospect that the United States would destroy the Northern Indians, while, on the other hand, a general Indian confederacy, North and South, under the leadership of the Creeks and the Cherokees, would greatly increase English influence.

These proposals were made too late to affect English plans in the Nootka Sound affair; but they are significant illustrations of the far-reaching influence

which England exercised upon our borders, by means of men whose actions she could utilize or disavow as best suited the circumstances; and Pitt was at this time receiving regular reports from his secret agents in the United States in reference to Florida, which he called his "Southern Farms." While the English government did not encourage Bowles in his plans of active hostility against the United States, it conceded him the free ports which he asked in the West Indies. On his return to the Southwest he achieved a dominant influence among the Indians, arousing the apprehensions both of Spain and the United States, until, in 1792, the Spaniards decoyed him on board one of their vessels and carried him off a prisoner.

It was in connection with the Nootka Sound affair that the United States first seriously considered her destiny as a nation in respect to the possession of New Orleans. Many considerations favored an alliance between the United States and England against Spain. A war between Spain and the United States seemed almost certain, if the Creeks under the leadership of their half-breed chief, Alexander McGillivray, continued to resist the drawing of a boundary line on the Georgia side satisfactory to the United States; for in the operations against them, as General Knox, the Secretary of War, pointed out, our troops would invade territories claimed by Spain.

Washington decided in favor of neutrality, however, and in the summer of 1790 he made strenuous efforts to adjust our affairs on the frontier. He engaged McGillivray in a treaty at New York, whereby our difficulties with the Creek Indians were temporarily tided over; he issued a proclamation against the Yazoo Company's filibustering expedition, of which George Rogers Clark was said to be the military leader, and he took pains at the same time to quiet the apprehensions of the authorities of Canada by assuring them that Harmar's

army, which was preparing to strike the Northwestern Indians, was not destined to attack the posts which England retained on the Great Lakes.

The most serious question before the government, however, was what attitude to take in case England occupied Louisiana and Florida, and, particularly, what to do in case she asked a passage for her troops from Canada and the Great Lakes across our Northwestern territory to the Mississippi. As early as July an agent of England was in New York, then the seat of our government, watching our policy, and sounding the leading members of the government on the possibility of a connection between the United States and England in the war, and on our probable attitude if she attacked Louisiana. The views of Congressman Scott from western Pennsylvania, although they were doubtless extreme, illustrate the possibilities of the situation. He said to the agent, "If Great Britain had possession of the opening of the Mississippi, her commercial enterprise would give us a fair and liberal market for our various exports, which is not now the case; it would tend to people our country, in consequence to give us more weight in the general scale." "In these ideas," he said, "all the people upon the western waters are united." He further suggested that Great Britain ought to capture New Orleans, aided by operations on the upper Mississippi by American troops under General Knox, and, after effecting this, "to conduct an army to be formed in the Western country by land from thence into Spanish America." However, the English agent did not meet with equally warm responses from the members of the cabinet. When he hinted to Alexander Hamilton that England's arms would be turned against Spanish America, Hamilton, much as he approved a closer English connection, warned him that the United States must possess New Orleans, and expressed our repugnance to an English enterprise against it.

It is the attitude of Thomas Jefferson, then Secretary of State, that is particularly interesting, however, not only because he had the immediate charge of the diplomacy of the situation, but because here he first officially grappled with the question, who should possess the Mississippi Valley, — a question which he, as President, a little over a decade later, was so triumphantly to answer. On the news of the impending war, Jefferson did not hesitate to express his alarm at the prospective conquest by Great Britain of Louisiana and the Floridas. "Embraced from the St. Croix to the St. Mary's on the one side by their possessions, on the other by their fleet," he wrote to Monroe, "we need not hesitate to say that they would soon find means to unite to them all the territory covered by the ramifications of the Mississippi." Thus, he declared, in the notes which he drew up for his own guidance, England would have possessions double the size of ours, as good in soil and climate, and, instead of two neighbors balancing each other, we should have one with more than the strength of both. It would be hopeless, he thought, to make war against England without securing France as an ally, and he characteristically decided that our wisest policy was to delay and watch our opportunity to obtain from the allies a price for our assistance. Such a price might be found in the independence of Louisiana and the Floridas. He therefore determined to secure the good offices of France to induce Spain to cede us the island of New Orleans. Realizing, however, that this proposal would at first seem extreme to the French Minister, he advised our representative to France to urge that country simply to recommend to Spain the cession in general terms of "a port near the mouth of the river with a circumadjacent territory sufficient for its support, well defined and extra-territorial to Spain, leaving the idea to future growth." This was the idea that grew until the "circumadjacent territory"

broadened into the vast prairies and plains between the Rocky Mountains and the Mississippi River. Jefferson was not without doubts of the intentions of France herself, for he warned our representative that her recent minister had conceived the project of again "engaging France in a colony" upon our continent; but with a cheerful optimism that casts light upon his later actions, he added that he suspected France the less since her National Assembly had constitutionally excluded conquest from the effort of their government!

To our representative at Madrid he gave directions to point out that more than half the American territory and forty thousand fighting men were within the Mississippi basin. If Spain would not concede the right of navigation, either we must lose the West, which would seek other alliances, or we must wrest what we wanted from Spain. He was therefore to suggest the cession of New Orleans and Florida, and to argue that thus we could protect for Spain what lay beyond the Mississippi. In the light of subsequent events, Jefferson's argument on this point is amusing. It would be safer for Spain that we should be her neighbor rather than England, he reasoned, since conquest is not in our principles, and is inconsistent with our government; and he added that it would not be to our interest to cross the Mississippi for ages, and would never be to our interest to remain united with those who do.

In his instructions to our agent in England, he pointed out the consequences of that nation's acquiring Louisiana and Florida, and required him to intimate to the English government that "a due balance on our borders is not less desirable to us than a balance of power in Europe has always appeared to them." He offered neutrality conditioned on England's executing the treaty of 1783 fairly and attempting no conquests adjoining us.

Thus we see Jefferson's Louisiana system fully unfolded as early as 1790. There is the characteristic passion for peace, which leads him to determine to await events in spite of his vigorous diplomatic representations, and there is a naïve confidence in the unwillingness of France to conquer, and of the United States to expand by war; but there is at the same time a firm grasp of the importance of the Mississippi and the Gulf to the future of the United States, and a far-sighted vision of our need of a doctrine of balance of power in the New World, — a germ of the Monroe Doctrine.

The correspondence of Washington's cabinet officers reveals the fact that England would have met no forcible resistance had she sent an army from the Great Lakes down the Mississippi to take possession of New Orleans. Once there, a liberal policy toward the western settlers, and an efficient defense by her fleet, would have placed her in a position difficult of attack.

This first diplomatic discussion of the future of the Mississippi Valley by the new government of the United States served its purpose by turning the vision of American statesmen to this horizon line of our future, rather than by resulting in immediate action. France, then in the beginnings of her revolution, broke away from her Spanish alliance by declaring the family compact between the two courts inapplicable to the new state of affairs. Thus isolated, Spain was obliged to sign a convention with England in 1790, which terminated the prospect of war between the two powers.

Spain's first movements after this episode were to give definite orders to permit no American settlements on the Mississippi below the mouth of the Ohio, and to send an agent to reside among the Creek Indians in order to prevent the running of the boundary line between them and Georgia, which had been agreed upon by the New York treaty. In response, the United States sent an

agent of its own with instructions to supersede McGillivray, and become himself the chief of the Creeks.

Thus, both in the Southwest and the Northwest, a situation existed similar to that which has been seen in Afghanistan, and other buffer states, where in recent times Russia and England have contended for dominant influence. The storm centre rested among the savages, and in the Southwest, as in the Northwest, a chance spark might have produced a war. Negotiations were transferred to Madrid, where the American representatives were cleverly amused by the Spanish diplomats for several years. By the close of 1792, England was still persistent in her support of the Northwestern Indians by advice of resident agents, by equipment in arms, and by her retention of the posts, and Spain was as impervious as ever in the Southwest. The conditions aroused the fears of the government that these two nations had a common understanding against the United States.

These circumstances, together with the uncertain state of affairs in Europe, where England and Spain were joining in opposition to France, led Hamilton in the fall of 1792 to advocate an alliance with England, but Washington declared this remedy worse than the disease. Before the close of the year, however, even Washington came reluctantly to the conclusion that an ally might be needed, and he broached to Jefferson the idea of a closer connection with France. This met with eager sympathy from the Secretary of State, who avowed that a French alliance was his polar star. It is hardly necessary to point out that an alliance with any European power at this juncture in European events would have plunged us in the state system of the Old World, and would have opened the Mississippi Valley to conquest by one or the other of these powers. Washington, in fact, adhered to neutrality, which was, undoubtedly, our true policy, for in little more than a decade the western settlers

became strong enough to insure our possession of the interior.

While the American government considered the question of European alliances, the results of the breaking of the family compact between France and Spain were making themselves manifest. It is a significant illustration of the importance of Spanish America in the diplomacy of the period of the French Revolution that one of the early efforts of France to prevent the coalition against her was an attempt to detach England by an offer to join with her in breaking the power of Spain in the New World. The rupture of the family compact had left France free to prey upon the spoils of her late ally, and in the spring and early fall of 1792 she sent two successive missions to London, in which Talleyrand served, to win British alliance by the offer of a joint attack upon the colonial possessions of Spain. The emancipation of these colonies would give their commerce to England, and the fact that Miranda, now high in favor in France, had already furnished Pitt with information that Spanish America was ripe for revolt must have added temptation to the bait. But England, alarmed by the fall of the royal power in France, was in no mood to accept that nation as a partner in this plan of exploitation, and France was thrown back upon the United States. Brissot dominated the foreign policy of France at this time. He had recently traveled in the United States, was acquainted with the disaffection in the West, believed the Alleghanies a natural boundary to the United States, and knew that the frontiersmen were keenly ready to attack the Spaniards at the mouth of their great river. He reckoned also on the ability of France to recall to their old allegiance the French population of Louisiana and Canada. The French leaders seem first to have determined to send Miranda as governor to San Domingo, whence he could organ-

ize an expedition against Spanish America. "Once masters of the Dutch marine," wrote Dumouriez, "we shall be able to crush England, particularly by interesting the United States in the support of our colonies, and in executing a superb project of General Miranda." It was indeed a vast project, combining in a single system the movements to unite the French and Dutch fleets, and thus to make possible a sea power that should enable France, aided by American frontiersmen, to attack Spain's colonial empire, using the French West Indies as a base.

If the United States would coöperate in freeing Canada, Louisiana, and Florida, our alliance was to be sought. It was hoped that at the worst only a nominal neutrality would be declared, and that events on our distant frontier would not be checked by the government of the United States. The French ministers informed Colonel Smith, the son-in-law of Vice President Adams, that they intended to begin the attack at the mouth of the Mississippi, and to sweep along the Bay of Mexico southwardly, and that they would have no objection to our incorporating the two Floridas.

Under these circumstances France determined to send Genet as minister to this country. This interesting character had represented the French government in Russia with so much enthusiasm in the opening of the Revolution that the Empress Catherine dubbed him "*un démagogue enragé*," and in the summer of 1792 he was forced to leave that country. His instructions required him to negotiate a new treaty with the United States, which should consolidate the commercial and political interests of the two nations, and establish a close connection for extending the empire of liberty. Such a compact, it was stated, "would conduce rapidly to freeing Spanish America, to opening the navigation of the Mississippi to the inhabitants of Kentucky, to delivering our ancient brothers of Louis-

iana from the tyrannical yoke of Spain, and perhaps to uniting the fair star of Canada to the American constellation." Genet was required to devote himself to convincing the Americans of the feasibility of these vast designs. But if the United States should take a wavering and timid course, while waiting for the government to make common cause with France, he was to take all measures which comported with his position to arouse in Louisiana, and in the other provinces of America adjacent to the United States, the principles of liberty and independence. Kentucky, it was pointed out, would probably second his efforts, without compromising Congress, and he was authorized to send agents there and to Louisiana, where the fires of revolution were ready to break out among the French population.

This programme of revolutionary propaganda was reiterated in an additional set of instructions, when the approaching rupture with England and Spain became evident. Thus the French government imposed upon Genet the duty of intrigue in Kentucky and the conquest of Louisiana, not as a minor element in his mission, but as one of its main purposes, — a fact which has been ignored in the treatment of his career by most historians.

Hardly had this new representative of France reached Charleston early in April, 1793, when he began his negotiations for the proposed expedition against Florida and Louisiana. He found Governor Moultrie of South Carolina friendly, for this state, as well as Georgia, was suffering from the hostility of the Cherokees and the Creeks on her frontiers, and would gladly have seen the Spaniards driven from the Gulf states by an alliance with France.

Without difficulty Mangourit, the French consul at Charleston, enlisted the services of important leaders. In order to rally the Georgia frontiersmen, he procured the coöperation of Samuel Ham-

mond, a well-known Georgian, who had taken part in the Revolution as a colonel of cavalry, and had been surveyor-general at Savannah. His importance is shown by the fact that he was later a member of Congress, and after the acquisition of Louisiana was made military and civil commandant of Upper Louisiana from 1805 to 1824. While Hammond was to gather the forces of interior Georgia for a descent upon St. Augustine, another frontiersman, William Tate, who afterwards figured in a French expedition to Ireland, was to organize the backwoodsmen of the Carolinas for a descent upon New Orleans by way of the Tennessee River and the Mississippi.

From Charleston Genet proceeded to Philadelphia, where he found himself the hero of the hour. In spite of Washington's proclamation of neutrality, issued on the 22d of April, the masses of the American people were strongly in sympathy with the young French Republic, to which they seemed to be bound not only by ties of gratitude, but also by treaty obligations, and by the bond of sympathy existing between sister republics. Jefferson himself regarded the proclamation as pusillanimous. Carried away by the popular enthusiasm for the French cause, Genet quickly determined to proceed with high hand, being confident of his ability to secure a reversal of the majority in Congress in case the administration opposed his plans. In Philadelphia he was handed by his predecessor a letter from General George Rogers Clark of Kentucky, written at Louisville early in February, 1793. Clark had fallen into intemperate habits at this time. He had previously involved himself in plans for a filibustering attack upon the Yazoo, Virginia had rejected his claims for Revolutionary expenses, and he felt that the United States had been ungrateful for his services: so he offered his sword to France. He declared that he could raise fifteen hundred men, and he believed that the French

at St. Louis and throughout the rest of Louisiana, together with the American subjects at the Natchez, would flock to his standard. With the first fifteen hundred, he declared that he could take all of Louisiana for France, beginning at St. Louis, and with the assistance of two or three frigates at the mouth of the Mississippi, he would engage to subdue New Orleans and the rest of Louisiana. "If farther aided," said he, "I would capture Pensacola; and if Santa Feè and the rest of New Mexico were objects — I know their strength and every avenue leading to them." "When any opportunity offered, I had it uniformly in view, to give a vital blow to the Spaniards in this quarter." Such, in brief, was the proposal, apt for his purposes, which Genet found as he took up his work in Philadelphia in May.

He was met by the refusal of the government to afford him funds by making an advance payment on our debt to France. Finding Washington — "the old Washington," as he called him — inflexible in his policy of strict neutrality, Genet turned eagerly to the programme of revolution. By the middle of June he wrote home that he was arming Kentucky, and preparing a general insurrection in the provinces adjoining the United States. For the Kentucky enterprise he selected, as his secret agent, Michaux, a French botanist, whose researches in this field have made him well known. Michaux had been picked out by Jefferson at the beginning of this year to lead an expedition across the continent to discover a practicable means of reaching the Pacific by way of the Missouri. This exploring expedition now served as a useful cloak for Genet's design. Toward the close of June he drew up instructions for Michaux which required him to point out the probable failure of the negotiations attempted between Spain and the United States for the opening of the Mississippi, and the desire of France to promote the prosperity of Kentucky by giving to it

the freedom of navigation of that river. To this end he was to concert plans with General Clark, and with General Benjamin Logan, another of the famous pioneer leaders of Kentucky. Genet had the audacity to read these instructions to Secretary Jefferson in an interview which took place some time before the 5th of July, 1793. He gave Jefferson the impression that the purpose of France was to establish Louisiana and Florida as free republics, commercially allied with both the United States and France. Jefferson called his attention to the fact that an attempt to raise an army of citizens of the United States within our borders would violate our neutrality, and would result in the punishment of the offenders, but he added that if this difficulty were avoided, he did not care what insurrections were incited in New Orleans. Indeed, Genet in his own account of this interview declares that the secretary went further, and added that a little spontaneous invasion would promote the interests of the United States. This was a remarkable conversation. In 1790, Jefferson, alarmed at the prospect of an English possession of New Orleans, had expressed sentiments which showed full realization of the danger to American power if this city should fall into the hands of a strong nation; and again, when he learned in 1802 that Louisiana had been ceded to Napoleon, he made his famous statement, "There is on the globe one single spot, the possessor of which is our natural and habitual enemy. It is New Orleans. . . . The day that France takes possession of New Orleans fixes the sentence that is to restrain her within her low water mark. . . . From that moment we must marry ourselves to the British fleet and nation . . . holding the two continents of America in sequestration for the common purposes of the United British and American nations."

How happened it that Jefferson, so fierce in his insistence upon the importance of New Orleans to the United States

in 1802, should have been willing to see the city taken by an expedition of American frontiersmen under the flag of France? In answer it must be said that as yet Jefferson had not learned to distrust the purposes of the French Republic. He still was in sympathy with its fundamental ideas, and believed in the disinterestedness of its crusade in behalf of liberty. In the second place, Genet had put the proposition before him as that of an attempt to create an independent republic, not to make a French acquisition. Moreover, war between the United States and Spain seemed inevitable at this time. In June the protests of the Spanish agents to the American government over its attitude were so vehement that it seemed clear that war upon the Creeks would precipitate hostilities with Spain, and yet their depredations upon our border, and the need of supporting the friendly Chickasaws, made such a war almost a necessity. To meet the exigency Washington sent a special messenger in July to Madrid to explain the situation, and to secure a categorical answer from Spain in regard to her pretensions among the Indians within our limits, and as to whether she would regard an attack upon the Creeks as hostility against herself. Spain evaded an answer, and the Louisiana authorities redoubled their efforts to consolidate the Indians against the United States. The attitude of England in the Northwest, as we have seen, gave strong grounds for suspecting that she was following a joint policy with Spain. Acting on the hint already received, that France might consent to our incorporating the Floridas, Jefferson, with the approval of Washington, had, in the spring of this year, revised his original propositions, and instructed our representative at Madrid not to give a guarantee of the Spanish possessions across the Mississippi in return for the cession of those on the eastern side. It is clear that he had reached the conclusion that it would be for the interest of the United States

to make an ally of France in the expected war against Spain. The terms of the alliance might be adjusted later, and he doubtless believed that if once the American frontiersmen were in possession of New Orleans, the interests of the United States were not likely to suffer. Jefferson therefore committed himself to the extent of giving to Michaux a letter of introduction to the governor of Kentucky, in which he mentioned that Michaux had the confidence of the French Minister.

After this interview, Genet pushed his preparations rapidly forward. He sent to George Rogers Clark a letter accepting his proposals and authorizing him to take the title of major-general and commander in chief of the independent and revolutionary legion of the Mississippi, promising him further to use his influence to obtain for him the grade of field marshal of France. On July 12, he defied the orders of the United States, and allowed the *Little Democrat*, a recently captured vessel whose status was in dispute, to drop down the Delaware and go to sea. In this action he was the more urgent because he proposed to use her to blockade the Mississippi in support of Clark's descent of the river upon New Orleans. Three days later Michaux departed to initiate the expedition in Kentucky.

Genet's high-handed proceedings and his utterances, which were construed to threaten an appeal from Washington to the people, made the *Little Democrat* episode the turning-point in his mission. He lost his influential friends, and the popular sentiment gradually swung away from him. But his activity in organizing his secret expedition continued. Shortly after the affair of the *Little Democrat* he learned of the arrival of a French squadron at New York, and determined to use this naval force against Newfoundland, to recapture St. Pierre and Miquelon, burn Halifax, then feebly defended, and on its return, to send it,

after the October winds were over, against New Orleans. This plan was quickly disclosed both to the Spanish and English authorities. On receiving information from the Spanish representatives, Secretary Jefferson wrote to the governor of Kentucky to prevent the expedition, informing him that it was against Kentucky's real interest to permit it. The preparations in Kentucky during the rest of the year were hampered by lack of money, although Clark was collecting supplies and boats, and offering inducements to volunteers. In October, Genet prepared to hasten the departure of the fleet in two divisions: one to Canada, whither he was sending his emissaries to stir up the French people, and the other to take on board the Georgia troops for the conquest of Florida. At the same time he sent a delegation of Frenchmen to Kentucky to arouse the democratic societies in the West, and to assist in organizing the Mississippi expedition. One of these Frenchmen proved a traitor, and divulged this phase of the scheme to the Spanish agents. The United States made prompt provisions to restrain it, ordering the use of force if necessary. Governor Shelby of Kentucky, however, anxious to stimulate the interest of the government in securing the freedom of the river, alarmed the Federal authorities by replying that he doubted his legal right to prevent men from emigrating from Kentucky with arms in their hands, and the western societies drew up vigorous memorials denouncing the indifference of the government to their rights.

Carondelet was in despair. He warned his government that upper Louisiana would fall into the hands of the enemy under Clark, and if an attack on New Orleans by the fleet occurred, all Louisiana would succumb with the greatest ease and rapidity. The total force available for the defense of the colony amounted to only 1620 men, stretched out over 600 leagues of river navigation. The

New Orleans Frenchmen were ready to join the invaders, and if Walnut Hills (Vicksburg) and Natchez were taken, he declared, "I shall have no other resource than an honorable surrender, or to perish in defense of the *redout* of San Carlos with my regular troops." He added that he did not doubt the success of the enemy in marching upon Santa Fé. Sending urgent demands to Spain for reinforcements, in desperation he also wrote to the English in Canada asking succor.

On February 10, 1794, the Canadian governor, Lord Dorchester, believing war between England and the United States at hand, had issued his proclamation to the Indians, telling them that he expected that the boundary between them and the United States would have to be drawn by the warriors. Carondelet's letter begging English aid reached Lieutenant-Governor Simcoe at Miami Rapids in April, whither the latter had advanced his forces to meet the expected attack by General Wayne. To the overtures of the Spanish officer Simcoe gave a sympathetic answer, regretting that his own situation prevented him from detaching troops for the support of St. Louis, but inclosing Dorchester's speech as evidence of England's attitude.

Finding difficulty in using the French fleet, Genet had postponed the attack until spring. As yet George Rogers Clark had not brought an army into the field, excepting a company which guarded the mouth of the Ohio, but later he reported that he could have gotten as many men as he chose. In the Charleston region recruiting had been checked by the resolutions of the South Carolina Assembly in December against the expedition (the Southern planters were alarmed by the French incitement of negro insurrection in San Domingo), but Tate professed himself ready to move in the spring down the Tennessee with 2000 Carolina frontiersmen, and Hammond expected 1500 Georgians to rendezvous for the capture of St. Augustine in con-

cert with the French fleet in the middle of March. The French agents were also negotiating treaties with the Creeks and Cherokees, the ancient allies of France. Making liberal allowances for the exaggeration of the frontier leaders, success seemed possible in the southern region. But, at the moment of hope, Genet's career was cut short, and the affair terminated by the arrival of a new minister, Fauchet, with instructions to terminate the expedition. This he did by his proclamation, issued March 6, 1794.

In order to understand this turn in events, we must briefly recall the situation in France. Hardly had Genet reached Philadelphia at the beginning of his mission, when his friends, the Girondist party, fell, and the reign of terror under the Mountain began. That awful summer, with civil war, military reverses, and a dozen countries in arms against France, was no time for conquest in another hemisphere, even if the Jacobins had desired to support the minister. But Genet was denounced by Robespierre as one of the Girondists, and France lent a ready ear to the demands of Washington for his recall. Genet's arrest was therefore ordered, and instructions given to terminate the expedition.

By conniving at the designs of France, Washington could have made the expedition a success, but his consistent policy of neutrality, which constituted a landmark in the history of international law on this subject, had saved the nation from war under French leadership, and from the loss of the Mississippi Valley.

Hardly had the French danger passed, when we were on the eve of a conflict with England. The threatening attitude of that country in the Northwest, while Wayne's preparations against the Indians were in progress, has already been referred to. Suspecting that we were to unite with France, the English officials prepared to resist an attack. As soon as the American government learned

of Simcoe's threatening advance toward Wayne's forces, the Secretary of State informed the British representative that his act was hostility itself. At the same time, England's aggressions on our neutral commerce had become intolerable. Preparations were hurriedly made for war; Congress passed laws calling out troops, laid an embargo on English goods, and provided for the fortification of American harbors. In the summer of 1794, General Wayne faced the savages under the guns of the British fort at Miami Rapids, and in the decisive battle of Fallen Timbers he crushed the Indian power of the Northwest. The British commander promptly addressed an inquiry to General Wayne, demanding to know his purpose in making such near approaches to the garrison, and the taunting reply of "Mad Anthony" was that "the most full and satisfactory answer was announced from the muzzles of my small arms yesterday morning in the action against the heard of Savages in the vicinity of your Post; which terminated gloriously to the American arms — but had it continued until the Indians, etc., were drove under the influence of the Post and Guns you mention — they would not much have impeded the progress of the Victorious army under my control." To this fiery challenge the commander of the British wrote a moderate letter avowing his anxiety to prevent a war which might be approved by neither of the governments. He refused to abandon the post, and declared that a further approach within reach of his cannon was impossible "without expecting the consequences attending it." Wayne reconnoitred the fort in all points, quite in sight, covered by his light infantry and riflemen, and the British commander wrote to his government: "It was extremely insolent, but he will never do it again with impunity." Finally, failing to precipitate hostilities by the British, Wayne withdrew his troops. Thus narrowly was war averted

at this critical time when it needed but a spark applied to the cannon of this fort to precipitate a conflict which would have involved the Mississippi Valley. But Washington had before this determined upon a final effort to preserve the peace, and had sent Chief Justice Jay to make a treaty with England. The close of 1794 (November 19) was marked by the success of Jay's mission. The British agreed to evacuate the posts, and, in 1795, Wayne forced the Northwestern Indians to a treaty by which they yielded the larger portion of the present state of Ohio, and abandoned their effort to make the Ohio River a barrier to the advance of civilization. Thus matters were in train for our acquisition of the Northwest.

In the Southwest, also, the sudden concession of our rights by Spain after a decade of steadfast refusal was as dramatic as it was significant. Godoy, the Prime Minister, had for the past two years been reading the alarming dispatches of Carondelet, exhibiting the weakness of Louisiana, the danger of the advance of American settlement, and the menace of French invasion. Writing of the settlement of the lands beyond the Alleghany Mountains, Carondelet declared: —

"This vast and restless population, progressively driving the Indian tribes before them and upon us, seek to possess themselves of all the extensive regions which the Indians occupy between the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, the Gulf of Mexico, and the Appalachian Mountains, thus becoming our neighbors, at the same time that they menacingly ask for the free navigation of the Mississippi. If they achieve their object, their ambitions would not be confined to this side of the Mississippi. Their writings, public papers, and speeches, all turn on this point, the free navigation of the Gulf by the rivers . . . which empty into it, the rich fur-trade of the Missouri, and in time the possession of the rich mines of the interior provinces of the

very Kingdom of Mexico. Their mode of growth and their policy are as formidable for Spain as their armies. . . . Their roving spirit and the readiness with which they procure sustenance and shelter facilitate rapid settlement. A rifle and a little corn meal in a bag are enough for an American wandering alone in the woods for a month. . . . With logs crossed upon each other he makes a house, and even an impregnable fort against the Indians. . . . Cold does not terrify him, and when a family wearies of one place, it moves to another and settles there with the same ease.

"If such men come to occupy the banks of the Mississippi and Missouri, or secure their navigation, doubtless nothing will prevent them from crossing and penetrating into our provinces on the other side, which, being to a great extent unoccupied, can oppose no resistance. But even if this were not the case, who could warrant that the few inhabitants would not unite with joy and eagerness with the men who offered them aid and protection in securing independence, self-government, and self-taxation, and who flatter them with the spirit of liberty, the hope of free, extensive, and lucrative commerce, etc. In my opinion, a general revolution in America threatens Spain unless the remedy be applied promptly."

Convinced that Spain must have peace, Godoy, in the summer of 1795, made the treaty of Bâle with France, which gained for him the title of Prince of Peace. This brought Spain under the influence of France during the rest of the period which we are to consider. When Thomas Pinckney arrived as minister from the United States, Godoy suggested to him the desirability of an alliance between Spain, France, and the United States; but Pinckney was not diverted from the

main theme. While the negotiations went on, the news of the successful termination of Jay's mission to England reached Spain. After submitting to the delays as long as he deemed it profitable, Pinckney suddenly announced that he was about to leave Madrid for London, and asked Godoy if he had any commissions for him. This veiled threat was interpreted as implying an offensive arrangement between England and the United States, leveled against Spain's colonies. Godoy had no desire to place Spain at the mercy of France with two such enemies on the borders of Louisiana. Within three days he agreed to the treaty of San Lorenzo, October 27, 1795, whereby Spain conceded our southwestern boundaries and the freedom of navigation of the Mississippi, and agreed to evacuate the ports within our limits on the eastern bank of the river.

Thus, toward the close of Washington's administration, changed conditions brought about new combinations and intrigues among the European nations for controlling the destiny of the Mississippi Valley. In appearance the United States had gained control of the river. But the victorious French Republic tried to dominate the policy of its dependent Spanish ally after 1795, and under the plea of protecting her remaining American empire against the expanding forces of the United States, demanded of Spain the cession of Louisiana and the Floridas. Convinced that the United States had fallen under English control, France considered a war with the United States as not unlikely, and laid plans for acquiring the lands between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi, as well as Louisiana and the Floridas. The development of these forces until they result in the Louisiana Purchase will be the subject of a second paper.

Frederick J. Turner.

(To be continued.)

THE JUDGE.

THE Judge rode slowly up the valley of the Kennebec on his way to County Court at Norridgewock. There were not wanting stagecoaches between the state capital and his destination, and in the stable of his sumptuous home, in the suburbs of Maine's largest city, were coach and pair far more in keeping with the judicial dignity than the sturdy bay beneath him and the worn saddlebags which formed a part of his modest equipment. Legal gentlemen whom the Judge encountered in his journey surveyed him with surprise not unmingled with disapproval. Had he not been chosen from among themselves to uphold with dignity the legal majesty and honor of the whole state? Yet here he was, traveling like a country lawyer, without attendant, and in mud-spattered raiment.

The Judge, unconscious of criticism, rode on in humility of spirit such as he had not known in the three years he had sat upon the judicial bench. Not political preference, but personal integrity joined with brilliancy of mind, had won for him the highest honors in his state's bestowal, and Judge Preston had accepted them as a call to higher duties, yet with unbiased recognition of his own worth. To-day, riding leisurely along the fragrant valley, with the wide river glistening upon his right, and rounded hills of pasture, field, and woodland rising above him on the left, he questioned for the first time his fitness for the high position. The Judge was on his way to hold court for the first time in his native county. He glanced downward at himself, as the bay horse, with drooping head, climbed the long hill, from the summit of which the village of Bloomfield would be visible, and hastily removed his riding gloves, while the reins lay loosely upon the horse's neck. "I should n't want them to feel

I had grown stuck up," the Judge assured himself, falling unconsciously into the vernacular of his younger days. He put the gloves on again in a moment; for the white hand, with its finger ring of gold, bore no resemblance to the sturdy brown fist which had been wont to hold the plough or hoe handle for hours of each summer morning, before its owner walked cheerily along this same road to study at Bloomfield Academy. Indeed, the hand emphasized far more forcibly than did the glove the change which years had brought. The Judge sighed, but lifted his head a moment later to recall, with boyish enthusiasm long unknown, a woodchuck hole in yonder wall, and hastily repelled an inclination to dismount. His eyes, grown keen in long study of human faces, rested upon the blossoming orchard beyond the wall, passing over the "cider apple trees" nearest the road to the well-remembered "summer sweetings" farther on. The Judge's mouth watered. "I wish it was three months later," he declared to his bay horse with unjudicial fervor.

He drew rein for a moment on the summit. The village had grown halfway up the hills; one church spire was missing from the old common, while two, which were strangers to the Judge, pointed heavenward from the Island. Columns of smoke marked the enterprises which had changed the quiet country village of his remembrance to a bustling manufacturing town. The Judge remembered, with a homesick pang, that old Bloomfield was Bloomfield no longer, but had become merged in one with its sister town across the river, under another name. "I won't stop here an hour," he determined with resentment quite foreign to the calm brain, whose freedom from emotional qualities was believed by his colleagues

to be the secret of Judge Preston's unerring judgment. Stiffly erect he rode down the long hill into the village, but resentment softened into retrospection as he went.

There was the old mill by Courier Brook, where a barefoot boy upon a gaunt white horse had gone with grist; and beyond it the shady river bank, where a student had sat with lunch and books through the sunny hour of noon. He stopped his horse before a square building, the second story of which had once been the public hall. From its cobwebbed windows notes from long past singing-schools seemed to echo. The Judge looked slowly up to its roof in some disappointment. "I thought it was higher," he said in a puzzled tone.

A low room over the village cobbler's shop had been his first law office. The whole building, it appeared, was now occupied as a dwelling, and a pile of bedding protruded from the window, behind which he had sat in delicious idleness, all unappreciated in those days, waiting for clients.

Faces from open doorways and upon the street surveyed the traveler with mild curiosity, but without sign of recognition. Upon some of them the Judge thoughtfully traced family resemblances to former townsmen, and struggled with his mental arithmetic to determine whether they might be acquaintances of his youth or another generation who knew him not. He stopped suddenly before a low brown house where a gray-haired man was sawing wood in a spiritless manner. "That's Hiram Jennings!" decided the Judge without hesitation. "I should have known him anywhere." But when the sawyer, with an air of one quite willing to delay his work, came toward the gate, the Judge, embarrassed, turned his head aside, and humbly inquired the way to Norridgewock, over a road which he and Hiram Jennings had traveled side by side upon many a youthful excursion. He rode on thoughtfully.

The wood sawyer had been the only pupil who outranked himself at the Academy, whose brick walls shone through the foliage on yonder hill.

"He seems satisfied enough," the Judge assured himself. "Maybe he's never realized any difference, and I should n't want to be the one to remind him of it now that it's years too late."

The village was behind him now, and spires of the county seat five miles beyond rose among the hills. The Judge stopped by a watering-trough in the cool shadow of the woodland and looked absently about him. A moment later he dismounted with a half-guilty air; there was no one in sight, — even the bay horse, with nose buried deeply in the clear water, was intent upon his own refreshment. Judge Preston sat upon a mossy knoll while his white fingers searched eagerly among the leaves, and forgot for a moment all his hardly acquired stores of legal knowledge as he tasted "young iv'ries" for the first time in thirty years. There was a crimson Benjamin in the buttonhole of his coat as he rose to mount his horse again. Then, for the first time, he heard the sound of voices at a little distance, and caught, behind a screen of birch trees, the flutter of a muslin dress. A tall young man approached him bashfully, drawing with him a seemingly reluctant maiden, whose cheeks rivaled the pink roses in her summer bonnet.

"I did n't know but what you might be a lawyer," the young man explained.

Judge Preston assented. "Why, yes, I suppose I am — a kind of lawyer," he said.

"Lawyer enough to marry folks?" persisted the youth eagerly, while the girl's color deepened.

"Oh yes," the Judge responded readily. It was exactly a quarter of a century since he first performed a marriage ceremony in the low-ceiled office down yonder, but it seemed like yesterday as he recalled it. The girl had had pink cheeks and a summer dress like

this one. Looking closer, he observed that this one, too, had been crying, and wondered if it were an emotion common to brides. The Judge himself had never married.

"You see," the bridegroom said in a confidential tone, "we walked out to the Falls this afternoon to get the thing fixed up. But Elder Hook was down with measles, which we ain't neither of us ever had, and the Baptist minister 'd gone to Augusty to tend a funeral,—some connection of his, I understood. Wa'n't it, Miny?"

"His wife's cousin," supplemented the bride. "He died with fever real sudden they said."

"I wish't he 'd waited," declared the young man regretfully. "We thought of goin' to Squire Clark, but he tried a lawsuit against Miny's father once, and besides, havin' made up our minds to a religious weddin', we could n't seem to bring 'em down to a legal one."

"I see," said the Judge thoughtfully. The maiden wiped her eyes.

"She's all tired out," the bridegroom explained. "We ought to rode, but my gray colt was lame, and both our folks was ploughin'. Miny would n't minded the walk commonly, but she setup late last night to finish her dress, and stood to the cake-board all the mornin' rollin' pie-crust and mixin' dough for a little kind of house warm-in' we was goin' to have to-night. The fuss and furbelows that goes with gettin' married nowadays is terrible wearin' on womenfolks. Well, we got back here, and she was so tired what with the disappointment and all, we stopped to rest. And it kind of come over us that here we 'd had all that walk for nothin', and not tellin' when it could come off, for they said Elder Tyler might stop over to visit a spell; and here we wa'n't married after all, and all that stuff cooked up, and the folks invited, to say nothin' of a grass stain on Miny's dress, which could n't never be bran span new again.

'T wa'n't any wonder she could n't help but cry, and though she wa'n't blamin' me, you know how it is, Squire, when a woman cries, — a man feels as if he was all to blame. We was both wish-in' we 'd let Lawyer Clark have the job in spite of the lawsuit. Then you come. You looked so kind of human settin' there eatin' young iv'ries that I says to Miny, says I, 'That 's our chance. He 's a lawyer on his way to court, which sets to-morrow,' says I." He drew a folded paper from his pocket. "Will you marry us, Squire?"

The Judge considered, running his eyes over the document, which assured him that no impediment existed to a union between John Strong and Elmina Foster.

"The lack of witnesses seems to be the only objection," he said.

The bridegroom's face fell. "I forgot that," he said. "Tom Hicks and Luella Savage went with us, but when they found it wa'n't comin' off they did n't feel like wastin' the whole afternoon, so they went off pleasurin' on their own account with peanuts and lemonade for treat. Well, that spoils it all, and I guess we might 's well give up for this time."

Elmina put away her handkerchief, smoothed down her dress, and adjusted the lace ties of her bonnet. "Nimrod Weston and his brother was pullin' stumps in the next field when we come down," she suggested shyly.

They walked along the smooth woodland road, the Judge following the pair with the bay horse's bridle across his arm.

"It won't be a religious weddin', after all," John Strong suggested doubtfully. "You're sure you ain't goin' to mind that when it 's too late, Miny?"

Miny cast an appealing look toward the Judge. "You don't ever make a prayer when you — marry folks — do you?" she asked.

Judge Preston hesitated; the legal world would not have called him a

praying man, and the substantial check he gave each year to the support of a city church was believed to throw all burden of his spiritual development upon his pastor. Still, he reflected, he had never yet joined two undying souls in the bonds of matrimony without feeling himself an humble instrument in the hands of the Almighty. "We'll see," he said whimsically. "Out here in the Temple of Nature it may be the Creator is near enough to hear even a lawyer's prayer." He stopped in the road a moment later, as vigorous shouts indicated that the witnesses they sought were near at hand. Habitual reserve suddenly overcame Judge Preston. "We need not detain your neighbors from their work for that part of it," he explained. "Let us have the prayer first.

"O Lord," he prayed, standing bare-headed in the shadow of an aged pine tree, "bless this couple waiting now before thy judgment seat. May they live their earthly life in unselfish devotion one to the other, training their descendants to righteous living and good citizenship, at peace with their neighbors, and in fear of Thee. Let the union about to be consummated be not for time, but for eternity. Amen."

The Weston brothers cheerfully left their ropes and oxen to lean blackened hands upon the stone wall. Nimrod's admiring eyes were fixed upon Elmina's face as she stood by the roadside beneath a wild cherry tree in full bloom, but the brother, with increasing respect, studied Judge Preston's face. It was not until the ceremony was over, and the Judge, having received the proffered fee only to slip it into the bride's hand with a gold piece from his own pocket, had ridden on his way, that the elder Weston turned to the newly married pair.

"You're a modest couple, you two," he said derisively. "The best ain't none too good for yer. *That* was Judge Preston, *that* was. I saw him

oncet when I was workin' in a saw mill down to Bangor, and a feller that got killed sued for damages, — leastways his folks did, — and I'll stomp any man that's seen Judge Preston oncet not to know him again."

John Strong looked after the cloud of dust with crestfallen face. "I guess he thinks we're cheeky," he said.

Elmina serenely polished the gold piece with her handkerchief. "There has n't any of the girls I know ever been married by a judge," she said with satisfaction. "And nobody can say it was n't a religious weddin', either, for there is n't a minister in Somerset County could have made a better prayer."

The Judge rode on. Long afternoon shadows were beginning to rest upon the landscape, bringing the traveler pleasant reminder that the end of his journey was near at hand. His wandering attention fixed itself again upon matters professional, as he wondered just what work awaited him in the old courthouse across the river where he had tried and won his first case. The bay horse shied suddenly, and the Judge looked down at a small boy industriously digging by the wayside. "Dandelion greens," he remarked with inspired recollection. "I believe I should like some for supper."

Ten cents for the greens and twenty-five for the pail which held them effected a purchase, and a little later the lawyers of the county, who had already arrived at the Norridgewock Hotel, stared in amazement as the travel-stained Judge rode up to the door, bearing his supper upon the saddle before him.

"You need n't have brought provisions," the offended landlady remarked. "There's stewed chicken and pound cake for supper, and roasts in plenty for to-morrow."

The Judge looked penitent. "Madam," he said, "the fame of your house

is too widespread to allow a doubt of its abundance. But I have n't tasted dandelion greens for twenty years."

It was, perhaps, a fortunate circumstance for Judge Preston that the first cases brought before him were suits which included some intricate problems of legal rights and demanded his close attention, for he found himself, even while losing no word of testimony or plea, absently assigning the jury to various families of the region. And the prosecuting attorney conceived a life-long prejudice when the Judge smiled broadly in the midst of his most eloquent plea, never dreaming that the smile was occasioned by the memory of a practical joke which the "boys" of Bloomfield had once played upon the maternal grandfather of the jury's foreman.

When the first criminal trial began, the Judge awoke from absent-minded retrospection to vivid interest in the proceedings. His keen eyes missed no varying expression upon the face of witness or attorney, and the prisoner, a young man of twenty, became the object of his thoughtful scrutiny. More than once he interrupted a witness with an irrelevant personal inquiry as to his ancestry or family connection.

The prisoner, on the testimony of two eyewitnesses, was easily proved guilty of repeated thefts from a neighbor's granary; his attorney made a weak and faltering defense, which did as much to convict his client as the opposing lawyer's triumphant prosecution.

Judge Preston arose to give his charge to the jury, his eyes resting thoughtfully upon the prisoner. "Young man," he asked, "was n't your father Ezekiel Meecham who married Maria Comstock?"

The prisoner nodded sullenly.

"Gentlemen of the jury," continued the Judge, "you know the prisoner's ancestry. You know the Comstocks were honest enough, but too shiftless to cook the food the neighbors gave them,

and you know that the Meechams as a family possessed an unusual and most singular combination of qualities which would lead them to steal anything they could get their hands on, while at the same time they would n't tell a lie to save their lives."

The audience looked interested. There were emphatic nods of agreement throughout the room. The Judge turned to the prisoner.

"Young man," he said again, "you have pleaded not guilty as a legal technicality and by advice of your counsel. Now tell me the truth. Did you commit these thefts, or did you not?"

The prisoner hesitated. "I took some popcorn — once," he admitted, with an anxious glance toward his counsel. "We was havin' a bonfire on the Island, and 't was too fur to go home. But I never went again, nor took another thing, I don't care what they say."

"I believe you," replied Judge Preston, adding, as the boy took his seat, "Of course, gentlemen of the jury, I do not advise you to acquit the prisoner of later charges upon his own testimony. Neither do I expect that you will convict him on the testimony we have heard, without taking into consideration the well-known fact that Charles M. Finley's grandfather was a great man to jump at conclusions, and the Gateses as a family were so near of sight that they could n't be depended upon to tell a colt from a calf at ten rods' distance in broad daylight, not to mention moonlight. The charge against the prisoner is for breaking and entering, which offense he has by his own confession once committed. It is your manifest duty to find him guilty, remembering, while you do not countenance the practice, that the boys of Somerset County have been accustomed to make free with their neighbors' popcorn and sweet apples from the time we ourselves were boys."

Fifteen minutes later the foreman of the jury arose to give the verdict. "We

find the prisoner guilty of the popcorn just as he says," he announced, "but not of the oats and corn that was missed afterwards. We figure that a family that never owned a hoss would n't have no use for oats, and the Judge's charge was n't necessary to remind us that no descendant of the Comstocks was n't likely to steal corn which had got to be shelled."

The Judge beamed with approval upon the jury, then addressed himself to the audience.

"I suppose you are all thinking," he said slowly, "that there is n't much hope for a young man made up of Comstock and Meecham in equal parts, and he might as well be in jail where he can't steal as out of jail where he's liable to. You may be right. But you will remember, as I do, that Ezekiel Meecham's maternal grandfather was an honorable and God-fearing man, and as I have watched the prisoner these last two days his resemblance to that ancestor has grown upon me. I believe there's the making of a good citizen in him, and the state can't afford to lose it by fixing the jail-mark upon him at his age. Therefore, instead of sentencing him to a term of imprisonment, I condemn him to pay one hundred dollars fine and the costs of this trial, and to be committed to jail until such fine is paid."

"It practically amounts to imprisonment for life," the sheriff declared, lingering in the room after court adjourned for the day. "No Meecham livin' ever saw a hundred dollars all to once." But the Judge, standing erect and dignified by the clerk's desk, was counting crisp bills from a well-filled pocketbook.

"I have paid your fine," he explained a moment later to the embarrassed but grateful prisoner. "One hundred and thirty-eight dollars in all. You can repay me at your leisure."

Ruel Meecham flushed angrily at the laugh which arose. "I hope to die if

I don't pay it," he declared. "You fellows just wait and see."

There was no lack of dignity upon Judge Preston's part as he sat in the judicial seat listening to the last case of the term. The fragrance of lilacs and early roses floated through the open window, and the blue river, only a few yards distant, was filled with a surging mass of brown logs, which indicated that "the drive" had reached Norridgewock. But neither beauty of nature nor the skillful gymnastics of red-shirted river drivers had power to distract the Judge's attention from his work. The courtroom was crowded, for the case of Deborah B. Gilman against Lysander R. Gilman had attracted wide attention, and the sympathy of the whole county round about was divided between the nervous little woman suing for divorce, after a quarter century of married life, and the bluff, hard-handed farmer who admitted in aggrieved tone that he shared his wife's desire for separation, but "did n't want it made to look as if he was the only one to blame."

It was an old story. Judge Preston in his legal career had heard it many times before. An overworked, colorless life for the woman, ending in irritated nerves and fretful complaining, which aroused the man to indignant retaliation. "Incompatibility of temperament" was the plea advanced by the youthful attorney of the wife. The jury had been dismissed, and their places were crowded with interested spectators. The wife's relatives upon one side of the room glared at the husband's family connections upon the other. Judge Preston listened without question or comment to long examinations and cross-examinations of neighbors, relatives, and friends. Deborah Gilman, it appeared from the testimony her counsel introduced, had turned her dresses and re-trimmed her bonnets, growing shabbier each year; had discontinued neighborly visits because "the team" was always needed for farm work; had

cheerfully donated butter and egg money to the purchase of new farming-tools, and performed her housework all "by hand," while her husband rejoiced in labor-saving implements for out-of-door work. The principal witness in her behalf was the hired man, a loquacious individual, with oiled hair and a red necktie.

"I never see a woman have a harder time," Seth Jackson declared. "He wa'n't never willin' for her to go nowhere nor have nothin'." When pressed for more specific information Seth's testimony was largely interspersed with "I told hers" and "said she to mes."

Lysander Gilman sat with crimson face, and eyes fixed upon the floor, during the long recital of his wife's wrongs. The plaintiff sobbed hysterically. "It's worse 'n I thought come to tell it out in court," she declared.

When the defense opened Lysander Gilman drew a long breath of relief, and as it proceeded his head became more erect. "Lysander never had new clothes, neither," a neighbor declared. "Lots of times he coaxed her to go to the Grange, and she would n't, because she'd rather stay to home and hook rugs. She was hookin' from mornin' till night when she could get a minute, and a good part of the egg money she spent for colorin' stuff. All the money they saved was put in the bank in her name. Mebbe they ain't lived very peaceful together, but Deborah's just as much to blame as Lysander."

Judge Preston offered no comment when, as principal witness for the defense, Seth Jackson was called. Seth, bent upon doing his full duty in every relation of life, made quite as strong a witness for the defendant's cause as he had for the plaintiff.

"She never give him a pleasant word from mornin' till night," he asserted. "Naggin' and twittin', which is worse 'n downright scoldin'. Many's the time I've said to him, 'I would n't stand it,' says I."

The late afternoon sun streamed through elm branches into the dusty courtroom as, testimony and pleas concluded, Judge Preston rose in his place.

"You may have shown," he said addressing the two counsel, "abundant reason why the law should grant divorce to the two petitioners now before this tribunal. But it is an impossible petition for this Court to grant. I married this couple myself down in Bloomfield just twenty-five years ago. I married them good and strong in the fear of the Lord, and in the presence of two reliable witnesses, both of whom are here present to-day. I did n't marry them for a quarter of a century, or a half of a century, but for whatsoever time of mortal life should be given, until death did them part. What God and Ebenezer Preston have joined together, Ebenezer Preston, alone and single-handed, is n't going to put asunder.

"Lysander Gilman and Deborah Gilman stand up," the Judge demanded. The two rose uncertainly in their places; neither looked toward the other. "Join hands," the Judge continued sternly. There was a moment's hesitation, then the two came nearer together, and Deborah's thin fingers slipped nervously into Lysander's sunburned palm. "I sentence you both," declared the Judge, "to go back to your home and live the remainder of your lives in peace and affection one towards the other. Lysander, as you go through Bloomfield village, you stop and buy your wife a white bonnet with pink roses. It may not be the height of fashion for women of her age to-day, but it's what she needs. And then you buy a pound of peppermints such as you had in your pocket on your wedding day, and you two eat every one of them on the way out home. Deborah, you go home and make hot biscuit for supper, and to-morrow morning you put away that rug-hook forevermore. Hereafter, when your housework is done, and there's nowhere to go, you sit out un-

der the trees and read, or work in the flower-garden. But, first of all, and before you leave this room, Lysander, you discharge that hired man."

The Judge rode down the valley next morning in the same humility of spirit in which he had come. His eyes rested thoughtfully on the low windows of his first office as he passed swiftly through his native town.

"They think that earthly prominence means increase of power," he mused. "But I have lived to learn that it means only increased responsibility. Well, Hiram Jennings has finished that wood-pile. I wonder which of us finds the greater satisfaction in the completion of his task. I should n't wonder if it were he — that wood is well worked up."

Harriet A. Nash.

FISHING WITH A WORM.

"The last fish I caught was with a worm."
— IZAAK WALTON.

A DEFECTIVE logic is the born fisherman's portion. He is a pattern of inconsistency. He does the things which he ought not to do, and he leaves undone the things which other people think he ought to do. He observes the wind when he should be sowing, and he regards the clouds, with temptation tugging familiarly at his heartstrings, when he might be grasping the useful sickle. It is a wonder that there is so much health in him. A sorrowing political economist remarked to me in early boyhood, as a jolly red-bearded neighbor, followed by an abnormally fat dog, sauntered past us for his nooning: "That man is the best carpenter in town, but he will leave the most important job whenever he wants to go fishing." I stared at the sinful carpenter, who swung along leisurely in the May sunshine, keeping just ahead of his dog. To leave one's job in order to go fishing! How illogical!

Years bring the reconciling mind. The world grows big enough to include within its scheme both the instructive political economist and the truant mechanic. But that trick of truly logical behavior seems harder to the man than to the child. For example, I climbed

up to my den under the eaves last night — a sour, black sea-fog lying all about, and the December sleet crackling against the window-panes — in order to varnish a certain fly-rod. Now rods ought to be put in order in September, when the fishing closes, or else in April, when it opens. To varnish a rod in December proves that one possesses either a dilatory or a childishly anticipatory mind. But before uncorking the varnish bottle, it occurred to me to examine a dog-eared, water-stained fly-book, to guard against the ravages of possible moths. This interlude proved fatal to the varnishing. A half hour went happily by in rearranging the flies. Then, with a fisherman's lack of sequence, as I picked out here and there a plain snell-hook from the gaudy feathered ones, I said to myself with a generous glow at the heart: "Fly-fishing has had enough sacred poets celebrating it already. Is n't there a good deal to be said, after all, for fishing with a worm?"

Could there be a more illogical proceeding? And here follows the treatise, — a Defense of Results, an Apology for Opportunism, — conceived in agreeable procrastination, devoted to the praise of the inconsequential angleworm, and dedicated to a childish memory of a whistling carpenter and his fat dog.

Let us face the worst at the very beginning. It shall be a shameless example of fishing under conditions that make the fly a mockery. Take the Taylor Brook, "between the roads," on the headwaters of the Lamoille. The place is a jungle. The swamp maples and cedars were felled a generation ago, and the tops were trimmed into the brook. The alders and moosewood are higher than your head; on every tiny knoll the fir balsams have gained a footing, and creep down, impenetrable, to the edge of the water. In the open spaces the Joe-Pye weed swarms. In two minutes after leaving the upper road you have scared a mink or a rabbit, and you have probably lost the brook. Listen! It is only a gurgle here, droning along, smooth and dark, under the tangle of cedar-tops and the shadow of the balsams. Follow the sound cautiously. There, beyond the Joe-Pye weed, and between the stump and the cedar-top, is a hand's-breadth of black water. Fly-casting is impossible in this maze of dead and living branches. Shorten your line to two feet, or even less, bait your hook with a worm, and drop it gingerly into that gurgling crevice of water. Before it has sunk six inches, if there is not one of those black-backed, orange-bellied, Taylor Brook trout fighting with it, something is wrong with your worm or with you. For the trout are always there, sheltered by the brushwood that makes this half mile of fishing "not worth while." Below the lower road the Taylor Brook becomes uncertain water. For half a mile it yields only fingerlings, for no explainable reason; then there are two miles of clean fishing through the deep woods, where the branches are so high that you can cast a fly again if you like, and there are long pools, where now and then a heavy fish will rise; then comes a final half mile through the alders, where you must wade, knee to waist deep, before you come to the bridge and the river. Glo-

rious fishing is sometimes to be had here, — especially if you work down the gorge at twilight, casting a white miller until it is too dark to see. But alas, there is a well-worn path along the brook, and often enough there are the very footprints of the "fellow ahead of you," signs as disheartening to the fisherman as ever were the footprints on the sand to Robinson Crusoe.

But "between the roads" it is "too much trouble to fish;" and there lies the salvation of the humble fisherman who disdains not to use the crawling worm, nor, for that matter, to crawl himself, if need be, in order to sneak under the boughs of some overhanging cedar that casts a perpetual shadow upon the sleepy brook. Lying here at full length, with no elbow-room to manage the rod, you must occasionally even unjoint your tip, and fish with that, using but a dozen inches of line, and not letting so much as your eyebrows show above the bank. Is it a becoming attitude for a middle-aged citizen of the world? That depends upon how the fish are biting. Holing a put looks rather ridiculous also, to the mere observer, but it requires, like brook-fishing with a tip only, a very delicate wrist, perfect tactile sense, and a fine disregard of appearances.

There are some fishermen who always fish as if they were being photographed. The Taylor Brook "between the roads" is not for them. To fish it at all is back-breaking, trouser-tearing work; to see it thoroughly fished is to learn new lessons in the art of angling. To watch R., for example, steadily filling his six-pound creel from that unlikely stream is like watching Sargent paint a portrait. R. weighs two hundred and ten. Twenty years ago he was a famous amateur pitcher, and among his present avocations are violin playing, which is good for the wrist, taxidermy, which is good for the eye, and shooting woodcock, which before the days of the new Nature Study used to be thought good for the whole man. R. began as a

fly-fisherman, but by dint of passing his summers near brooks where fly-fishing is impossible, he has become a stout-hearted apologist for the worm. His apparatus is most singular. It consists of a very long, cheap rod, stout enough to smash through bushes, and with the stiffest tip obtainable. The lower end of the butt, below the reel, fits into the socket of a huge extra butt of bamboo, which R. carries unconcernedly. To reach a distant hole, or to fish the lower end of a ripple, R. simply locks his reel, slips on the extra butt, and there is a fourteen-foot rod ready for action. He fishes with a line unbelievably short, and a Kendal hook far too big; and when a trout jumps for that hook, R. wastes no time in manœuvring for position. The unlucky fish is simply "derricked," — to borrow a word from Theodore, most saturnine and profane of Moosehead guides.

"Shall I play him awhile?" shouted an excited sportsman to Theodore, after hooking his first big trout.

"—— no!" growled Theodore in disgust. "Just derrick him right into the canoe!" A heroic method, surely; though it once cost me the best square-tail I ever hooked, for Theodore had forgotten the landing-net, and the gut broke in his fingers as he tried to swing the fish aboard. But with these lively quarter-pounders of the Taylor Brook, derricking is a safer procedure. Indeed, I have sat dejectedly on the far end of a log, after fishing the hole under it in vain, and seen the mighty R. wade downstream close behind me, adjust that comical extra butt, and jerk a couple of half-pound trout from under the very log on which I was sitting. His device on this occasion, as I well remember, was to pass his hook but once through the middle of a big worm, let the worm sink to the bottom, and crawl along it at his leisure. The trout could not resist.

Once, and once only, have I come near equaling R.'s record, and the way he beat me then is the justification for a

whole philosophy of worm-fishing. We were on this very Taylor Brook, and at five in the afternoon both baskets were two thirds full. By count I had just one more fish than he. It was raining hard. "You fish down through the alders," said R. magnanimously. "I'll cut across and wait for you at the saw mill. I don't want to get any wetter, on account of my rheumatism."

This was rather barefaced kindness, — for whose rheumatism was ever the worse for another hour's fishing? But I weakly accepted it. I coveted three or four good trout to top off with, — that was all. So I tied on a couple of flies, and began to fish the alders, wading waist deep in the rapidly rising water, down the long green tunnel under the curving boughs. The brook fairly smoked with the rain, by this time, but when did one fail to get at least three or four trout out of this best half mile of the lower brook? Yet I had no luck. I tried one fly after another, and then, as a forlorn hope, — though it sometimes has a magic of its own, — I combined a brown hackle for the tail fly with a twisting worm on the dropper. Not a rise! I thought of R. sitting patiently in the saw mill, and I fished more conscientiously than ever.

Venture as warily, use the same skill,
Do your best, whether winning or losing it,
If you choose to play! — is my principle.

Even those lines, which by some subtle telepathy of the trout brook murmur themselves over and over to me in the waning hours of an unlucky day, brought now no consolation. There was simply not one fish to be had, to any fly in the book, out of that long, drenching, darkening tunnel. At last I climbed out of the brook, by the bridge. R. was sitting on the fence, his neck and ears carefully turtled under his coat collar, the smoke rising and the rain dripping from the inverted bowl of his pipe. He did not seem to be worrying about his rheumatism.

"What luck?" he asked.

"None at all," I answered morosely. "Sorry to keep you waiting."

"That's all right," remarked R. "What do you think I've been doing? I've been fishing out of the saw-mill window just to kill time. There was a patch of floating sawdust there, — kind of unlikely place for trout, anyway, — but I thought I'd put on a worm and let him crawl around a little." He opened his creel as he spoke.

"But I did n't look for a pair of 'em," he added. And there, on top of his smaller fish, were as pretty a pair of three-quarter-pound brook trout as were ever basketed.

"I'm afraid you got pretty wet," said R. kindly.

"I don't mind that," I replied. And I did n't. What I minded was the thought of an hour's vain wading in that roaring stream, whipping it with fly after fly, while R., the fore-ordained fisherman, was sitting comfortably in a saw mill, and derricking that pair of three-quarter-pounders in through the window! I had ventured more warily than he, and used, if not the same skill, at least the best skill at my command. My conscience was clear, but so was his; and he had had the drier skin and the greater magnanimity and the biggest fish besides. There is much to be said, in a world like ours, for taking the world as you find it and for fishing with a worm.

One's memories of such fishing, however agreeable they may be, are not to be identified with a defense of the practice. Yet, after all, the most effective defense of worm-fishing is the concrete recollection of some brook that could be fished best or only in that way, or the image of a particular trout that yielded to the temptation of an angleworm after you had flicked fly after fly over him in vain. Indeed, half the zest of brook fishing is in your campaign for "indi-

viduals," — as the Salvation Army workers say, — not merely for a basketful of fish *qua* fish, but for a series of individual trout which your instinct tells you ought to lurk under that log or be hovering in that ripple. How to get him, by some sportsmanlike process, is the question. If he will rise to some fly in your book, few fishermen will deny that the fly is the more pleasurable weapon. Dainty, luring, beautiful toy, light as thistle-down, falling where you will it to fall, holding when the leader tightens and sings like the string of a violin, the artificial fly represents the poetry of angling. Given the gleam of early morning on some wide water, a heavy trout breaking the surface as he curves and plunges, with the fly holding well, with the right sort of rod in your fingers, and the right man in the other end of the canoe, and you perceive how easy is that Emersonian trick of making the pomp of emperors ridiculous.

But angling's honest prose, as represented by the lowly worm, has also its exalted moments. "The last fish I caught was with a worm," says the honest Walton, and so say I. It was the last evening of last August. The dusk was settling deep upon a tiny meadow, scarcely ten rods from end to end. The rank bog grass, already drenched with dew, bent over the narrow, deep little brook so closely that it could not be fished except with a double-shotted, baited hook, dropped delicately between the heads of the long grasses. Underneath this canopy the trout were feeding, taking the hook with a straight downward tug, as they made for the hidden bank. It was already twilight when I began, and before I reached the black belt of woods that separated the meadow from the lake, the swift darkness of the North Country made it impossible to see the hook. A short half hour's fishing only, and behold nearly twenty good trout derricked into a basket until then sadly empty. Your rigorous fly-fisher-

man would have passed that grass-hidden brook in disdain, but it proved a treasure for the humble.

Here, indeed, there was no question of individually minded fish, but simply a neglected brook, full of trout which could be reached with the baited hook only. In more open brook-fishing it is always a fascinating problem to decide how to fish a favorite pool or ripple, for much depends upon the hour of the day, the light, the height of water, the precise period of the spring or summer. But after one has decided upon the best theoretical procedure, how often the stupid trout prefers some other plan! And when you have missed a fish that you counted upon landing, what solid satisfaction is still possible for you, if you are philosopher enough to sit down then and there, eat your lunch, smoke a meditative pipe, and devise a new campaign against that particular fish! To get another rise from him after lunch is a triumph of diplomacy; to land him is nothing short of statesmanship. For sometimes he will jump furiously at a fly, for very devilishness, without ever meaning to take it, and then, wearying suddenly of his gymnastics, he will snatch sulkily at a grasshopper, beetle, or worm. Trout feed upon an extraordinary variety of crawling things, as all fishermen know who practice the useful habit of opening the first two or three fish they catch, to see what food is that day the favorite. But here, as elsewhere in this world, the best things lie nearest, and there is no bait so killing, week in and week out, as your plain garden or golf-green angleworm.

Walton's list of possible worms is impressive, and his directions for placing them upon the hook have the placid completeness that belonged to his character. Yet in such matters a little non-conformity may be encouraged. No two men or boys dig bait in quite the same way, though all share, no doubt, the singular elation which gilds that grimy

occupation with the spirit of romance. The mind is really occupied, not with the wriggling red creatures in the lumps of earth, but with the stout fish which each worm may capture, just as a saint might rejoice in the squalor of this world as a preparation for the glories of the world to come. Nor do any two experienced fishermen hold quite the same theory as to the best mode of baiting the hook. There are a hundred ways, each of them good. As to the best hook for worm-fishing, you will find dicta in every catalogue of fishing tackle, but size and shape and tempering are qualities that should vary with the brook, the season, and the fisherman. Should one use a three-foot leader, or none at all? Whose rods are best for bait-fishing, granted that all of them should be stiff enough in the tip to lift a good fish by dead strain from a tangle of brush or logs? Such questions, like those pertaining to the boots or coat which one should wear, the style of bait-box one should carry, or the brand of tobacco best suited for smoking in the wind, are topics for unending discussion among the serious minded around the camp-fire. Much edification is in them, and yet they are but prudential maxims after all. They are mere moralities of the Franklin or Chesterfield variety, counsels of worldly wisdom, but they leave the soul untouched. A man may have them at his fingers' ends and be no better fisherman at bottom; or he may, like R., ignore most of the admitted rules and come home with a full basket. It is a sufficient defense of fishing with a worm to pronounce the truism that no man is a *complete* angler until he has mastered all the modes of angling. Lovely streams, lonely and enticing, but impossible to fish with a fly, await the fisherman who is not too proud to use, with a man's skill, the same unpretentious tackle which he began with as a boy.

But ah, to fish with a worm, and then

not catch your fish ! To fail with a fly is no disgrace : your art may have been impeccable, your patience faultless to the end. But the philosophy of worm-fishing is that of Results, of having something tangible in your basket when the day's work is done. It is a plea for Compromise, for cutting the coat according to the cloth, for taking the world as it actually is. The fly-fisherman is a natural Foe of Compromise. He throws to the trout a certain kind of lure ; an they will take it, so ; if not, adieu. He knows no middle path.

This high man, aiming at a million,
Misses an unit.

The raptures and the tragedies of consistency are his. He is a scorner of the ground. All honor to him ! When he comes back at nightfall and says happily, " I have never cast a line more perfectly than I have to-day," it is almost indecent to peek into his creel. It is like rating Colonel Newcome by his bank account.

But the worm-fisherman is no such proud and isolated soul. He is a " low man " rather than a high one ; he honestly cares what his friends will think when they look into his basket to see what he has to show for his day's sport. He watches the Foe of Compromise men go stumbling forward and superbly falling, while he, with less inflexible courage, manages to keep his feet. He wants to score, and not merely to give a pretty exhibition of base-running. At the Harvard-Yale football game of 1903 the Harvard team showed superior strength in rushing the ball ; they carried it almost to the Yale goal line repeatedly, but they could not, for some reason, take it over. In the instant of absolute need, the Yale line held, and when the Yale team had to score in order to win, they scored. As the crowd streamed out of the Stadium, a veteran Harvard alumnus said : " This news will cause great sorrow in one home I know of, until they learn by to-morrow's papers

that the Harvard team *acquitted itself creditably*." Exactly. Given one team bent upon acquitting itself creditably, and another team determined to win, which will be victorious ? The stay-at-homes on the Yale campus that day were not curious to know whether their team was acquitting itself creditably, but whether it was winning the game. Every other question than that was to those young Philistines merely a fine-spun irrelevance. They took the Cash and let the Credit go.

There is much to be said, no doubt, for the Harvard veteran's point of view. The proper kind of credit may be a better asset for eleven boys than any championship ; and to fish a bit of water consistently and skillfully, with your best flies and in your best manner, is perhaps achievement enough. So says the Foe of Compromise, at least. But the Yale spirit will be prying into the basket in search of fish ; it prefers concrete results. If all men are by nature either Platonists or Aristotelians, fly-fishermen or worm-fishermen, how difficult it is for us to do one another justice ! Differing in mind, in aim and method, how shall we say infallibly that this man or that is wrong ? To fail with Plato for companion may be better than to succeed with Aristotle. But one thing is perfectly clear : there is no warrant for Compromise but in Success. Use a worm if you will, but you must have fish to show for it, if you would escape the finger of scorn. If you find yourself camping by an unknown brook, and are deputed to catch the necessary trout for breakfast, it is wiser to choose the surest bait. The crackle of the fish in the frying-pan will atone for any theoretical defect in your method. But to choose the surest bait, and then to bring back no fish, is unforgivable. Forsake Plato if you must, — but you may do so only at the price of justifying yourself in the terms of Aristotelian arithmetic. The college president who abandoned his college in order to run a

cotton mill was free to make his own choice of a calling; but he was never pardoned for bankrupting the mill. If one is bound to be a low man rather than an impractical idealist, he should at least make sure of his vulgar success.

Is all this but a disguised defense of pot-hunting? No. There is no possible defense of pot-hunting, whether it be upon a trout brook or in the stock market. Against fish or men, one should play the game fairly. Yet for that matter some of the most skillful fly-fishermen I have known were pot-hunters at heart, and some of the most prosaic-looking merchants were idealists compared to whom Shelley was but a dreaming boy. All depends upon the spirit with which one makes his venture. I recall a boy of five who gravely watched his father tramp off after rabbits, — gun on shoulder and beagle in leash. Thereupon he shouldered a wooden sword, and dragging his reluctant black kitten by a string, sallied forth upon the dusty Vermont road “to get a lion for breakfast.” That is the true sporting temper! Let there be but a fine idealism in the quest, and the particular object is unessential. “A true fisherman’s happiness,” says Mr. Cleveland, “is not dependent upon his luck.” It depends upon his heart.

No doubt all amateur fishing is but “play,” — as the psychologists soberly term it: not a necessary, but a freely assumed activity, born of surplusage of vitality. Nobody, not even a carpenter wearied of his job, has to go fishing unless he wants to. He may indeed find himself breakfastless in camp, and obliged to betake himself to the brook, — but then he need not have gone into the woods at all. Yet if he does decide to fish, let him

Venture as warily, use the same skill,
Do his best, . . .

whatever variety of tackle he may choose.
He can be a whole-souled sportsman

with the poorest equipment, or a mean “trout-hog” with the most elaborate.

Only, in the name of gentle Izaak himself, let him be a *complete* angler; and let the man be a passionate amateur of all the arts of life, despising none of them, and using all of them for his soul’s good and for the joy of his fellows. If he be, so to speak, but a worm-fisherman, — a follower of humble occupations, and pledged to unromantic duties, — let him still thrill with the pleasures of the true sportsman. To make the most of dull hours, to make the best of dull people, to like a poor jest better than none, to wear the threadbare coat like a gentleman, to be outvoted with a smile, to hitch your wagon to the old horse if no star is handy, — this is the wholesome philosophy taught by fishing with a worm. The fun of it depends upon the heart. There may be as much zest in saving as in spending, in working for small wages as for great, in avoiding the snap-shots of publicity as in being invariably first “among those present.” But a man should be honest. If he catches most of his fish with a worm, secures the larger portion of his success by commonplace industry, let him glory in it, for this, too, is part of the great game. Yet he ought not in that case to pose as a fly-fisherman only, — to carry himself as one aware of the immortalizing camera, — to pretend that life is easy, if one but knows how to drop a fly into the right ripple. For life is not easy, after all is said. It is a long brook to fish, and it needs a stout heart and a wise patience. All the flies there are in the book, and all the bait that can be carried in the box, are likely to be needed ere the day is over. But, like the Psalmist’s “river of God,” this brook is “full of water,” and there is plenty of good fishing to be had in it if one is neither afraid nor ashamed of fishing sometimes with a worm.

Bliss Perry.

PAUL LENTHIER'S FEESHIN'-POLE.

ALL his neighbors grew richer than
Old Paul Lenthier, trout-fisherman.

Yet what man in the settlement
Possessed his soul in more content?
Those days he paddled to some clear pool
Where trout lay deep in waters cool,
Those days he sat with pole and line
Drinking the air that was like good wine,
Watching the duck-brood learn to dive,
Glad like them to be there and alive.
He sang, and taught little Jeanne to fish,
To go with him was Jeanne's first wish; —
 "Rich Joe Bruseau he make charcoal,
 On de lake he cannot go; —
We, Jeanne, have only de feeshin'-pole,
 But we're richer dan rich Joe!"

Jeanne grew fair as that white birch there,
Bruseau's Marie and she were a pair;
But Bruseau's Marie had money to buy
Finery for a French girl's eye;
Jeanne almost cried her bright eyes out,
"Dere comes no money from feeshin' trout!"
Paul heard, and sadly stole away
To fish alone the whole of a day;
That night he hung up his pole and net
Slowly, with just a sigh of regret;
Then whistled as gay as blackbirds can
And bargained to be Joe Bruseau's man,
Vowing so stoutly that he was fit,
Joe gave him work in the charcoal pit.
And now Jeanne laughs, she's covered o'er
With ribbons from the notion-store;
Old Paul laughs too, through dust of the coal, —
And tries to forget his fishing-pole.

But in the bays, spruce-darkened, dim,
The splashing duck-brood watch for him:
 "Come back! come back!" they make their cry,
 "Come back to lake and wood;
Quick back, old Paul, you soon must die;
 Come back where life is good!"

Francis Sterne Palmer.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

SOME BIOGRAPHICAL STUDIES.

It was Matthew Arnold's stated wish that he should not be made the subject of a biography, and occasion for totally disregarding his preference has not yet arisen. Sensitive men naturally shrink from the possibility of post-mortem exposure. They do not make a point of being thrust into the ground and forgotten; but they wish to be disposed of decently, and, so far as private life is concerned, to be disposed of wholly. It is good to be immortal in one's greatness, but it is not good that one's frail mortality, however comely, should lie embalmed under the general eye. Yet the curiosity of the world in these matters is not altogether idle; it is founded on a sturdy belief, favorably reported upon by experience, that the facts of private life do really throw light upon the facts of public achievement. A great man cannot quite will himself away privately, for the world knows itself to be his rightful legatee, and is pretty sure to come to its own sooner or later. We may yet be given the last detail about Arnold.

I.

His published letters were deprived of their more intimate touches under the strict censorship of his family. Their editor, deploring the fact that such treatment of them seemed necessary, yet considers them "the nearest approach to a narrative of Arnold's life which can, consistently with his wishes, be given to the world." In his present book¹ Mr. Russell makes no attempt to supplement the personal information which the letters afforded. Nor is it his purpose to offer a fresh estimate of Arnold's work

¹ *Matthew Arnold*. By G. W. E. RUSSELL. *Literary Lives*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

from the purely literary point of view. "I do not aim," he prefaces, "at a criticism of the verbal medium through which a great master uttered his heart and mind, but rather at a survey of the effect which he produced on the thought and action of his age." The ensuing study is admirable for its scrupulous moderation, its breadth, its directness, — its fitness to be called criticism in Arnold's sense of the word. Its historical method is consistent with the adopted attitude toward Arnold as a man of the hour. It considers the kind and the extent of authority which Arnold came to exercise as a critic of national life. It does not claim infallibility for his specific judgments. On the contrary, Mr. Russell is careful to suggest the fallacy or incompleteness of many of the critic's theories. He notes that Arnold's politics were "rather fantastic;" that his theories of educational reform stopped short of the public school and the university; and that his objections to generally received dogmas were, for the most part, based upon dogmas of his own. But these, we are shown, are matters of comparatively little moment. Arnold's service was to present to his generation certain ideals of culture, certain principles of conduct. He suggested a point of view from which others in common with him might have, not a certainty, but a fairest possible chance, of discernment. There is hardly a more invidious office than that of the critic of national life. He must find some ideal ground of vantage; he must keep aloof upon it; he must be meek and fearless; and for reward the majority will charge him with bias, or fastidiousness, or addiction to theory. What, in the face of such difficulties, Arnold accomplished as ad-

vocate of conduct through culture is Mr. Russell's theme. Belief in the perfectibility of human conduct is, indeed, the first article in Arnold's creed. For his own generation, culture was the specific instrument which he found it well to recommend, but he never ceased to declare that conduct was three fourths of life. It is accordingly in the chapters on Society and Conduct that we find the best substance of the present study.

In the end Mr. Russell does not resist the impulse to insert a sketch of Arnold's intimate personality; a sketch worth the attention of those who, puzzled by Arnold's ironies or niceties, imagine him to have been a cold or supercilious person: "'Never,' as Mr. John Morley said, 'shall we know again so blithe and friendly a spirit.' As we think of him, the endearing traits come crowding on the memory, — his gracious presence, his joy in fresh air and bodily exercise, his merry interest in his friends' concerns, his love of children, his kindness to animals, his absolute freedom from bitterness, rancor, or envy; his unstinted admiration of beauty or cleverness." . . .

It chances that another study of Arnold has just appeared,¹ which is undertaken in a similar spirit. It has, that is, more to say of the public censor than of the man or the man of letters. Mr. Dawson, however, is concerned with what Arnold means to the present and the future rather than to the past. He wishes, moreover, "to give unity to Arnold's ideas and theories, to his admonitions and warnings. For the Voice still cries, and it cries in the wilderness." The author's treatment of this theme possesses unity, but not proportion. More than half his space is given to the discussion of Arnold's theological writings, though the critic expressly states his belief that they are "on the whole the least necessary and the least serviceable part of his literary work." These chap-

ters might well have made a book by themselves; they bulk too large in a study of Arnold's total effectiveness. Mr. Dawson's style is not obscure, but stiff and unwieldy. His habit of very full quotation makes of the book a kind of ordered thesaurus of Arnold's best passages. But it is more than this, for if the writer has no novel interpretation to offer, he has a serviceable one. "If," he says, "one were to attempt to summarize in a single phrase the ideal which Arnold sought to realize, and in a rare degree succeeded in realizing, that phrase would be 'the balance of life.' . . . The man who confessed that the best his intellect knew was drawn from the thought of pagan antiquity, yet nursed in his breast a moral code as stern and austere as that of Hebrew prophet."

II.

What Arnold was to the prophecy of conduct, Newman was to the prophecy of faith. To Arnold religion was "morality touched by emotion;" to Newman it was "an assertion of what we are to believe . . . a message, a history, or a vision." Moreover, by Newman's creed, conduct "flows not from inferences, but from impressions, — not from reasonings, but from Faith." In his Oxford days, Arnold himself came under the influence of the great mystic, and remembered the experience with tenderness, as the well-known passage in the address on Emerson attests: "Who could resist the charm of that spiritual apparition, gliding in the dim afternoon light through the aisles of St. Mary's, rising into the pulpit, and then, in the most entrancing of voices, breaking the silence with words and thoughts which were a religious music — subtle, sweet, mournful? I seem to hear him still." But Arnold had no sympathy with the step which gave supreme expression to Newman's inner life: "He has adopted

DAWSON. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1904.

¹ *Matthew Arnold and His Relation to the Thought of Our Time.* By WILLIAM HARBUTT

for the doubts and difficulties which beset men's minds to-day a solution which, to speak frankly, is impossible."

Newman's present biographer is not inclined to dispose so summarily of that career. His interpretation of it¹ is an achievement of rare sympathy and skill. He discerns at the base of Newman's character "a marvelous sensibility, without which he could never have thrown himself into minds unlike his own, or have acquired the exquisite delicacy of touch that renders thought as if it were the painter's landscape spread out before him in light and shade. . . . Imagination, with Newman, *was* reason, as with Carlyle, Wordsworth, Goethe, and Shakespeare, — not the bare mechanical process that grinds out conclusions from letters of the alphabet, in what is at best a luminous void, but the swift, sudden grasp of an explorer, making his way from crag to crag, under him the raging sea, above him sure ground and deliverance." To such a sense Culture, with all its claims, could not offer a straight road toward perfection; the only safety lay in the message of Revelation. It is plain that Arnold could not quite forgive the cardinal's indifference to "the Zeitgeist," that object of his own almost superstitious reverence. Newman's reverence was for the Eternal Spirit, and for the institution which he took to be its earthly embodiment. Dr. Barry's book reinforces one's conviction that Newman was not only the purest product of a remarkable reactionary movement, but a true prophet of the immemorial and the unseen.

One notes that in literary theory and practice these two sons of Oxford had not a little in common. Both, regarding literature as a means rather than an end, worked through it, not for it. "People think I can teach them style," said Arnold. "What stuff it all is! Have

something to say, and say it as clearly as you can. That is the only secret of style."—"Can they really think," writes Newman, "that Homer, or Pindar, or Shakespeare, or Dryden, or Walter Scott were accustomed to aim at style for its own sake, instead of being inspired with their subject, and pouring forth beautiful words because they had beautiful thoughts? This is surely too great a paradox to be borne. . . . The artist has his great or rich visions before him; and his only aim is to bring out what he thinks or what he feels in a way adequate to the thing spoken of, and appropriate to the speaker."

It promises much that the two books by Mr. Russell and Dr. Barry should be the first numbers of a new biographical series. The scale is a trifle larger than that of the English Men of Letters Series, and the volumes are considerably larger. The numerous portraits inserted do not appear to augment sensibly the value of the text.

III.

The nineteenth century underwent much stern discipline at the hands of its great men. There was Newman's sword of the spirit for its infidelity, Arnold's intellectual rapier for its Philistinism, and Carlyle's inspired cudgel for its materialism. Perhaps the cudgel-play was relished least of all; the offender has certainly been sufficiently maltreated in effigy since the period of his offense. The ill-savor of the Froude affair seems to have lingered in the public nostril quite long enough. We may be grateful that the newly published letters² are not made an occasion of further controversy. These volumes are by way of sequel to Professor Norton's collection; and a large part of the letters here printed were chosen by him. One understands that a considerable mass of

¹ *Cardinal Newman*. By WILLIAM BARRY, D.D. Literary Lives. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

² *New Letters of Thomas Carlyle*. Edited and Annotated by ALEXANDER CARLYLE. 2 vols. London and New York: John Lane. 1904.

correspondence still remains, from which, doubtless, a further gleanings may some time be made. The quality of the present selection indicates no thinning of the strain, though it serves to confirm rather than to modify our impression of the writer. The continued flow of valetudinary data (hardly to be equaled unless in Mrs. Carlyle's letters) we might be happier without; it would be pleasant to think of that strong spirit as not always on the rack of physical anguish. But this is a price we must pay for our admission into the most intimate relations with him. A very large proportion of these letters are addressed to his wife, his mother, or his brother. Of the detailed chat about his plans and his work there is much, and none too much. Of general matter, as purely literary, as purely the fruit of his genius as anything which he wrote to be printed, there is a great deal. There are passages of unmerciful self-criticism, — a series of them, apropos of the French Revolution, might easily be collected. "Heigho!" he sighs when his task is half done. "It seems as if I were enchanted [enchained?] to this sad Book: peace in the world there will be none for me till I have it done. And then very generally it seems the miserablest mooncalf of a book; full of *Ziererei*, affectation (do what I will); tumbling headforemost through all manner of established rules. And no money to be had for it; and no value that I can count on of any kind: simply the blessedness of being done with it!" As it is going through the press he says yet more sternly: "I find 'on a general view' that the Book is one of the savagest written for several centuries: it is a Book written by a *wild man*, a man disunited from the fellowship of the world he lives in; looking King and beggar in the face with an indifference of brotherhood, an indifference of contempt, — that is really very extraordinary in a respectable country. . . . A wild man; — pray God only it be a

man! And then buff away; smite and spare not: the thing you can kill, I say always, deserves not to live."

The letters yield many notable additions to the gallery of portraits which the world owes to Carlyle. Here is a sketch at first sight of the poet Rogers, of whom Carlyle later makes more than one gentle mention: "A half-frozen old sardonic Whig-Gentleman: no hair at all, but one of the whitest bare scalps, blue eyes, shrewd, sad and cruel; toothless horse-shoe mouth drawn up to the very nose; slow - croaking, sarcastic insight, perfect breeding; state-rooms where you are welcomed even with flummery; internally a Bluebeard's chamber, where none but the proprietor enters!" And here is "American Webster:" "A terrible, beetle-browed, mastiff-mouthed, yellow-skinned, broad-bottomed, grim-taciturn individual; with a pair of dull-cruel-looking black eyes, and as much Parliamentary intellect and silent-rage in him, I think, as I have ever seen in any man."

There are, moreover, innumerable passages expressing that mood of passionate quandary which characterizes so much of Carlyle's work. "Curious: there *is* a work which we here and now could best of all do; *that* were the thing of things for us to set about doing. But alas, what *is* it? A advises one thing, B another thing, C, still more resolutely, a third thing! The whole Human Species actually or virtually advise all manner of things; and *our own* vote, which were the soul of all votes, the *word* where all else are hearsays, lies deep-buried, drowned in outer noises, too difficult to come at!" On the whole, the earlier letters are of the greater interest, but readers who have really experienced Carlyle will value all of them.

IV.

These letters complete what their editor calls the "Epistolary Autobiography" of Carlyle. Mr. Brown's life of

John Addington Symonds, which has recently been reprinted,¹ was prepared by a modification of this method. Symonds's Autobiography, like Carlyle's Reminiscences, is tinged with the sombreness inherent in the recollections of most men who have passed their prime. Symonds himself said, "No autobiographical resumption of facts, after the lapse of twenty-five years, is equal in veracity to contemporary records." Mr. Brown, sharing this opinion, effected a skillful composition of materials drawn from the autobiography, letters, diaries, and notebooks which on Symonds's death came into his hands. Compilation is altogether too modest a word for the result, as the editor's interpolated fragments of narrative and comment are by no means the least valuable parts of the whole. Symonds perhaps represented quite as distinct a type of Oxford culture as either Arnold or Newman. He had something of Arnold's intellectual curiosity without his power of coming to conclusions, something of Newman's religious aspiration without his faith. His ample means, his ill-health, his extreme impressionableness, united in exposing him to dilettantism, but he weathered the exposure. He was not a genius, but his talent was of the first order, and he made the most of it, in the face of his various disabilities. He was painfully aware of his shortcomings of temperament and endowment; the victim of an emotional skepticism which he looked upon with loathing, of a creative impotence which caused him the keenest chagrin: "Why do I say, 'Lord, Lord,' and do not? Here is my essential weakness. I wish and cannot will. I feel intensely, I perceive quickly, sympathize with all I see, or hear, or read. To emulate things nobler than myself is my desire. But I can-

not get beyond — create, originate, win Heaven by prayers and faith, have trust in God, and concentrate myself upon an end of action. Skepticism is my spirit." A frock-coated Hamlet! one might exclaim, taking such passages as this over-seriously. They represent Symonds at his worst; what he was at his best, the record of his friendships, of his joys, of his labors abundantly shows: not a great man, but certainly not an ineffectual man.

Another striking figure of the near past has been thrown into the foreground, for American readers, at least, by a biography of the hour.² General Armstrong stood for much that was best in our mid-century phase, and it is good to have so careful a study of him as the present book affords. His was a character at quite the opposite pole from that of Symonds. He was essentially a man of action, alert, resolute, direct. He possessed abounding vitality, a reliable instinct for duty, a preference for rough tasks. His brief academic experience was interrupted by the war. Thenceforth it was his business to act, not to study. His mind did not lack soil for intellectual cultivation, but it was destined for a ruder tillage. From boyhood his impulse was to cast himself into the first breach, and, once in, to stay till there was no more work for him to do there. "Missionary or pirate" was his own boyish prophecy, and a missionary he turned out to be. He was not a man of one idea, but he was a man of one aim. To edit a Hawaiian newspaper, to lead his black regiment in a desperate charge at Gettysburg, to put up a new building at Hampton, — any one of these activities was capable of absorbing all his powers. Life was a struggle which he thoroughly enjoyed, and he was never

¹ *John Addington Symonds: A Biography Compiled from His Papers and Correspondence.* By HORATIO F. BROWN. London: Smith, Elder & Co.; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

² *Samuel Chapman Armstrong: A Biographical Study.* By EDITH ARMSTRONG TALBOT. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1904.

beaten. Here is a brief expression of his creed, uttered at the very inception of the Hampton enterprise. He does not minimize the difficulties before him, but declines to take the possibility of failure into consideration: "The enterprise is as full of bad possibilities as of good ones; most embarrassing conditions will occur from time to time; all is experiment, but all is hopeful. . . . What can resist steady energetic pressure, the force of a single right idea pushed month after month in its natural development? . . . Few men comprehend the deep philosophy of *one-man* power."

General Armstrong had a natural love of literature, and his small opportunity for reading caused him sincere regret. But he could not by any possibility have been satisfied with the life of a literary man. To stand aside and comment would have been the most irksome of tasks for him; nor, to say truth, would his criticism have been worth much. His own path he knew. At thirty he writes cheerfully from Boston: "I have been over the 'Athens,' but would n't live here for anything. I am glad I'm on the outposts doing frontier duty and pioneer work, for the South is a heathen land, and Hampton is on the borders thereof. I see my whole nature calls me to the work that is done there—to lay foundations strong, and not do frescoes and fancy work." In this spirit his lifework was done; he had no sense of personal virtue in it. "Few men have had the chance that I have had," he wrote toward the end. "I never gave up or sacrificed anything in my life—have been, seemingly, guided in everything."

The present biographical sketch of this strong man's life is written by one of his daughters, with much simplicity and modesty; the record of a personality and a career well worth summarizing in print, though they have written them-

¹ *The Hour-Glass and Other Plays: Being Volume Two of Plays for an Irish Theatre.*

selves most effectively otherwise than in words.

H. W. Boynton.

WHATEVER trepidation may attend the opening of Mr. Yeats's second volume of Plays for an Irish Theatre¹ will be happily dispatched by a glance. One may be equally grateful for what these little plays are not and for what they are. They contain none of the air-drawn pseudo-Maeterlinckian fantasy which made so puzzling an affair of *Where There is Nothing*, the first play in the series. It may be that a symbol now and then shows its head, but it is not encouraged to occupy the foreground. Indeed, Mr. Yeats seems here to have deliberately betaken himself to allegory, which in one of his prose essays he so sharply distinguishes from symbolism; "dramatic fables" is the phrase he uses for these plays in his Dedication. They are written in simple prose, Irish in fibre rather than in dress. *The Hour-Glass* is a Morality which superficially reminds one of *Everyman*. "The Wise Man" is suddenly warned of approaching death. He perceives that his wisdom has been folly, but his repentance comes too late. The best bargain he can make with the Angel of Death is the promise of eventual salvation if in the hour that remains he can find one who believes. His wife and children, his pupils and neighbors fail him; they have learned their lesson from him far too well. At last, as the final grains drop from the hour-glass, the Fool, of whom nothing is expected, proves the wisest of all, and the Wise Man is saved: "I understand it all now. One sinks in on God; we do not see the truth; God sees the truth in us." . . . All this appears to suggest not only a universal truth, but a specific condition. It is a vindication of faith as against reason, and of Irish priestcraft as against Irish skepticism.

By W. B. YEATS. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

Cathleen ni Hoolihan makes a direct appeal to the devotion of Young Ireland for Old Ireland: not in the name of the shillalah, but gently, with much pathos and much simplicity. "One night," reads the Dedication, "I had a dream, almost as distinct as a vision, of a cottage where there was well-being and firelight and talk of a marriage, and into the midst of that cottage there came an old woman in a long cloak. She was Ireland herself, that Cathleen ni Hoolihan, for whom so many songs have been sung and about whom so many stories have been told and for whose sake so many have gone to their death." She takes the bridegroom with her when she goes; there is work for him to do: —

"BRIDGET [*laying her hand on Patrick's arm*]. Did you see an old woman going down the path?

"PATRICK. I did not, but I saw a young girl, and she had the walk of a queen."

The third sketch seems to be pure kindly satire upon Irish simplicity, upon Irish cunning.

In the Dedication Mr. Yeats expresses gratitude to a friend who has helped him "down out of that high window of dramatic verse," to a renewed acquaintance with "the country speech." The resulting "dramatic fables" have been successfully produced in Dublin and London. They would be a boon to our stage, upon which the Irishman has roared in farce quite long enough.

Meanwhile the "high window of dramatic verse" continues to be occupied, not always happily. Mr. Hardy's present volume, we note with concern, is only the first installment of a work of imposing proportions.¹ Several hundred speaking human characters are promised for the whole Drama, not to speak of an Ancient Spirit of the Years, a Spirit of the Pities, Spirits Sinister and Ironic, etc.

¹ *The Dynasts: A Drama of the Napoleonic Wars*, in Three Parts, Nineteen Acts, and One Hundred and Thirty Scenes. Part First. By

Obviously this is not to be a drama of the practical sort. In his Preface the author goes so far as to speculate "whether mental performance alone may not eventually be the fate of all drama other than that of contemporary or frivolous life." He admits, however, that this work is rather a "panoramic show" than in any strict sense a drama. A panoramic show, one supposes somewhat vaguely, ought to possess lucidity, mobility, the color and the flow of life in the mass. The multitudinous scenes in the present effort are full of information, comment, and proper names; they are empty of persons and of poetry. They have logical continuity, but no creative unity whatever. They do not flow into one another; they are stuck up side by side, like photographs on a wall. They are, in short, the work of a master of realistic fiction in a field altogether alien to his powers. Mr. Hardy has never proved himself a poet in a small way; he here scores a failure in the colossal style. His verse is for the most part an achievement of elaborate mischance: —

A verbiage marked by nothing more of weight
Than ignorant irregularity,
as he makes Sheridan say in the course of a remarkable versified report of a parliamentary debate. The Spirits have a particularly crabbed and toplofty habit of speech. It is the Ancient Spirit of the Years (and not Ancient Pistol) who emits this extraordinary couplet: —

So may ye judge Earth's jackaclocks to be
Not fugged by one Will, but function-free.

Mr. Hardy has, one discovers after some exercise of patience, succeeded in throwing emphasis upon England's part in the Napoleonic struggle, and in expressing a healthy British scorn for Napoleon and other foreign persons.

Mr. William Vaughn Moody has a true instinct not only for poetry but for dramatic poetry, as readers of his

THOMAS HARDY. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1904.

Masque of Judgment have cause to know. That is to stand, it appears, as the second number of a dramatic trilogy, in which *The Fire-Bringer*¹ is to hold first place. No more promising, no more exacting theme than the Promethean myth could be chosen for such a sequence. No American poet of the present generation is better qualified to deal with it than Mr. Moody. The present dramatic study is in no way inferior to that which antedated it in publication; and this is high praise. Mr. Moody's versification is altogether free from meretriciousness. It is of classical directness and purity. The same qualities belong to the larger treatment of his theme. An occasional chorus of irregular metre suggests the Greek dramatic habit; but only suggests it.

The opening dialogue between Deukalion and Pyrrha acquaints the imagined auditor with the situation. The aged pair, preserved by the warning of Prometheus from the flood by which Zeus had determined to destroy the race of men, have from stones and earth magically created a new but helpless and hopeless race, lacking the boon of human love, of which, with the boon of fire, Zeus has bereft the world. Their only gleam of cheer is in the lyrical presence of Pandora, their only hope in the continued magnanimity of Prometheus. The specific action concerns that prodigious theft of fire, brought "secretly in a fennel-stalk," and the consequent restoration of happiness to the world. There are many passages which one would like to quote, — that description of Pandora singing to the Stone Men and the Earth Women:

There by the pool they sat, with faces lit
And brows of harsh attention; in their midst
Pandora bowed, and sang a doubtful song,
Its meaning faint or none, but mingled up
Of all that nests and housekeeps in the heart,
Or puts out in lone passion toward the vast
And cannot choose but go.

¹ *The Fire-Bringer*. By WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1904.

Or that first entrance of Prometheus: —

Pyrrha.

O swift-comer, it is thou!
None other, thou, wind-ranger, bringer-in!
Child, be awake! Prometheus!

Prometheus (entering, lifts *Pyrrha*).

Do not so;
These hands come poor; these feet bring nothing back.

Pyrrha.

Thy hands come filled with thee, thy feet from thence

Have brought thee hither; it is gifts enough.
Or the Fire-Bringer's account of his first attempt at the mighty theft: —

Soft as light I passed

The perilous gates that are acquainted forth,
The walls of starry safety and alarm,
The pillars and the awful roofs of song,
The stairs and colonnades whose marble work
Is spirit, and the joinings spirit also, —
And from the well-brink of his central court
Dipped vital fire of fire, flooding my vase,
Glutting it arm-deep in the keen element.
Then backward swifter than the osprey dips
Down the green slide of the sea. . . .

At the end the punishment of Prometheus is hardly more than presaged; the third member of the trilogy, therefore, is to deal with that part of the myth which has been turned oftenest into poetry. We are promised it in the course of a year or two, and have reason for looking forward to its appearance with lively interest, and with not a little confidence.

It is to be hoped that to not a few **Warwick Castle and its Earls** of the American visitors who form so large an element in that never-ending procession of sight-seers which passes through Warwick Castle, the sumptuous volumes in which Lady Warwick has recorded its history² may serve as a permanent memorial of a pleasure, to some almost painfully keen, because perforce so brief. The Castle, indeed, is in many ways chief among those historic houses which in

² *Warwick Castle and its Earls, from Saxon Times to the Present Day*. By the COUNTESS OF WARWICK. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; London: Hutchinson & Co. 1903.

their beauty, as much as in their grandeur, are the peculiar glory of England. Its story and that of its masters must of necessity include an epitome of English history during a thousand years, and as to legend and romance, one can go back into the wonderland of a dim past with John Rous, the worthy fifteenth-century Warwickshire antiquary, who asserts that Warwick was founded about the time of "the birth of King Alexander the Greek conqueror." Lady Warwick writes in a straightforward, unaffected style, and her work being in its nature largely that of a compiler, she selects and uses her material with excellent judgment and a due sense of proportion. She gives space enough, and not too much, to a consideration of the legendary chronicles, and the authentic but rather scanty records of the Saxon and Norman earls. The first figures that can really be vitalized are of the house of Beauchamp, especially its greatest son, Richard, of whom the Emperor Sigismund declared that he had not his equal in Christendom "for Wisdom, Nurture, and Manhood, — if all Courtesie were lost, it might be found in him again;" and whose noble monument in the centre of the beautiful chapel he founded has kept him in remembrance even to this day. The career of this all-accomplished knight's more famous son-in-law, the king-maker, is clearly and well described, and with him the old order passes, his hapless grandson, the Plantagenet earl, being the most pitiful victim of the new rule.

The outlines, at least, of the history of one of the most notorious instruments of that new rule, Edmund Dudley, and of his son and grandsons, are tolerably well known to most readers. Lady Warwick, in a very good summing-up of the characteristics of the most conspicuous members of the family that held the earldom under the Tudors, says: "Their ambition was overweening and outran their talents. . . . But

they figured impressively on the stage, and realized the pageant of life better than any of their contemporaries." By the aid of *The Black Book of Warwick* she is able to revivify some of this splendor of life, and the whole varied story of the house of Dudley is well told. But why is the little son and heir of Leicester — the child of the Countess Lettice — passed over in the narrative, and his identity confounded with that of his elder half-brother? All visitors in the Beauchamp Chapel linger at the tomb of "the noble imp," and one can imagine the hopeless perplexity of the earnest tourist when he finds this childish designation, and even the boy's monument, given to Sir Robert Dudley, who died and was buried in Tuscany more than threescore years after the effigy of his small brother had been placed in the Lady Chapel. There is no lack of interest in the annals of the house of Rich, or of contrasts in character; — witness that altogether evil man, the Lord Chancellor; his grandson, for no personal merit made Earl of Warwick, and of whom "Stella" was the unwilling bride; their son, the sturdy Puritan admiral, whose saintly daughter-in-law, Mary Boyle, is sketched at full length, a most living picture with her little foibles and great virtues. Then, in the eighteenth century, the family obscurely ending, the earldom came to the house of Greville, who had possessed the Castle since the passing of the Dudleys.

"Fulke Greville, servant to Queen Elizabeth, councillor to King James, and friend to Sir Philip Sidney," — thus he wrote his epitaph, — made future generations his debtor by his admirable restoration and enlargement of the half-ruined Castle, which he also "beautified with the most pleasant gardens." Two hundred years later, George Greville, the second earl of his house, restored and supplemented his predecessor's work, and gathered from far and near those treasures of art with which the world is

familiar. A word of appreciation must be given to the author's spirited and sympathetic sketch of that Lord Brooke, the Parliamentary leader, who was slain at Lichfield, and was in his short life an exemplar of all that was best in the Liberalism of his time. One regrets that more space could not have been given to descriptions of the Castle and St. Mary's Church as well. Architecture in such a connection is by no means so "dull" a subject as the writer fears it to be. Space fails to do justice to the illustrations which are given in lavish abundance and are excellently well selected. There are

portraits, from the illuminations of the Rous Roll to the photographs of to-day, relics of every kind, and views without number of the Castle and its surroundings, indicating, so far as pencil and camera may, not only the "grey magnificence," but something of the dream-like charm of the place. In a few well-chosen closing words, the author shows how she and Lord Warwick have striven to blend the old and the new, and to fulfill in various ways the duties of their stewardship. Surely one of these duties has been fulfilled in the preparation of these chronicles.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

ONE summer Sunday morning, a number of years ago, I dropped **The Mouth of the Mime.** in at the French Protestant Church on Washington Square, New York. It was a little late and the preacher had begun his discourse. He was a man of commanding presence, and possessed of one of the most fortunate voices, for his calling, that I had ever listened to. I do not at all remember what he said, but I was curiously attracted by the way in which he said it, by the purity and flexibility of his enunciation, and by the subtle play of expression with which it was accompanied, and particularly by the art — delicate and unobtrusive and effective, but clearly the art — with which he used his lips. I was conscious of a haunting suggestion of some other mouth that I had seen betraying the like skill, employed with equal mastery, in quite different surroundings. It was only at the close of the service, when the preacher recited the Lord's Prayer with peculiar fervor and solemnity, that I recognized that the suggested parallel was with Coquelin *ainé*, whom I had heard recently, and

as I passed out I learned by inquiry that the accomplished orator to whom I had been listening was the then famous M. Loyson, the Père Hyacinthe whose eloquence had once enthralled the audiences of Notre Dame.

The incident set me upon one of those desultory studies which engage most of us more fascinatingly than our regular pursuits; from time to time I seized every opportunity that presented itself to compare the mouths of orators and actors, and I came to think, with considerable reason, that I could recognize a man of either profession at sight by that sole indicium, especially, as not infrequently happened, if the case observed was that of a really successful practitioner of either. Naturally the comparison was easiest between the actors and the pulpit speakers, since in our land of many sects and scant ceremonial the latter are as numerous as the former. The analogy, however, was as evident among secular speakers, — Mr. Curtis, Colonel Ingersoll, Mr. Bryan, and Mr. Bourke Cockran, among political speakers; while my memory ran back to Phillips and

Sumner. One condition, it must be noted, was practically essential. The mouths of all my subjects of study were unhidden by beards, and it is worth noting that, while this is the rule in the Roman Catholic Church, and the pretty general practice in others, nearly all the most successful orators I have known have kept the lips shaven, as actors, almost of necessity, do. The distinguishing characteristics of the mouth common to the stage, the pulpit, and the platform are more easily recognized than described. It is generally large, larger than other mouths, and rather out of proportion to the rest of the features. Possibly this is an accompaniment of the temperament that leads to the callings noted. Possibly, also, the greater and more frequent use of the voice in circumstances requiring unusual effort may tend to the development of the lips. But the most marked characteristic of the mouth I am discussing is the impression it always conveys to me of a certain consciousness of it on the part of its owner. It is not artificiality; that is a crude and offensive word by which to denote its peculiarity; but one feels that such a mouth does not work, as the heart beats or the eyes wink, without much consciousness, and wholly without control from the possessor. With the actor there is a more or less definite training of the lips and an acquired art in using them. Is a like result attained in the other professions as the consequence of using the mouth in public, under the gaze of multitudes whom the speaker aims to move? As the speaker inevitably asks himself how his speech affects his hearers, and how his voice sounds to them, does he, from the same natural impulse, question the effect produced by his countenance and by the mouth, perhaps the most expressive feature? And does this faint habit of half-intended self-contemplation induce the corresponding habit of attempted control? If so, there is no harm in it. He who seeks to move his

fellows by speech is entitled to employ all the resources of his nature to that end; and if thereby he lose a little of the candid, the unforced, the revealing expression proper to the mouths of most other men and nearly all women, it may be that the loss is amply made up.

I AM afraid I am old-fashioned. I **I Take My** always have mildly suspected **Niece to** as much, but since I took **Parsifal.** Miss Dolly to Parsifal, and she told me so quite frankly and brutally, my suspicion has mounted to positive fear. I did misbehave myself outrageously at Parsifal, I must admit. Not that I whispered to Dolly the amusing things I thought — or not *many* of them; but I went fast asleep during the second act, just at the moment (one of Wagner's long moments) when the ascetic hero was in most danger of becoming humanized. And when the Festival Play was over I asked Dolly if she were quite sure that it was time to go home. We had reached the opera house at five. It was then eleven-forty. Miss Dolly smothered a yawn, and replied that I was a brute. Miss Dolly's mother, who has known me longer than Dolly has, had a warm supper ready for us when we did get home, and a smile of sympathy. Dolly said, as she sipped her chocolate, that she considered it a "perfect shame" for any one to produce Parsifal in English, to dramatize it, to put it on the stage here, there, and everywhere, with any sort of singers in the cast, as is going to be done.

"On the contrary," said I, "I heartily approve."

"You do?" cried Dolly. "Well, I'd like to know why!"

"Because," I answered, "the more it is produced the less there will be written about it. Besides, if enough people see it the humbug will be exposed. You can't fool all of the people, you know, all" —

But Miss Dolly was gone, in a fine temper.

I am quite prepared to admit, of course, that Miss Dolly was profoundly moved by Parsifal, as by all of Wagner's works. Indeed, she accepts the master with much more liberality than some other people I know. She has confided to me that she never sees Lohengrin without weeping, though I believe it is the fashion of the advanced, or ritualistic, Wagnerites to look with little favor on that earlier opera. Nor am I questioning her perfect right to do so. If she chooses to weep at Lohengrin, — bless her dear eyes and the tender heart that speaks behind them! — why should I wish to prevent? I would even permit her to be thrilled by the dragon in Siegfried, a piece of mechanism which would not be tolerated seriously on the dramatic stage, even in a Drury Lane extravaganza. I am sorry that I ever read her Tolstoy's sprightly description of the performance of Siegfried he witnessed; she tried so hard not to smile! All I ask is that she and her fellow Wagnerites shall not ask me to weep, or be thrilled, or follow them in their enthusiasm, — or go with them again to Parsifal!

And yet I love opera; even Miss Dolly will back me up in that. I am, as she says, old-fashioned, though, and the opera I love was not written by Wagner. I also love Tom Jones and the novels of Miss Austen, and the songs Herrick wrote and Burns, and I do not much care for the "modern" poetry of some of Wagner's French contemporaries and friends, nor for the "problem story" of to-day. I fear my old-fashionedness is fundamental and complete. I wish a tune, like a story, to begin at the beginning and advance bravely to a middle, and then flow smoothly to an end, and I don't object if it takes its own time about it. I wish it, also, to take me along with it, to possess sufficient buoyancy to float the perhaps too, too solid bulk of my emotional nature. Give me the opera, grave or gay, that was writ-

ten by one of the great masters of musical narration, and that sings for the pure love of singing, with old-fashioned confidence in the creed of melody. Then I sit back in my seat and ask no questions of the composer's purpose, as he flaunts no purpose in my face, but am simply and unaffectedly happy, full of the good wine of song.

Something of this I expressed to Miss Dolly one evening, between acts of *The Marriage of Figaro*. Even Miss Dolly has to admit that she enjoys *The Marriage of Figaro*. "And my old-fashioned Mozart did just what you say your modern Wagner does, and did it better," I added.

"What do you mean?" said Dolly.

"There is vivid and unfailing characterization in Mozart's orchestral score throughout," said I, "that never fails to make its point. But it never interrupts the flow of the narrative, never ceases to be truly dramatic. Wagner's 'motifs' are episodic and mechanical, hence undramatic. You see, Miss Dolly, the difference was here: Mozart, wrapped up in his story, poured out his music heedlessly, and it fitted each character because Mozart was one of those old-fashioned things called a genius; he could n't help it. But Wagner fitted a theme to a character (or a character to a theme), and the next time that character appeared I always imagine the composer scratching his head and saying, 'Now, which motif was it went with this chap?'"

"Well, he always got it right, anyhow," said Miss Dolly triumphantly.

"Yes, I suppose he did," I admitted, as the lights on the stage flared up and the champagne of Mozart's music began to sparkle.

Presently I saw Miss Dolly's head nodding to a contagious rhythm, and her lips parted with the pleasure that filled all her pretty person. "The world would be a dreary place without the old-fashioned things, even the operas," I reflected.

And then I whispered to her, "You like this, don't you?"

"But I can like Wagner, too," she said. "Oh, why can't you?"

"Alas," said I, "I am not so young as you are!"

I BELONG to that old New England stock, Puritan to the marrow, which has ever suffered necessary and unnecessary things for conscience' sake, and which, since its first cry of being, has read the Atlantic instead of picture magazines.

They were a worthy, God-fearing lot, these forbears of mine, having all the depth of character and soul that one could reasonably ask for in one's precursors. And yet at times, — presumably more often than others, when I am attending a meeting of Colonial Dames, — in the course of a recountal of doughty deeds of divers great-greats, I am seized with a violent mental attack which I am afraid will make its way through the decorous lines of my Colonial visage, so stringent is its grasp upon me, this grasp of a diabolic desire to have been the descendant of a Milwaukee beer-brewer, sans soul, sans blood (blue blood, I mean), sans conscience, sans everything but a phlegmatic temperament tempered by the diffuse affectionateness of the Teuton, — a bit frothy, and on the top, perhaps, like the beer he brewed, but also giving its soft, warm rotundity to the famished form of family life.

And in the midst of this wandering down a path, too mellow in its softened lights of color and chiaroscuro for one destined by fate for the sterner Puritan path, I am dragged forcibly back by the strenuous tones of one whose eight great-greats all perished at their post of duty, and whose spirits of sacrifice and contained emotion have so descended to her, their worthy posterity, that one knows by the ring in her voice she would cheerfully relinquish eight more, were they at hand, and recite with equal ardor their fervent demises.

With a sense of shame I pull myself together to listen how, in the last battle for noble principle, her only remaining great-great tore himself away from a dying wife; fleeing his potato patch the instant duty called; stifling his love in his heart as a weak and unworthy emotion; and running full speed to the fortress on the hill. Yes, brave he was, — but why did n't he kiss her good-by, my Milwaukee ego insists, — it would n't have taken a minute; would have made him no less a hero; and she might have died serenely, — sure of his love as well as his zeal.

The beer-brewer would have done it! And again my Colonial countenance feels the red blood coursing through its blue-blooded veins as the New England heart lets loose pulses and throbs in an abandon of joyous emotion over the vision of that open human love which may be the greater part of life.

Reverting from the Puritan past to our present-day America in its more gracious garb of daily living, is it not still true that albeit the affection is there, quite as surely as in the hearts of our Teuton and Romance cousins, it is, nevertheless, latent instead of patent? We seem to fear showing our feelings as if there were something ill-bred or not quite modest about their being brought to the surface.

Take the typical college man who inwardly burns to let a classmate know his sympathy in a time of sadness. How does he show it? Is n't he, in his inherited tendency to avoid seeming weakly demonstrative, more likely to seek relief of expression in some off-hand remark, with a friendly clap on the shoulder? "And what is the difference," you say, "if the feeling is there? The other man realizes it. He, too, has inherited the penetration of the Yankee." Very possibly that is true. But why not let the laws which govern art and music — which, beyond all other things, convey human longings and sympathies and aspirations to hu-

man souls — apply similarly to human intercourse, which strives, haltingly, to attain the same goal? Why use symbols which are inharmonious expressions of the thing signified; which are inartistic, incongruous, almost brutal sometimes in their ineptness?

My plea, then, is not for unseemly effusiveness, for unrestrained gushings from the font of fondness, but for the natural expression in sane and congruous symbols of a real affection; the scattering of rosebuds while we may along the none-too-rosy path of human life.

FELLOW TRAVELERS are proverbially confidential, I believe; and when the genial globe-trotters of the January and March Contributors' Club took us into their confidence, we were at once minded to reciprocate.

We are dwellers in a little Western college town, Joan and I. From the eastern rim, where the sun peeps up o' mornings, to the western edge, "where the quiet coloured end of evening smiles," there is no hint that the world is anything else but prairie. The very vastness of the distances shuts us in the more effectually. A mountain we could climb, with faith that some Pacific would yield us the tramontane vision granted to Cortes of old time. But the prairie is no respecter of pedestrians, and a day's journey leaves the rim of the cup as far away as ever.

And down here, in the centre of this unlimited nothingness, we caught, not so long ago, the bacillus of the Grand Tour. Perhaps it was a nonchalant comment on Paris bookshops, made by one of our traveled college friends, that introduced the germ into our system. Perhaps it was a passing reference to a tramp in Switzerland that set the minute particle in motion. But certain it is that a letter from a friend of our youth, whom fate had just taken

on a trip through the Riviera, aroused the bacillus of the G. T. to feverish activity.

"Darby," said Joan to me when the letter came, "let us go to Europe."

"Done," said I. And the very next day a deposit went into the savings bank, — a deposit between the lines of which we could read, "Ticket to New York."

Hardly had the deposit slip been made out before the smooth prairie rose into a serrated line of buildings, and we were walking down Broadway. "How easy it was," quoth Joan, to whom Pullman cars are bugbears indescribable. "Shall we not stay in New York awhile?" And stay we did for two months, until "Passage to Liverpool" followed "New York" through the cashier's window. What did it matter that off there, on the wintry Atlantic coast, the Noordland was staggering in with ice-covered rigging and broken steering gear? We had made the voyage without turning a hair, and the hand of the customs officer was as powerless to delay us at Liverpool as the hand of Providence had been on the voyage.

We are in London now, — just at present happily ensconced in the library of the British Museum. "Paris" has not yet been deposited with the cashier; "Switzerland" is still a little hazy; and as for "Italy" — well, we content ourselves with opening our Browning at De Gustibus. But in due time Italy, too, will pass into the custody of the guardian of our travels, and our itinerary will be complete.

And then — let me whisper it in your ear — we shall probably settle down to such a pleasant satisfaction in our journeyings that the prairies will blossom anew to our eyes, and Joan will say contentedly, "Darby, shall we stay at home and send the boy?"

On Travel-
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